

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.



LEDLIE'S MISCELLA

AND

JOURNAL

FOR

THE NORTH WEST

VOLUME I.

JULY ——— DECEMBER, 1852.

(Left is wanting?)

"MELIORA LATENT"

AGRA:

JOHN PARKS LEDLIE.

1852.

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INDEX TO VOL. I

Aboriginal Races of India, the, 120.
Age of the World, the, 311, 407.
Apostle, the Beautiful, 319,

Ballad, a, 514.
Beautiful Apostle, the, 319.
Benares, the Sanscrit College at, 22.
Bonus Fund the Civil, 591.
Burnouf, Mons. 297.

Calcutta Homœopathy, on, 56.
Campbell's Modern India, 158.
Cavalry Matters, 401.
Ceylon, 310.
Chevalerie, L'ordène de, 194.
"Come where the banks are sedgy." 112.
Corcoran's China, 293.
Curfew, the, 366.

Death in Sleep, 280.
Dream-Song, 576.

Early Education, 281.
Educational Measures of Government,
75.
Evening Sighs, 55.

Futtlappore Sikri in the Olden Time,
69, 215.

Gambling Debt, the, 367, 431, 530.
Gold Finder, the, 268.

Hayfield, the, 350.
Holcroft, Thomas, 501.
Homœopathy, on Calcutta, 56.

"I had but a cot" 406.
Indian Salaries, 467.

Justus, 249.

Katub Minâr, the, 180.

Like the Dove, 267.
London Tavern &c., the, 322.
L'ordène de Chevalerie, 194.

Maiden of San Georgio, the, 35.
Magical Music, 389.
Magistrate, the, 466.
Meg, to, 135.
Memnon, 415, 577.
Merry Young Man, the, 213.
Military Riots, 273.
Miniatures, 34, 179.
Modern India, 158.
Modesty, 450.
Morgue, the, 251.
Mountain-Land, the, 430.

Native Press in N. W. P., the, 301.
Native Officer, the, 382.

O'Connell, Epitaph on, 119.
Office Thoughts, 590.
Old Parsonages, 351.
Our Portfolio, 87, 393, 596.

Papers on Public Affairs in N. W. P.,
I, 101, 228, 329, 558.
Picture of the Water Sprite, the, 137.
Pillar at Cœl, the, 481.
Press, the Native, 301.
Purdah Withdrawn, the, 474.
Recollections of Oxford Vacations, 516.
Re-union, Dr. Mouatt's, 493.
Rosalie, 16.

Sanscrit College, Benares, the, 22.
Shakespeare's Farce, 113.
Shakespeare's Cowards, 301.
Shakespeare and Corneille, 450.

"There are moments when the gayest,"
193.

Torrens, the late Mr. H. W., 300.

Voice from the Temple, a, 13.

Wahabees of Delhi, the, 486.
Water Sprite, the Picture of, 137.
Wood Engraving, 497.
Word to our Readers, a, 390.
World, the Age of the, 311.

CORRIGENDA.

* * *This list does not profess to be complete.*

Page 13, line from bottom 2, for "For" read "In"

Page 26, line 23, for "organic" read "inorganic."

Page 191, line 7, for "son" read "sun."

Page 218, line from bottom 7, for "menage" read "quangège."

Page 259, line 25, for "prints" read "punto."

Page 288, line 2, *et passim* for "RELIGIOUS" read "SECTARIAN."

Page 412, line from bottom 15, for "carried" read "caused."

Page 451, line from bottom 4, for "l'âme" read "la main."

Page 473, line 10, for "officers" read "offices."

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Cawnpore,	262	131 0	98 4	109 0	65 8	32 12	0 15
Futtehgurb, . . .	226	113 0	84 12	94 0	56 8	28 4	0 15
Futtehpore, . . .	310	155 0	116 4	120 9	77 8	38 12	1 4
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AGRA.

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Terms Cash.—1st July, 1852.

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1852.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Papers on Public Affairs in the North Western Provinces.	
No. I. --	1
A Voice from the Temple.	13
Rosalie.	16
The Sanscrit College, Benares.	22
Miniatures.	34
The Maiden of San Giorgio.	35
Evening Sighs.	55
Homœopathy in Calcutta.	56
Futtehpur Sikri in the Olden Time.	62
Educational Measures of Government.	75
Our Portfolio.	87

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PRINTED AT THE SECUNDRA ORPHAN PRESS,

1852.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

No articles will be returned unless a special request is made to that effect.

Q. BESARES is declined with many thanks

L. will perhaps kindly allow us to select as occasion may suggest.

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

AUGUST, 1852.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Papers on Public Affairs in the North Western Pro- vinces, N. H.	101
Song, "Come into the Banks are Sedge"	112
Shakespeare's Birth	113
Epitaph on O'Connell	119
The Aboriginal Tribes of India	120
To "Meg," a Sky Turner, by a Barrister	125
The Picture of the Water Sprite, from the German. .	127
Modern India—by Campbell.	128
Minatures.	179
Kutub Minar.	180
L'Ordre de Chevalerie	194

AGEA :

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POSTAGE, is prepaid by the Proprietors, on *Ledlie's Miscellany*, to any place in the North Western Provinces.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS, for this Magazine, to be forwarded to the Editor, care of J. P. Ledlie, Agra.

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Erratum in No. 1.

Page 13, line 2nd from the bottom, for
“ For the young roe’s cheek,” read
“ In the young roe’s cheek.”

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

•OCTOBER 1852.

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CONTENTS No. IV.

	<i>Page</i>
SHAKSPERE'S COWARDS,	30
THE AGE OF THE WORLD,	31
THE BEAUTIFUL APOSTLE,	31
THE LONDON TAVERN AND THE INDIAN POOR, ..	32
PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH, WESTERN PROVINCES, NO IV.	32
THE HAY-FIELD,	35
OLD PARSONAGES,	35
THE CURFEW,	36
THE GAMBLING DEBT,	36
THE NATIVE OFFICER,	38
MAGICAL MUSIC,	38
A WORD TO OUR READERS,	39
OUR PORTFOLIO,	39

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LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER 1852.

CONTENTS No. V.

	<i>Page.</i>
CAVALRY MATTERS,	401
SONG "I HAD BUT A COT,"	406
THE AGE OF THE WORLD,	407
MEMNON,	415
THE MOUNTAIN-LAND,	430
THE GAMBLING DEBT,	431
MODESTY,	450
SHAKESPEARE AND CORNEILLE,	451
THE MAGISTRATE,.. .. .	466
INDIAN SALARIES,.. .. .	467
THE PURDAH WITHDRAWN,	474
THE PILLAR AT COEL,	481
THE WAHABEES OF DELHI,	486
DR MOUAT'S RE-UNION,	493
WOOD ENGRAVING,	497

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PRINTED BY J. P. LEDLIE.

1852.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE GANGES," "HOPE," "JEPHTHAH'S VOW" declined with many acknowledgements.

"SARTOR RESARTUS" will allow us to thank him for the courteous tone of his letter, but at the request of several friends, we have determined at present, to admit nothing further on the subject in question.

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LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER, 1852.

CONTENTS No. VI.

	<i>Page.</i>
THOMAS HOLCROFT,	501
THE BALLAD OF SIR HEART-IN-HAND,	514
RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD VACATIONS,	516
THE GAMBLING DEBT,	530
EPODE,	557
PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WEST- TERN PROVINCES, NO V.,	558
DREAM-SONG,	576
MEMNON,	577
OFFICE THOUGHTS,	590
THE CIVIL BONUS FUND,	591
OUR PORTFOLIO,	598

AGRA :

PRINTED BY J. F. LEDLIE.

1852.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CHIEF JUSTICE." *The article on the Sudder Court was in our October No.: there are a few copies available, price 1-8 each.*

"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" *declined with thanks: try Delhi.*



LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1852.

PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.—No. 1.

"Quæ mala quæ bona sunt spectes."

The readers of Blackwood in 1843 may remember some papers headed "Travels of Kerim Khan from the Oordoo MSS." This native gentleman, a resident of Delhie, visited England about eleven or twelve years ago to "see the wonders of this world" abroad. The MSS. are sufficiently amusing, though the writer is somewhat prejudiced.

Kerim Khan, though not ill-disposed to the British Government, was nevertheless an enthusiastic admirer of the Moslem rule.

"Historical facts," says he, "seem to be wholly lost sight of by those who talk of the Mahommedan rulers in India, who, as I could prove by many instances, were constantly solicitous of the happiness of their subjects. Shah Jehan constructed a road from Delhie to Lahore, a distance of five hundred miles, with guard houses at intervals of every three miles, and at every ten or twelve miles a caravan-serai, where all travellers were fed and lodged at the Emperor's expense. Besides this, canals were dug and public edifices built at the expense of millions, without taxing the people to pay for them as here" (meaning England). We differ from the author's remark that the people were not taxed in order to complete the works. We suspect that Peter was robbed to pay Paul; that one set of men were plundered to supply the cost of food and lodging for another set of men, who were expected to exhibit their gratitude by spreading far and wide the generosity and charities of the Royal donor. We must allow the existence of those splendid monuments which stand to this day as records of the spirit and taste of their founders. But.

though these mighty Emperors may have paid for the material brought from afar, what reason have we for supposing that they recompensed to its full extent the labour of the miserable and pressed labourers who were employed on the works? Our own experience in the ways of this country is against the probabilities of the job having been a profitable one to those employed in building the Taj, the Delhie Palace, or the numerous other buildings still standing in the Upper Provinces.

Mahomet Ali, as great a man in his own day as Aurungzebe, Akbar, or Shah Jehan, is known to have completed the Mahmudic Canal from Atfeh to Alexandria in an incredibly short space of time; but we also know that a very numerous body of the workmen never left the banks of that canal which they had helped to dig. But Kureem Khan goes on to ask the following question: "During the seventy years of the British dominion in India, what has been done which would remind the people fifty years hence, if they should retire from the country, that such a nation had ever held sway there? The only memorials they would leave would be the numerous empty bottles scattered over the whole Empire to indicate what had been done in, if not for India." Kindly spirits of Bass and the elder Hodgson! what have you not to answer for! Wicked spirits of French and English Brandy, do you feel no shame in seeing this in print? We fear that bottles must still be continually flung empty to the winds from the door of carriage or palanquin, float down the mighty Ganges, be met with under shady groves, or be racked out from the miscellaneous and mysterious stores of shop-keepers in Sudder Bazars. The traveller may still expect to see legions of empty bottles, but if intelligent and even moderately studious of acquiring knowledge he will be able to see much more to his satisfaction. We shall now endeavour briefly and slightly to describe some of the monuments, good or bad, which, if the English betook themselves to the sea to-morrow, would nevertheless be left to remind the people of Hindoostan that the Saxon had sojourned for a season in the tents of Shem.

We will commence our examination in the same order that Kureem Khan has followed; so first on the subject of roads. Have we no highway to compare with Shah Jehan's? Let the Grand Trunk Road, with its splendid bridges, metalled from Calcutta to Meerut and Delhie, be a suffi-

cient answer—in length nearly double of the road made by the Mahomedan Emperor, with police chowkies every two or one and a half miles distant from each other; such is the case in these Provinces at least. Independent of the main line, have we not excellent metalled roads, branching off from it, to Futtehgurh, Agra and Delhic? On all these the same provision has been made for the due protection of travellers. Every fourteen or fifteen miles, commodious serais have been erected, where supplies can be easily procured, where the way-worn can rest at night without anxiety respecting the safety of their property. We must be understood to be speaking of the North West Provinces, in which already we have a main line of road extending over nearly five hundred miles. We have no knowledge of the police arrangements for the due protection of the public roads in Bengal. Of the real value of the superiority of a metalled over a mud road as a carriage way, even for lazy native carts, we had no clear idea, until we read an extract from a letter addressed by the Post Master General of the North Western Provinces, to the Lieutenant Governor on this subject. Mr. Riddell, in calling the attention of Government to the necessity which exists for metalling the road from Ferozepore to Lahore, successfully illustrates the folly of leaving the line unmetalled and of submitting to the heavy costs of its annual repairs, when a comparatively speaking trifling advance now would not only diminish after-expense, but be a source of profit to the State in the increased rapidity with which the mails and Government stores, &c. would be conveyed. The following Statement shows the number and weight of packages conveyed from Allahabad to Cawnpore, and from Meerut to Umballah, during the month of May 1850, on the Government Bullock Wagons, together with the cost of establishment on each road. The one at that time was a metalled, the other a mud road.

	Miles.	Number and Packages.	Gross weight.			Cost of Conveyance.		
			Mds.	Srs.	Ch.	Rs.	A.	P.
Allahabad to Cawnpore,	125	3594	6002	26	9	1748	0	0
Meerut to Umballah, ..	128	1992	2929	1	0	2632	10	8

The result being that on the metalled road the cost of guarding and conveying one ton of goods is only Rs. 8-2-1, while on the unmetalled road, the cost for the same dis-

tance is Rs. 25-2-6, and it must be borne in mind, that this is the cost of carriage in dry weather only, in the rains the wear and tear being of course proportionately greater on the mud road. Now, since the difference of carriage on a metalled and unmetalled road is Rs. 17-0-5 a ton, it is clear that all lines on which Government is obliged to send stores of a heavy nature, and does so by the Post Office bullock carts, should be metalled. The costs of the metal and the annual repairs would be covered by the saving in the charge of weight conveyed. Whilst on the subject of the Grand Trunk Road, one might be permitted to remark that in spite of his supplying food and lodging to travellers, we do not think that Shah Jehan made travelling so cheap as the Post Master General has done in 1852, by the establishment of horse wagons, which convey native passengers,* chiefly at the rate of seven miles an hour for one ana a mile. In this respect, as in our high roads, we decidedly must be looked upon as more enterprising than Shah Jehan and his brother Emperors. In addition to the Grand Trunk Road and its branches, from Bhowgong to Agra, from Agra to Allygurh, from Ghoorshaigunge to Futtehgurh, and from Meerut to Delhie, we have good pukka roads in most of our districts, either finished or in the course of completion. The following districts are connected with each other by pukka roads. Futtehgurh and Mynpoorie, Mynpoorie and Etawah, in two directions, Futtehgurh and Allygurh, Agra and Muttra, Allygurh and Muttra, Meerut and Mozuffernuggur, Banda and Futtehpoore. In the Goruckpore district alone, bridges have been constructed on arches varying in number from 1 to 11 at a cost of Co.'s Rs. 203,824. In the latter district also, a most expensive and useful work has been completed during the last six years, by the construction of a bund across the valley of Arnee. The necessity for this bund may be estimated from the following remarks of Mr. H. C. Tucker, then Collector of the district. "The city of Goruckpore is cut off from Azimgurh and the districts lying beyond by the valley of Arnee, which extends about twenty miles from Mr. R. M. Bird's noble bridge at Chuttaee, to where the Arnee falls into the Raptce below Couree Ram. The Arnee itself is a deep

* A curious local word has sprung up in connection with this conveyance. A domestic servant asked our assistance in sending a "parcel" to Cawnpore. This turned out to be his *mother*. To travel by the wagon is to go "parcel."

" narrow river, and has two large bridges on the upper part
 " of its course; but during the rains, the whole valley to
 " a breadth of two and a half miles is full of water, and
 " communication with the civilized world almost entirely
 " cut off. It was no uncommon circumstance for a dāk
 " traveller to be detained the best part of a day, and if
 " there was any wind the ferry became dangerous: as for
 " carts or troops, their transit was impracticable." The
 expenditure on this very important work has been as fol-
 lows: season of 1845-46, Rs. 17,738 14 7

46-47, 18,140 1 5

47-48, 8,943 4 11

48-49, 17,037 12 3

49-50, 6,704 15 8

Co.'s Rs. 68,565 0 10

We have no doubt that large sums of money have been spent on roads, bridges or bunds in other districts, and we have alluded to the " kutchah" roads which have everywhere been constructed in the Upper Provinces, and in no district better than in Agra. Our object has been to show that the Government and Local Committees have not been
 • idle or indifferent to the wants of the country in this respect. We must now pass on to the subject of Canals. It is, we believe, nearly thirty years since the old canals on the western side of the Jumna were surveyed and reported on, with a view to their being repaired. We have besides these, the Eastern Jumna Canals, and they are all a source of profit to the State, and of great advantage to the village communities. It is to be lamented that these canals are so deadly in their influence on the health of the inhabitants of the Delhie territory; but now it cannot be remedied; the sickness caused by them is almost a necessary evil. The Western Canals have been very profitable. In 1835, their total income was Rs. 176,831-14-7; in 1847, it had reached to the large sum of Rs. 302,885-3-3. We do not know the exact revenue derived from the Eastern Canals, but it must be proportionately great. We have also before us Captain Jones' report on his past operations for improving irrigation within the Terrhai lands of zillah Bareilly, dated 1st August, 1847. This officer, it appears, had presented to Government in 1843, a brief statement of the lamentable and increasing deterio-

ration of the Terrhai pergunnahs, in which he proposed to adopt certain measures to increase cultivation and diminish malaria. Captain Jones' operations have been eminently successful in rendering water available for the purposes of irrigation which had previously been wasted in fever-nourishing swamps. Villages had been abandoned and depopulated. He now reports a very general increase of cultivation, and the pleasing fact that in many villages on which revenue for years had been all but *nil*, the improvement had been so great, that purchasers of land had gone away, unable to meet with sellers. Now, what were the instructions given to this officer? Do they or do they not evince the earnest desire of our Government to ameliorate the condition of its subjects? Let our readers judge for themselves. "I," writes Captain Jones, "was distinctly given to understand that my operations were not set on foot with a view to any direct pecuniary profit to the Government; that the benefit, the health and the comforts of the people were the great objects to bear in mind." He was further directed to make pecuniary advances, for the construction of canals and dams, to the zemindars, and to make with them the most favorable terms consistent with security. He was also vested with civil powers that he might be enabled to settle all disputes summarily on the scene of his operations. There could be no mistake about the meaning of the Lieutenant Governor's directions in this respect, and consequently Captain Jones set about his work with the fullest confidence in his being able to effect a satisfactory result. The following statement shows the amount of money advanced by this officer in three years from 1844 to 1847, on account of works connected with irrigation in Rohilkund.

	Rs.	A.	P.
For draining swamps,	2,000	0	0
For pile engines,	4,000	0	0
For the Kitcha Canal and the building of a dam across the river Kitcha. The volume of water during the dry months at the site opposite the village of Kitcha being about 120 feet per second, and sufficient to irrigate 30,000 Beegahs,	15,650	0	0
For the Deoha Canal,	20,000	0	0
Total Rs.,	41,650	0	0

Captain Jones was further employed in regulating the distribution of the waters of the rivers Paha, Kitcha, Dhora and Bhygool, besides having to superintend the Bijour Canals and sundry other works in progress in that district. On the Nugeenah Canal in Bijour, a corn mill has been set up, which has already returned a profit of twenty per cent. to Government. These canals are kept in repair by moderate collections from the agriculturists for whose benefit they were constructed. Captain Jones' report will amply repay perusal; and for the details of this officer's laborious operations we must refer them to No. XXI. Part III. of the Selections from the Public Records. An Engineer Officer has also been employed for two years in clearing the River Ganges from Revelgunge to Allahabad from the obstructions which impeded its navigation. In dry weather neither Steamers nor heavily laden boats were able to reach that busy port. The sums expended in 1847-48, and 1849-50, on this work amounted to nearly Rs. 20,000. The Selections from the Public Records are full of valuable reports on dams, bunds, canals, &c. constructed for the purpose of irrigation, into details of which it would be foreign to the purpose of this article to enter. We can only point the way to those who are curious to learn what the Company's Government has done for the benefit of the people. Persons willing to be satisfied can easily be so: it is a matter of regret that there are so few enquirers in the country. We cannot however conclude this part of our remarks without prominently alluding to the mighty work now in progress, which will be a lasting monument of the ardent desire of the English in India to benefit its inhabitants and to preserve them, if human means can be available, from the horrors of a famine such as occurred in 1837-38. The Ganges Canal will travel over 180 miles in its main course, throwing out branches right and left to Boolundshur, Futtehghur, Allyghur, Cawnpore and Etawah. Every precaution has been adopted in its structure to avoid as far as possible, any interference with the natural irrigation of the country, and to preserve the inhabitants of the districts through which the canal flows, from the influence of malaria and the sickness which, from want of proper precaution, struck down the people of the neighbouring villages after the re-admission of water to the Jumna Canals. On this noble work, up to the 30th June 1850, Company's rupees 548,616-14-11 had been advanced to

defray the charges of the establishment and contingent expenses. A further sum of 607,320 rupees will be required to cover these charges until the 30th of June 1853, when it is supposed that the water will be admitted into the canal. The total estimate for the completion of the whole undertaking is Rs. 141,66,311-7-5. The amount expended on the works alone, apart from all other sources of disbursement, on the 30th of June, 1850, was not less than Rs. 36,99,879-8-1. Thus, the amount still required to finish the canal is Rs. 104,60,431-15-4. Up to the same date, the enormous sum of Co.'s Rs. 53,74,111-14-9½, had already been paid by Government to defray the charges of works, establishments, ordinary repairs, sundries, and advances for material and stock. Surely, this will be a work, when accomplished, of a nature to keep alive in the people of the Upper Provinces, an affectionate remembrance of the English nation. It is an undertaking of which we have a right not only to be proud, but to exult in and boast of to our foreign and home visitors. Its advantages cannot be calculated or realized in a moment's thought. They are and will be of too permanent a character to be estimated at once: they will be best understood and appreciated hereafter, when an agricultural population, redeemed from poverty and the danger of starvation by the fertilizing streams of the canal, and blessed through its influence with comparative wealth, shall relate to their children the progress of that mighty work which has surrounded their villages with smiling fields, and filled their granaries with abundant harvests, when in short it shall be said of our time, as it was of that of Augustus, but with greater truth—

“Tua, Cæsar, ætas,
“Fruges et agris retulit uberes.”

Whilst we are reviewing this part of our subject, it might perhaps be interesting as well as appropriate to mention the amount of money expended by private individuals from 1847 to 1850, in constructing works of public utility within the Upper Provinces, and Saugor and Nerbudda territories. This statement exhibits the influence which energetic and active officers of Government possess within their several districts, and affords gratifying proofs of the force of good example. The works generally constructed

are wells, tanks, ghâts, serais, bridges, and plantations. The following are the sums:

In 1848, ..	1,70,909	0	7
1849, ..	3,07,784	11	3
1850, ..	1,31,241	0	1
<hr/>			
Total, ..	6,09,934	11	11
<hr/>			

We must not pass over without notice the liberal grant allowed by the Court of Directors for the improvement of irrigation and for other useful undertakings in the Punjab. We are not in a position to show what has been done across the Sutledge, and therefore can only allude to the fact that a sum of £500,000 has been set apart for the purposes which we have mentioned. But most of our readers must have seen Lord Dalhousie's minute on the scarcity of timber, and the Board of Administration's remarks and suggestions on the same subject. In both, such a decided regard for the improvement and future prosperity of the country is apparent, that we can confidently look forward to a wise distribution and employment of the funds, the use of which has been sanctioned by the Home Government.

From the consideration of what has been done towards irrigating the country, and opening out roads and communications with large towns and markets, we are naturally led to the *vexata questio* of Land Revenue. Few perhaps will be disposed to deny the real intention of our rulers to benefit the people of the Upper Provinces by the formation of the present system of revenue; but many persons will be found to question the success of the experiment. No one can blame those efforts which were directed to discover the original possessors and proprietors of the village communities, and to bring to light rights which had long remained in abeyance; still we fear that it cannot be denied that the greater proportion of our agricultural population is in a state of sad poverty, living on the minimum of subsistence, from hand to mouth. We admit that this unfortunate state of things is partly attributable to deficiency of rains, want of water, and the natural unthriftiness of the people, and that these evils, by providing for artificial irrigation and by endeavours to

stimulate the people to greater exertions, may be remedied; yet it is a melancholy fact, that the smaller proprietors of the soil are gradually being dispossessed of their rights, and their places occupied by the stranger capitalists and local money-lenders. We should be glad to think that this is not the case. We have deprived the talooqdars of their zemindarce rights whom we found in possession of a large circle of villages, because we discovered that they were not the original proprietors, but had usurped in times of peace the position which military talents and ability to command assigned to them, when the country was distracted with intestine feuds or border warfare. They were captains and leaders of the people only in days of danger, but their services were so frequently required, that the people at last became accustomed to a state of dependence and learnt to regard with indifference the rule of chiefs to whom in the first instance they had voluntarily bound themselves. The cultivators, indeed, continued to conduct their own affairs within the village in the primitive way; they had no connection with the Government, but paid a certain sum to their immediate superior, who was answerable for the State demand. In removing the talooqdars, we have of course admitted the village communities to settle directly with Government; but we have deprived them of the protection and kindly assistance which in times of difficulty they might have met with at the hands of a wealthy chief. The State should have taken the talooqdar's place; but it did not; and consequently the people, when in need of money, are thrown upon the money-lenders. Where the poor proprietor cannot pay the Government demand, his rights are sold; where he cannot discharge his debt to the *bohra* or usurer, the same result is arrived at, through the instrumentality of the Civil Courts. We cannot help suspecting that our assessment must press upon the people. In support of this suspicion, we will put before our readers a statement showing the number of cases in which coercive measures were resorted to in order to realize revenue, in 1846-47, 1847-48, 1848-49, and 1849-50, to which we shall also subjoin another statement, showing the number of proprietary mutations registered in the Collectors' offices by order of Court, or by private transfers consequent on sale, mortgage, &c., during a period of three years. Some of our readers may be aware of the measures by which the Government demand can be

collected. For the benefit of those who have not this information, we will explain that land revenue is realized in cases of default; 1st, by the sale of the estate or puttee; 2nd, by the transfer of the defaulting puttee to a solvent putteedar, or shareholder in the estate; 3rd, by farming out the estate to a stranger; and 4th, by kham management, that is to say, when the Collector works the estate himself on behalf of Government. These are the principal coercive measures. The following Statement will show the result of them during the four years we have specified above.

	<i>Sale.</i>	<i>Farms.</i>	<i>Transfer.</i>	<i>Kham hold- ings.</i>
	Estates.	Estates.	Puttees.	Estates.
1846-47,	115	129	238	162
1847-48,	52	41	108	119
1848-49,	80	45	120	121
1849-50,	74	102	349½	373
Total in 4 years,	321	317	815½	805

In 1848-49, it is stated that nearly all the estates sold were in Banda, (one among many victims of over-assessment,) and a large proportion of the other coercive measures were resorted to in the same district. In 1849-50, 44 out of the 74 estates sold belong to Banda, as also 48 cases of transfer, 13 of farm, and 31 of kham holdings, and 108 cases of transfer occurred in the Allahabad district. Now, it cannot be denied, although the pressure was apparently great in both these districts, that the number of transfers and kham holdings in the districts is fearfully large. It should be remembered that our best test of the assessment is chiefly to be found in bad seasons; that 1848-49 was deficient in rain, and we see accordingly an increased proportion of transfers and kham holdings in 1849-50. The people could not in the former year at once pay the Government demand, support themselves and their families, and feed their cattle. Does not this tend to show that the assessment is only good for average or fair years, and that the chances of a drought have not been sufficiently regarded? If our readers are not satisfied on this point, the next statement will probably induce them to make up their minds on the subject;

for in it they will discover the successful operations of the money-lenders, who buy, at a price infinitely below their real value, the rights of their victimised constituents.

Abstract Statement of proprietary mutations registered by order of the Court or by private transfer consequent on sale, mortgage, &c. in the North Western Provinces, and Saugor and Nerbudda territories for the years 1847-48, 1848-49, and 1849-50.

Sale by order of Court.						By Private Transfer.							
	No. of Cases.	Amount.			No. of other Cases.	Total No. of Cases.	No. of Cases.	Amount.			Successive No. of Cases.	Mortgage No. of Cases.	Total No. of Cases.
		Rs.	A.	P.				Rs.	A.	P.			
1847-48,	1893	575925	9	4½	1855	3748	2431	2089418	8	2	6681	2761	11873
1848-49,	2146	391921	8	7	2067	4213	2465	1723211	3	6	6837	3396	12698
1849-50,	2550	894486	3	3	2901	5451	2867	2016378	6	2	7927	4167	14961

These statements assuredly disclose very melancholy facts. We could say, if time and space allowed, much more on this subject. We shall however take an early opportunity of recurring to that pregnant source of discussions the land revenue; at the same time, before concluding our remarks on this particular head, we may observe that one part of the system, at least, must command universal respect—we allude to the record of rights and holdings in every village, which are deposited in the Collector's office. We have no hesitation in saying that this record of rights, when properly completed and understood by the people, will be one of the greatest safeguards from wrong, which the British Government has ever vouchsafed to the poorer classes of proprietors and ryots of upper India.

A VOICE FROM THE TEMPLE.

BY A BARRISTER.

Ten thousand minstrels sing
 Of incense-breathing Spring,
 Or the soft spell of summer evening's sigh,
 Of visions pure that bless,
 The muser's loneliness,
 'Neath the still presence of the star-lit sky.
 I know that spirits high
 Drink dreams of melody,
 From the wild voice of mountain-storm and sea,
 That strike a deeper tone,
 Of rapture from their own,
 Till all the listening world entranced be.
 But he who must abide,
 'Mid life's swift circling tide,
 Where toil and care and schemes tumultuous meet,
 May with attentive ear,
 'Mid that strange discord, hear
 Snatches of music eloquent and sweet.
 For all that smiling earth
 Pictures of bliss or mirth,
 With living impulse throbs in human hearts;
 There in sad earnest reign
 The sorrow and the pain
 That fancy to material things imparts.
 No sympathetic fears,
 For its brief-lived compeers,
 Lend the pale languor to the lily's brow:
 Though maiden blushes speak,
 For the young rose's cheek,
 It hath not listened to love's whispered vow.

Senseless to mortal woe,
 The streams complaining flow,
 No poet's doom the greenwood's sigh deplores;
 And ocean waves, whose tone
 Might seem creation's moan,
 Beat passionless on dull unheeding shores.
 But in yon living wave,
 Is purpose pure and brave:
 Victorious patience: noblest poverty:
 There are true hearts whose beat
 Makes melodies more sweet
 Than wandered through the woods of Arcady.
 And thoughts that cannot die,
 Of happier days gone by,
 Rest in lone hearts amid those crowded ways;
 As some serenest star,
 On waters cold and far,
 The livelong night its pitying look delays.
 Nor think that love doth dwell,
 Only in Sylvan dell,
 The priest of nature's holy solitude;
 Into the sunless room
 'Mid the tall city's gloom,
 Oft will the gentle visitor intrude.
 No costly prize of yore,
 The Hellenic victor bore,
 Yet none believe he strove for empty praise:
 Braved danger, toil and death
 To win a parsley wreath,
 Or twine a weary brow with withering bays.
 As through the shouting throng,
 Silent he passed along,
 What bade his cheek with deepest crimson burn?
 In some Ægean isle,
 A dark-eyed maiden's smile,
 Would proudly greet her chosen one's return.

We win from musty page,
 Frosts of untimely age,
 But not for fortune or for fame we sigh :
 The loneliest will not part
 With dreams that haunt his heart,
 Of one whose love shall bless him ere he die.

 In days that ne'er may come,
 Each hath his promised home,
 A smile of welcome waiting at his door,
 And faces full of glee,
 To cluster round his knee,
 And songs to soothe when day's dull toil is o'er.

 None would grow old alone,
 Strong arms to lean upon,
 Kind words to cheer, the failing flesh will crave,
 And in death's chill repose,
 Soft hands our eyes to close,
 And gentle tears to dew a father's grave !

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ROSALIE.

Rosalie D'Argonne was an orphan: her mother had died in giving her birth: her father, though a brave officer and of high family, had brought himself to a premature end by a more than usual indulgence in the profligacy of the age—that of Louis XV.—whilst she was a mere child. Well-born—an orphan—poor—the ideas of the time suggested but one asylum for Rosalie—the convent. Accordingly, when she was five years old, she was permanently placed for residence and education in the convent of the Holy Heart at Paris. As she grew up she gave signs of great beauty, and at sixteen her rich chesnut hair—yet preserved to her—her pale alabaster complexion—more than all, the large half timorous, half confiding eyes, gave an interest to her appearance, which few who saw her could easily forget. Beside an indistinct remembrance of an old chateau—a terrace—and the trees of a park, where her extreme childhood had been passed under the care of an aunt—her whole memories and associations centred in the cloisters and garden, the chapel and graveyard of the convent, the school-room, and the calm society of the sisterhood. Amongst the nuns, there was one who had more especially undertaken the care of Rosalie's education: this was Therèse. Therèse still preserved traces of great beauty, and the bell-like tones of her voice were heard above the rest in the plaintive harmonies of the chant and the anthem. For this sister Rosalie entertained the greatest affection, and delighted to be in her society. One evening they were walking in the garden together: it was summer, and the day, which had been very hot, was closing in golden lights and with a rich and calm magnificence. Rosalie was then fourteen, and had almost grown into a companion for Therèse. And it was there and on that evening under the spell of the beautiful hour, and no longer able to restrain the yearning for sympathy, that Therèse broke the silence of years and told a tale in the attentive ears of her young friend. It was an old tale—one that many could tell—but it was new to the listener. And the strangeness of it seemed enhanced by the emotions with which it was narrated, the thickness of voice that arrested utterance, and the tears that despite

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all efforts, would sometimes trickle down the pale cheek. It was an old tale; it was a tale of one who was young and handsome, with a clear loud laugh and a debonair mien, who had whispered soft words and pledged his troth, and gone off to the wars with a lock of hair in his bosom and eternal promises on his lip, and then, in the racket of camps and the gaiety and the whirl of foreign cities, had forgotten all this—and married another.

Therèse never alluded to this story again: nay, she often afterwards seemed to try and counteract the effect of having told it, by exhortations to abandon all interest in worldly affections, and fix the heart on that mystical love where its desires could alone be satisfied. But the story had been told and could never be cancelled from the mind where it had made its own impression.

Amongst the pictures with which the convent chapel was decorated, there were two which had a most singular influence over Rosalie's imagination. One was the Benediction of the Little Children, and the other was the Buffeting of Christ. In the first, the Saviour was represented as seated under a tree with a child on his knee, and other little children were being led towards Him by their nurses and mothers. The Saviour seemed to be teaching something; for his hand was raised, and one finger stretched out as if to impress a word or thought, and the child was looking up into His face, and its lips were apart as if trying to say what it was bid. The piece was the work of an Italian Master, and in his divinest manner. There was indeed no verisimilitude about it: the Oriental had not been attempted; the countenance of the Saviour was of Italian cast, and the children were such as the artist had seen every day playing about in the vineyards of his own land. In truth, the face of the child on the Saviour's knee was painted from recollection of a son who was dead, but whom the affection of the father recalled from the grave often and often by producing his little delicate lineaments on the canvas. But though no trace of the East appeared in the picture, there was a holy spirituality so pervading it, a fervent light of poetry and piety so completely illuminating it, that all incongruities of scene or circumstance were wholly absorbed in the one beautiful idea of the whole. The other picture—the Buffeting—was a much larger piece. It was from a Flemish studio, and, though much admired, was chiefly excellent for the boldness of the grouping and

the richness of the colours. The High Priest in all his drapery had started to his feet, the Council were frowning and gesticulating angrily from their places;—in the midst was the Man of Sorrows, plainly clad and looking calmly on the ground. The foreground figures were servants and others, in different attitudes of menace and insult. The faces of all except the Saviour were coarse and stern, and even His expressed little but manly resignation.

In the inexperienced conceptions which poor Rosalie formed of the world, the two principles which seemed to her to conflict, the gentle and the coarse, were always associated in her mind with these two pictures : the good and kind with the Benediction—the hard and rough with the Buffeting.

Beautiful weather and the spring time, and music, and prayer, and the affection of Therèse or the kindness of other sisters, she associated with the Saviour and the children. Unkind words, a harsh action (for these intrude, alas! sometimes even into consecrated houses,) howling nights of wind and rain, death and sickness, all that she dreaded, all that she shrunk from, seemed inseparably wrapt up with the image of the rude bad men and the cruel and angry Council. What a puzzle it all was to her! What a strange world it is, she thought; flowers blooming into decay, beauty flourishing into uncomeliness, life culminating into death! and then the story she had been told of the outer world,—what was it? Love and hope fulfilled by oblivion and despair! Oh yes, the sisterhood were right, she at last concluded, this world with its joys and sorrows must be abandoned, and we do right to strive and forget it, and wait in prayer and hope for a better.

With this she managed for a time to console herself; but at length the dark thought came, if good is so mixed up with evil—nay more, if evil seem so often to be the natural termination of good, are we quite sure that God is love, and that there is a better world? And so, poor child, she went on, sometimes in hours of prayer and gentleness fully relying on the goodness of the Creator: at others almost puzzled into despair at the permission of sin and sorrow. About a year before the incident which forms my anecdote occurred, Rosalie had begun to experience the failing of health. All the symptoms attendant upon that relentless disease, which cuts off the blossom whilst yet merely prophesying the fruit, were upon her. The lassitude—the

deep, but unrefreshing slumbers, the loss of natural appetite, the apathy to what was going on around—all sadly marked the inevitable approach of the “shadow feared of man.” Still in the silent and listless hours constantly was present to her the thought—Oh for the assurance that the good is the permanent, and the bad merely the accidental! Then the idea came vividly before her, that perhaps in the outer world, which I know of only by report, I might be convinced that the design of the world is gentle and good.

The last days were come. It was one forenoon, and the sister who had been watching by Rosalie’s bed had left the apartment for a few minutes. Rosalie awoke from heavy sleep, she felt an unusual vigour—almost a supernatural return of strength. The thought flashed upon her mind, I will see this outer world before I die. She rose from her bed, she passed down the stairs and through the cloister. She had wrapped a cloak about her, and was now at the gate. It stood a little ajar—she went first into the lane where the gate opened, and from thence into the public street, and now she was in the scene of all her boundless anxiety—the outer world!

The state of Paris was at that time perhaps the most awful that history in her most tragic passages has to relate of any city. A deadly and fearful antagonism existed between the rich and the poor: the poor hated and cursed the rich, and the rich despised the poor. The rich were lost in affectation and profligacy, and the poor were muttering under their breath unceasing lamentations till it was finally stopped by hunger or death. The crisis was slowly approaching—there was indeed at present a silence and a hush, but it was like that mysterious and appalling pause that precedes the tempest of the Tropics. Talk of festivity in the plague city—what was that to the noble buffoons and rakes of France dancing and laughing and intriguing and gambling, with disgrace, destitution and death just standing behind them, ready, when Time should give the signal, to hale them to the judgment. “*Vive la bagatelle*,” cried the intoxicated victims, and retribution answered with grim and terrible mirth “*à la lanterne, à la lanterne*.”

Such was the state of the city when Rosalie went forth into its streets. It had been a wet morning, and was now cold and raw. There were but few people about, and those

looking sulky and in a hurry. She moved rapidly along—past a church, and now into a square. On a door step, she happened to observe a gaunt and haggard woman sitting, who looked fearfully ill. She stopped and addressed her,

“Poor woman, are you unwell?”

“Dying,” was the abrupt answer.

“What complaint have you got?”

“A common one,” the woman roughly replied.

“What would do you any good, poor creature?”

“Food!”

“But why do you fast, if it makes you ill, the church does not require that.”

The woman looked up in Rosalie’s face, and said fiercely, “You are not joking me?” but assured by Rosalie’s expression that such was not the case, she added “I am poor, Miss! I cannot get work or money or food, and as I cannot eat the paving stones, I am dying.” Just at this moment a handsome carriage passed with servants in splendid liveries and outriders. A *bon mot* had just exploded, and a fine young girl was seen laughing inside, *vis à vis* to two gaily dressed young men equally amused.

The woman to whom Rosalie had been speaking rose doggedly from her seat, and in a low thick voice cursed the gay and brilliant party by her God, and predicted that their hour was near.

Rosalie, frightened at the woman’s manner, but inwardly determined to send her some relief from the convent, passed swiftly from the spot. The poor starving, the rich laughing—this was terrible, no assurance of the goodness of God here. She pursued her way all round the square, then back again towards the convent, past the old church. She met some boys, they hooted at her strange appearance, she fled, thinking of the rough men buffetting the Saviour. All was dark and discouraging. It came on to rain. When she reached the convent, the door was still ajar, but standing close by it for shelter was a youth in the dress of a theological student. He was lame, and not handsome in countenance, but a singular glow of intelligence lighted up the eyes and the upper part of the face. He spoke to her; asked her name, and how she came to be out in such weather. And he was very gentle with her, and told her she was too young and fair for a nunnery, and that he should be always happy if such eyes as her’s shone upon him. And yet though he praised her, it was with

the courtesy of birth, and he put his arm guardingly round her, and so they stood for some time conversing together. Then he gave her one kiss on her cold forehead and bade her take care of her health and remember the stranger. She went in. It was enough,—she had had one faint glimpse of how the awakened heart has a world of its own, where Christ and the Children have conquered.

When the attendant sister—it was Thèrese—returned to the sick chamber, Rosalie was not there. In surprise and wonder she was sought for everywhere: at length, in the chapel was she found: she was lying dead in the aisle before the picture of the Benediction of the Children.

A day or two after, the student whom Rosalie had met in the gateway called to ask how she was. As the gate opened, a swell of music was heard: they were chanting the funeral Mass.

A strange fate awaited that young man: he was then expecting a dull ecclesiastical career, but it was not so ordered. He was to tread a more splendid path: he was to be with Kings in the hour of their glory, and in the day of their distress. The cold truths of Machiavel were to be familiar in his mouth as household words. He was to shine as the unfailing oracle of a court; and whilst others were to rise, flourish and fall around him, the glory of his own reputation was to last long enough to illuminate the close of a protracted life. But there were pauses for memory and reflection even in the brilliant and perilous career of this extraordinary man, and when the gentler mood was on him, there were some who have seen the cold calm eye glisten as he told the tale of Rosalie.

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THE SANSKRIT COLLEGE, BENARES.

Although several explanations have been put forward both of the system pursued at this institution as well as of the results which have attended it, a very general misunderstanding seems to prevail on the subject. Any one indeed who had chosen to peruse a certain series of papers in our *Sister Magazine* of Benares, would have had little difficulty in perceiving the drift of the operations which Dr. Ballantyne has set on foot; but as we know that some have not perused those papers, under the impression that they were entirely scholastic, whereas in truth they were mostly popular; and as others of our readers may not subscribe to our valuable cotemporary, we shall attempt to place before them in a succinct view, both what has been done at the Benares College, and the principles which guided the direction of the work. The misunderstanding we have alluded to has been almost ludicrous. Some of the most superficial have conceived a mysterious idea that Dr. Ballantyne ignores the advantages of the Baconian philosophy, and has gone back hopelessly into the arms of Aristotle. Others in a bewildered way have taken up one of the explanatory *feuilletons*, and having hit upon a passage of this sort,—“One of the nicest points in regard to absolute non-existence is that involved in the question, whether the absolute non-existence of absolute non-existence is a non-existence or an existence,” have concluded at once that they had got amongst the irrefragable and incomparable doctors, and have laid down the book lest they should come suddenly upon all the difficulties of an angel in *vacuo*. And even those who have taken the trouble to enquire into the subject, appear to us by a strange fatality to have formed an unfair view of it. Thus, an intelligent writer in one of our local newspapers* speaking of the report of the Benares College for 1848-49, thus expresses himself. “The perusal of this report has led us to the conclusion that in their notions of education some of our Colleges are at least a century behind England. At this very time a crusade is being preached against the English Universities for clinging too closely to the lan-

* *Dehlie Gazette*, July 2nd, 1851.

guages and philosophy of antiquity and the middle ages. Commissions of enquiry said to be illegal, are forced upon these bodies, and the rights of private property invaded for the sake of obtaining a course of education more in consonance with the light and requirements of modern times. Yet here we have a Government College, whose course of education consists in wading through the quirks, quibbles and absurdities of the Sanscrit philosophy."

Now, this, though we make no doubt it was written in a good spirit, appears to us a one-sided statement, because, in the first place, the Sanscrit studies alone do not obviously form the course of education at Benares, nor in the second is "wading through the quirks, &c. of Sanscrit philosophy" at all an adequate or appropriate description of the line of instruction adopted with the Pandits.

The principal point to be distinctly kept in mind in judging fairly of Dr. Ballantyne's system is this,—that the question between him and the public is not whether a Sanscrit College is or is not a desirable institution, but whether, under the circumstances of a Sanscrit College existing, such and such modes of teaching are likely to prove useful or otherwise. All declamation against the folly of returning to obsolete languages and exploded philosophy, is beside the mark, would apply equally well to the Calcutta Mudrissa, and is in fact really upon a different subject.

The Sanscrit College at Benares was founded in 1798 "for the cultivation of the laws, literature, and (as inseparably connected with the two former) religion of the Hindoos," and it was added that the discipline was "to be conformable in all respects to the Dharm S'âstra in the chapter on Education."

- Dr. Ballantyne has remarked in his Report for 1846-47, "These terms appear to contain the germ of nothing beyond the conciliating the natives of India by paying a graceful compliment to their language and literature, and of perhaps providing better educated Pandits to act as legal councillors than could otherwise have been always met with. For many years all the efforts of the various gentlemen who took an interest in the College, appear to have been directed to the increasing of its efficiency in these respects." It seems, however, that in 1844, Mr. John Muir, C. S., during a temporary incumbency as Principal, delivered lectures in Sanscrit on Moral and Intellectual Phi-

losophy, and this must be considered the first movement in the direction towards which Dr. Ballantyne's labours are all turned. At length arrived the present Principal, who having recorded his impression in looking back on the year 1846-47 that in the studies of the Sanscrit College all improvement at present must be in the way of addition not of substitution, proceeded in 1847-48 to try an experiment. What was the experiment? To translate Duns Scotus into Sanscrit probably? On the contrary, to introduce the study of *English* into the Sanscrit College. This experiment with a little difficulty at the outset gradually succeeded, and an English class of Pandits was formed. For their use the Principal prepared an English Grammar in Sanscrit, existing Grammars being as he himself expresses it, "with reference to the Pandits, at once redundant and defective, inasmuch as these manuals take for granted that the learner knows nothing of grammar as a science, and that his vernacular is English or a language of a similar idiom." In the next session then, after the experiment was tried, the students of English consisted of the regular pupils of that department and the Sanscrit students who had been induced to begin English. Between these two bodies, though speaking the same vernacular, no interchange of conversation on the subject of their studies could take place, for, as the Principal observed, "the technical terms with which they were respectively familiar, being the product of opposite theories, were not convertible by one who was not conversant with both." He goes on to say, "The consequence is that the Pandits, in full reliance upon a dogmatic, and, as they think, inspired philosophy, which has stood the discussion (such as it has yet encountered) of centuries, look with calm superiority on the pretensions of a more modest philosophy, which avows that it is only progressing towards that perfection which it cannot hope to reach; whilst on the other hand, our English students, struck by the imposing methodical completeness of the brahminical system, which they cannot comprehend in detail, and bewildered in every attempt to cope with the dialectical subtlety of the Pandits, who, they see perfectly, though unintelligible to the English student, are quite intelligible to each other, become possessed by an uneasy feeling, that there is more, if they could but come at it, in the Sanscrit philosophy than is dreamt of in ours."

In some way to remove this barrier, and to enable the English students in some degree to judge of the whereabouts of their Sanscrit compeers in mental cultivation, the Principal prepared an English version of the Sanscrit School Grammar, the "Laghu Kaumudi," with references and comments. This book is an abridgment of the "Siddhānta Kaumudi," which again itself is an arrangement of the celebrated work of Panini, a sage, who, with great ingenuity condensed the canons of grammar into so small a space as to render them utterly unintelligible without the aid of a conjectural commentary. "The peculiar advantage," says the Principal, "of studying the Sanscrit grammar in the shape in which it is presented in the 'Kaumudi,' is this, that the learner is thus prepared to avail himself of the rich treasures of Sanscrit philology."

Besides the publication of this Grammar, the Principal prepared and delivered a set of lectures on the Nyaya philosophy. This system was selected, because whilst the Vedānta attempts to form a philosophical theory of the universe from the inspired pages of the Vedas, and the Sāṅkhya (having suppressed the Deity) to dream a gradual development of the universe from the primordial essence, the Nyaya* is an attempt to present a physical and metaphysical theory of the universe in the shape of a philosophical arrangement. This system was therefore best suited to the Principal's purposes. "Of it," he says, "I have chiefly made use in laying the foundation of an attempt to present to the students of the Sanscrit College an equally comprehensive view of the universe, divested of those errors, in their own Nyaya, which modern observation and experiment have shown to be such, and giving somewhat of its due to the physical departments of science, which were much less prominent in the original exposition of the Nyaya doctrine than its metaphysics, to which the physics were entirely subordinated, as they have ever since remained." The text book taken was the "Tarka Sangraha." Sentence was read by sentence, translated and commented on in English, so that the regular English students could easily follow.

During the same session, the Principal also delivered to the class of Pandits part of a course of lectures in Sanscrit on the "Mutual Relations of the Sciences." When, in the

* A practice prevailed of calling the Nyaya system, "Hindu logic," but logic is only a part of it. However, till later years the word has been loosely used. Dr. Watts baptized his amazing subject,— "Logic."

due exposition of this subject, he came to "Part 3, Metaphysics," some natural astonishment fell upon his auditors,—the pudding bag was discovered in the midst of the pudding,—they having been accustomed to look upon Metaphysics as the one science which formed a receptacle for all the others.

To silence, however, objections, he promised that he would afterwards give a full exposition of the sciences with an arrangement modelled on their own. This promise he is now fulfilling in his "Synopsis of science" for which the arrangement of Gautama's Aphorisms has been adopted as a frame-work.

It is erroneous to suppose, however, that these Aphorisms can be made into a frame-work without planing and chiselling and dovetailing and hammering of an extensive description. Take an instance. Take a subdivision of a Nyaya category—Earth,—this is stated to be of two kinds, "eternal and transient,—eternal in the form of atoms, transient in the form of products." To this subdivision the Principal has to join three others, water, light and air. Then for atom and mass he substitutes chemical and non-chemical. Matter, not in the form of atoms, is subdivided into "organized body, organ of sense, and organic mass." The Principal's chisel scoops out the middle division, and from the organized bodies, his plane has to shave off fiery, aqueous and aerial. Under the head of organized bodies come in our Zoology and Botany, the Hindoos admitting that animals and plants have both organized bodies, their difference being marked by the absence or presence of the power of locomotion, with which distinction the Principal expresses himself generally satisfied, though we should think some of the molluscs, and the zoophytes would trouble him here. Then, under the inorganic mass, he places his Geography, Geology and Astronomy. From this specimen, it may be seen that a vast deal of alteration and adaptation is necessary before the frame-work can be in any way made to serve the purpose required.

Subsequently, the Principal has prepared for the use of the students in the English department, a lecture on the Sankhya and a lecture on the Vedanta philosophy. The "Sahitya Darpana" also has been selected as a portion of the course of Sanskrit study designed for the English department. This work, it appears, is a treatise on the

graces of language and their employment in rhetoric; it was from the pen of Viswanatha Kaviraja, and is considered the standard of taste among the learned Hindoos.

Enough, we think, will now have been said to show that the system which the Principal of the Benares College has been pursuing, if a mighty maze, is not at any rate without a plan.

For this system he claims that it tends "to make the English and Sanscrit departments of the College understand each other on subjects, in regard to which hitherto the students of the two departments, though speaking the same vernaculars, could as little understand each other as the inhabitants of separate planets with separate natural laws." He claims also that he has enlisted Sanscrit on the side of progress, and that he has endeavoured to make the learning of the Hindoos a strong ally, instead of a stubborn opponent. And we think he has a fair right to the admission of all these claims. We have purposely reserved to this place the notice of another view of Dr. Ballantyne, which, as it does not seem to us in the least degree connected with his great plan, had better not be confused with it. He considers the Sanscrit language would be the best source for the supply of compounded words to correspond with our philosophical and scientific terms, in communicating modern knowledge by means of the vernacular languages. Here we gladly take his opinion as a guide, and believe, on his authority, that the Sanscrit would prove abundantly opulent for that purpose. And now that we think we have both discerned, and (after a feeble fashion), narrated what is being done at Benares, let us warn whomsoever has followed us thus far, that we are entering the region of commentary, so that he may swiftly make his escape if he should be indifferent to our opinions.

We know no fresher or more agreeable hand-book of Metaphysics than Mr. Lewes' Biography of Philosophy, but yet he speaks (in his preface) mournfully of this wisdom, as Solomon had spoken far more mournfully of all wisdom before him, that it ends only in vexation of spirit. And we hope it will not prejudice the candour with which we have sought to understand operations at Benares if we confess that, to our mind, after full consideration, it appears that this also is vanity.

In the first place, we cannot but think that the influence of the Pandits on the public mind of the native population.

is greatly over-rated, and here we join issue with the writer in the *Delhie Gazette*, whom we before quoted.

Where is it exerted? We know that it prevails at Benares and Nuddeeah. But what is its weight at Allahabad, at Agra, at Meerut, at all the large towns in these Provinces? Something very small. Really, from all we can learn, something very small. There is now in this part of the country a tolerably successful native Press. Much occurs in the pages of these journals on the subject of Musselman tenets, and, surely, if in all quarters there was a stealthy, watchful, skilful influence abroad on the part of the Pandits, like that attributed (rightly or wrongly) to the Society of Jesus, this means, such as it is, would not be neglected of strengthening the ancient faith in the minds of a considerable body of such middle classes as the present state of native society affords; for the very small circulation of the native papers is not a fair criterion of how many read them, as they are often lent.

But we are constantly in the habit of inspecting these little journals, and can testify that no advantage is taken of them to entrench the ground of Hindooism. In fact, the only paper which seems to view with alarm our efforts towards public enlightenment is a Benares one, which has recommended parents once or twice not to send their children to Missionary schools where Christianity is inculcated, but rather to the Government Colleges where there will be no danger of their picking up religious heresies of any kind. Now, we hold that if the efforts of the Pandits were mysterious, united, universal as some allege, the "progress" spoken of by Dr. Ballantyne would be very soon detected, its tendency discerned, and resort to the Benares College finally discouraged.

Only thirty-six miles north of the city where this Magazine is published, is Muthra. Every one knows that place to be the scene of the incarnation of Vishnu as Krishna, the darling of the milk-maids and the hero of the Mahabharata. To it and to its sister town Bindrabun, many Bengalis and others retire in the close of life. The latter place especially is considered a propitious spot in which to die, and indeed any one who had once encountered its monkeys, and passed through its bazars would naturally conclude it was not a place in which to live. The neighbourhood of Muthra is the mysterious and sanctified district of Brij, and to make the circuit of the Twenty-four Woods, as it is called, many

thousand persons arrive yearly from different parts of India. Surely this is a locality which the Pandits, were they influential as described, would not omit to make serve their purposes: yet we are enabled to say with confidence that there are very few persons in and about Muthra who understand Sanscrit at all. And such as do, chant the Gita Govinda, mumble a litany, peruse a few stories out of the Puranas, and that is about all. The principal Brahmin caste at Muthra is the Chobé, and they are by profession merely beggars. You would not indeed naturally look for the learning of the cloister amongst mendicant friars: but enquiry has been made amongst other brahmins there resident, and we have every reason to believe that Hinduism, in a high theological or philosophic sense, is utterly unknown in Brij. We are now speaking from our own observations: if any one can contradict the inference we draw, from their experience, we shall be glad to be convinced, but until we can have fairly placed before us something like a statistical account of the numbers and ramifications of the Pandits, their organization and their operations, we must retain our opinion that their influence as a body in these Provinces has been estimated with exaggeration.

And then, with every respect for the extraordinary abilities and high earnestness of Dr. Ballantyne, has he made fair allowance for the weakness of ordinary minds? The Pandits are to be brought up in an elaborate and infallible system up to a certain point, and then that system, during the process of being fashioned into the possibility of usefulness, is shown before their very eyes to be partly defective, and partly false. On the other hand, the English students are to be brought up in a simple practical system of knowledge up to a certain point, and then introduced to an entirely artificial arrangement, which till understood, (and surely some will not look below the surface), must seem and indeed be to them, perilous word-gambling and splitting of sounds. If Dr. Ballantyne could remain with us for ever, if his pupils had not the allotted tasks of life before them, and could continue in the attitude of listeners for the long novitiate of the Grove or the Porch, we have no doubt his genial talents would at last sooth the despair of the one party, and clear up the confusion of the other, and both might then go forth in an advanced stage of enlightenment:

But alas! art is long, and life short.

رات تھوڑی ہی اور بہت ہیں سوانگ
and moreover, in this instance, the teacher has probably European distinctions in store, soon to call him from the scene, and his pupils have each and all speedily to look after that truly unphilosophic and troublesome business, daily bread. However, in judging Dr. Ballantyne's plans, we must always remember that he necessarily begins from the stand point (standpunkt) of a Sanscrit College. He was summoned not to advise whether there should or should not be a Sanscrit College, but to lend his abilities to render useful the existing one. If the idea of a Sanscrit College is a false and chimerical one, the fault must not be laid at his door. If his position remind us of Socrates in the ærial basket, the basket was already floating in the clouds, when he ascended into it.

The question whether a Christian people in 1798 or 1852, ought to be paying "delicate compliments" to the Dhurm S'âstra, seems to us to be one which cannot be asked alone. For a proper answer to it would involve the decision of that other most momentous question,—can India be regenerated whilst any of her existing institutions remain?

Can we prop and plaster the old building till it wears the semblance of a habitable fabric?—we speak with the greatest possible deference for opposite opinions,—we think not. The laws, language, customs, religion, traditions and ideas of former Hindustan, it should, we humbly believe, be our steady, undeviating effort to eradicate from the face of the land.* There is an incurable rottenness in the estate. It may sound a Vandal proposition; there is naturally something solemn and affecting in the ruin of that which time hath in any measure consecrated,—much more so when such vast antiquity—but these considerations are more fitted to have occurred before we came here. Now, here we are,—spread over the country with our bottles and our buggies, and her destinies in our keeping—with tremendous duties to perform, and no time for sentiment. God forbid that we should under-rate what *has* been done

* This is of course the *ultra* "*tabula rasa*" view. Why should it be called an "indolent and supercilious" scheme. Its indolence depends upon the zeal with which it is prosecuted, and as to its superciliousness, is it too presumptuous to say you may tear up Manu if you have got Macaulay, or the Vedas, when you have got the New Testament?

by those who hold the exactly opposite opinion! We do not mean for a moment to deny that much sound information and knowledge have been spread abroad by means of the vernacular languages. But where alone of any place in the country has the living moral life, the end of all education, begun really, hopefully, to show itself! Surely in Calcutta. Surely in those men who are beginning to see how the female element, given its proper influence, would purify society; those men who come forward to help in charity and consideration for the poor, and who are anxiously seeking to take an upright and honourable and active part as householders and citizens. Their number may not be large, but there are such men, and have we any like them in these Provinces? And how is it then these principles have taken root? simply because their circumstances and interests have urged them to the English language, the adoption of English habits, and the apprehension of English ideas. That closer connection with our nation has had its bad effects too, no one can deny: that Baboos have picked up bad English habits is true; but surely the moral of that fact is not that Baboos should not imitate the English, but that the English should amend their manners. There is nothing to laugh at in Young Bengal* getting tipsy on Champagne, for the joke is not his drinking it, but the excess, and it must always be sufficiently humiliating to remember the hint of—that came from us also. We know it has been a subject of alarm to some people to observe that very few of the educated natives of Calcutta, who have turned out upright and worthy men, have embraced Christianity. And these would ignore that the light which has arisen there, was either the dawn of a true hope, or a beacon to guide the direction of our future exertions. But we cannot believe, if the Moral has come, that the Religious can be far off. The heart, if really in earnest about goodness, must be

* Even Sir Henry Elliott condescends to sneer at the "Bombastic Baboos" and the "young Brutuses and Phocians" of Calcutta; in his preface to "Biographical Index of Mahomedan Historians." Surely the gratification at seeing the native begin to think at all should dispose us to overlook a little extravagance. May we say, we look on the preface as little worthy of so valuable a work. The somewhat contemptuous comparison between ourselves and our predecessors, is but sorry work. We, the Freeman of the 19th Century, with our lavish advantages of Christianity, Science and Art, and they, poor purblind Kings, with bad religion, bad law and no science, with autocracy to tempt them, flattery to deceive them—vice at one elbow and crime at the others—God help them! they did pretty well.

panting for truth and the consolations of devotion. And more especially in these latter days, when men are beginning to look more narrowly into what Christ himself taught, and to ask whether long lapse of days has not mingled with the real matter some unessential things, more especially do we think now, will these honest and worthy natives who are striving to effect social reforms, be led soon to see that the whole guide and manual of social reform lies in Christianity itself.

A late Quarterly Review, in an article on "Widow Burning" has this passage. "The direct extrusion of one religion by another absolutely distinct, after the fashion of the pellets of a popgun" (not a particularly choice simile by the way!) "is too rare and exceptional to be anticipated anywhere, least of all in India. Nor can the miraculous extension of Christianity in primitive times be so good a guide to us as the local experience of our own propagandists. There is, we fear, almost of necessity, a sceptical period that supervenes on the tearing up of the old belief which has wound its roots round all a man's thoughts and associations; and he is happy in whose life the truth can spring from the soil so disturbed by the eradication of falsehood. It is perhaps possible that our efforts to educate the Hindoos may not do more than destroy idolatry in one generation; and that the intolerable want of *something to hold by* will not necessitate the adoption of Christianity in its place till the next."

It may be so: and though it is a saddening thought that a generation should pass away and make no sign, we can only hope that those who have striven to do good may be found amongst the many, who have fed and clothed and visited the Lord unconsciously.

But whilst we would advocate the adoption of every measure which should tend to deaden the influence of his Father-land over the Hindoo,* we naturally wish to see no sudden and sweeping changes introduced; we would merely desire that that should be the fixed direction towards which all efforts should be turned, viz., not the grafting of the young bough on the old stock, but the digging up, root and fibre, of the dead trunk, and planting the fair young sapling in its place. For the whole of Indian

* This sounds rather strange, but the Missionaries will at any rate join issue with us here: it is the policy they always recommend—entire separation of the new convert from former associations.

life, as the system is now constituted, seems to us to be one religious act: from contemplating the Deity in austere solitude and silence, to exhibiting a puppet show in the bazar. Men eat, men drink, they read, they pray, they sing, they dance, they lie, they cheat, they toss up for cowries or murder a passenger, on strictly religious principles; precede the act by prayer, and follow it up with thanksgiving. If such is the case, and our ultimate object is, as we hold it to be in both secular or religious education, to introduce Christianity; surely little will be done till the whole fabric of Indian institutions is levelled to the earth. Surely we cannot set up the crucifix, whilst there is a very stump of this Dagon left.

We trust nothing we may have said would seem at all to indicate a depreciation of the value of oriental learning. For Sanskrit, as for all highly interesting topics, we would desire to cherish a respect. Be it cultivated at Gottingen and forgotten in India. Let the philological doctors take their delight therein, but hush it up where it may serve to connect the present with antiquity, and strengthen the wretched old cause: here, at any rate, let the dead past bury its dead.

In conclusion, we wish Dr. Ballantyne every success: as long as he is Principal of the Sanskrit College, there is no doubt the best will be made of what (we think) a bad business.

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MINIATURES.

I.

“ She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness.”—*Shelley*.

Could I, rapt, gaze upon thy loveliness,
 As e'en I might, if I could gaze unken'd,
 This world to me would grow a nothingness;
 Heart-buried muser on thy charms which blend,
 Expression's holier ray with beauty's beaming light.
 Resigning Heaven (what time the sons of Heaven,
 In earthly love would gentle pangs assuage)
 No scraph for *thy* earthly smiles had striven
 Enchantress! had been thine that earliest age,
 He would have homage paid, deeming thee angel bright.

II.

“ What aileth thee, Xarifa ?” — *Spanish Ballad*.

Conceal the care that feeds on thy young heart!
 As fain thou wouldest with that calm smile which plays
 Round the closed lips so lately wont to part,
 Only in bursts of joy. That smile essays,
 Like a thin veil floating o'er a brow of grief,
 In vain to hide the true expression there.
 Now, lo! a glance of pleasure—brisk as brief!
 E'en as the lightning flash in night's black air
 Recalls one moment the departed light,
 That glance illumining thy spirit's gloom,—
 Thy dark eyes flashing transiently bright,—
 Brings back the lustre of thy wonted bloom.

THE MAIDEN OF SAN GIORGIO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAOLI.

(Translated for Ledlie's Miscellany).

A pleasing strangeness, and yet a deep and peculiar interest, hangs over the tales which the old relate to us of their own youth and childhood. To the listener it appears as if the past and present were flowing into one. The arbitrary divisions of time which we call years form, so to speak, a vast and mighty ocean. Yet in the murmur of its most distant billows, the skilful ear can still catch the unchanging music—the old human song—whose burden is joy and sorrow.* Thick mists may rest over this sea, but Love's eye can pierce them, and can detect in the Far as in the Near the immutable conditions of humanity. If by the recital of his own experiences, one individual is enabled to excite within us the feeling of universal relationship, why should this not be the case even more when Nations recite to us the history of their youth? They may mingle, as old men do in *their* tales, dreams with reality; still the delineations of fancy are in character with the truth; and the legends of a people the embodiment of their national peculiarities. History will always find a supplement in tradition, one indeed itself actual history, because it has been and is regarded by a whole nation in that light.

I am going to tell a tale now.

Venice was not as yet Empress of the Sea. No kings as yet had wooed the smile of the Island Queen. Her mightiest palaces had not yet risen from the Lagoon—those palaces, the reflection of whose ruin and desolation is now pictured on the blue waters. As yet the Republic was only in embryo. The Lion of St. Mark was gaining the vigour of his youth; but it was, so to speak, in the silence and obscurity of a cave. But thousands of hearts were already filled with the presentiment that He was destined to might and splendor and future greatness lay already as an inspired belief in the breasts of men.

It was at this period that a high festival called the inhabitants of Venice to church; many also from the neigh-

* Δεῖ δὲ σε χαίρειν καὶ ὑπεῖσθαι.
Συντὸς γὰρ ἔψους.

Iph. in Aul.

bouring islands, (having no places of worship,) had assembled to celebrate the day in a consecrated spot. These were for the most part fishermen, and could be, women as well as men, easily distinguished from the denizens of the city, by their costume, their powerful build, and bronzed faces. In the ranks of the pious at San Marco knelt a girl, whose coarse apparel might well have been taken for a disguise, so slender and graceful was her form, so tender and sweetly pensive her countenance, which no passion or sorrow had as yet deprived of the enchanting enamel of innocent youth. She knelt and prayed without raising her eyes, in silent devotion which had nothing in common with the fervor of an oppressed heart imploring salvation, or a sin-laden one, forgiveness. Her devotion was as pure as herself, her prayer was for her deceased parents, her departed brother; for herself, she only offered up thanks to God for his protection of the desolate orphan, and for the means of sustaining life He had given her.

Whilst her thoughts were thus piously occupied, a long and brilliant train entered the Church. Gina did not remark it, for her mind was far away, abstracted from the things of this world. It therefore also escaped her notice, that those kneeling near her stood hastily up, and fell back, and it was only when a rough voice whispered angrily to her, "Get out of the way,—don't you see who is coming?" that she started up in alarm. But ere she had time to accomplish this, she heard another, a mild, earnest voice, say, "Let the child pray!" She looked quickly round, and it was as if she had caught sight of the realms of bliss, so immoveable did her glance remain,—entranced by the majesty of the countenance on which it rested. Her heart stood still: she breathed not, she saw not the train which followed the Unknown, only him alone. Their glances met as if from magnetic influence, and in the breasts of both, an undefined feeling of dread trembled. There are moments of extasy, from which the soul starts back uneasily; fearing to perish under their overwhelming power, as Semele perished in the too splendid bliss of Jove.

All this had been the work of a few seconds, and excepting the two beings, into the innermost recesses of whose hearts a spark had fallen, no one observed, no one surmised, that Fate had here issued one of her decrees. A shade suddenly overcast the features of the Unknown; with his

head bowed down, he strode on to the High Altar. The multitude closing in behind, withdrew him from the gaze of Gina. It appeared to her as if darkness had suddenly set in; she fell again on her knees, and covered her face from which the colour had flown. But she could not pray now—she could not think—not even weep; she felt an unknown world unfolding and forming itself in her heart. Her supplications were no longer addressed to Heaven above—Heaven itself seemed to have descended to her.

The sacred ceremony was over—the crowd rose up—Gina alone remained immovable. The train, at whose head was the man with the noble and pensive countenance, moved on. Gina dared not lift her eyes, yet she, saw him and felt the ray of his glance. Kneeling thus with folded hands and glorified expression, she resembled a victim, offering itself up a willing sacrifice at the altar of Love. The church was cleared: she still lingered; for she dreaded to leave the spot, and return to her usual course of life, which for the future she felt would no more content her. But at length, as the last taper on the altar was being extinguished, she could not remain any longer: so fetching a long breath, she tore herself away, and turned towards the entrance. She was about to step through the door when she started back with a half stifled scream:—the Unknown stood before her.

He had divested himself of the magnificent robes he had previously worn, a simple garment enveloped his form, a single black feather ornamented his sad coloured baret.

A casual observer might not have recognised him; Gina's heart could not be deceived. The sensation of happiness which pervaded her bore witness that it was he, himself.

And the same mild, serious voice, which she had heard before saying "Let the child pray," again penetrated her ear, low, almost inaudible, and yet sufficiently powerful to awaken all the slumbering energies of her life.

The voice whispered to her "Ere I thank Heaven that I came not too late to find you again, tell me, had it not been better, I had never found you at all?"

She answered not; but he understood the radiant smile with which she crossed her arms humbly on her breast.

"Then lead on!" said the stranger. "I will follow thee—be thou my guiding star, once risen never to go down!"

With the silent obedience of love, Gina did as the stranger told her. They were soon on the way, where her boat was fastened; she sprung into it, her companion followed her; the next moment, the little skiff pushed off from the shore, and floated along on the blue expanse.

As she was thus alone, and no eye from the shore could any longer recognise her, the stranger with a rapid movement, took the paddle out of Gina's hands. "Leave it! leave it," he exclaimed; "Give up the skiff to the will of the waves. That power alone which guides our lives, shall guide it."

Forgetting all fear and danger, she left the oar untouched; like a dark swan, the boat glided over the deep.

The sea carried it along with a soft beating of the waves, and rocked the pair in their new found happiness.

What Giulio said to the maiden, what Gina answered him, who would undertake to relate? Perfume and sound cannot be described, still less what exhales or vibrates from two blooming and glowing souls. Sorrow has a terrestrial origin, it can therefore be grasped and analysed; but happiness, the daughter of Heaven, floats along free, and what she whispers in the most sacred hours to her chosen ones, that they themselves even cannot again betray.

* * *

Close to the sea-shore at San Giorgio stood a lonely cottage, far apart from the dwellings of others. There Gina's parents had lived and died, there she had remained afterwards with her brother, until the Shadow-Boatman came to ferry him also across the unknown sea. After that, she continued to dwell there all alone, not merely because she had no other relations with whom to live, but because her spirit was a lone one, not understanding the actions of the rest of the world around her, and as little understood by them. The people in the island knew not what to make of her, when, instead of joining with them in their work and their amusements, she rowed out alone to cast the nets which furnished her with her livelihood, and then on her return sat either alone in her cottage, or on the shore, contemplating the stars, or listening to the murmuring voice of the ocean.

For some time she was assailed with questions, as to what it all meant: she herself knew not, and wondered at being blamed for her strangeness, at the same time

not comprehending how she could be otherwise. When the others at length perceived that she was not in fact one of them, they pressed her no further, but left her to her own devices: Gina then lived there like a stranger. But as she was so good, so mild and friendly towards all those, with whom accident brought her in contact, and rendered assistance whenever she could do so willingly, no one bore malice against her. They allowed her to do as she pleased, and contented themselves with pitying her. These poor people had no conception of Gina's happiness, who was only excluded from their community, because she belonged to a higher one. Her friends were the stars, the waves of the sea, the roseate sky at eve, the soft breezes. When picking up the beautiful shells and tinted pebbles of the sea beach, or when she had caught a painted butterfly, who, exhausted with his flight, had dropped upon some wild flower of the sea rock, or when rowing home in the evening, she saw the thousand phosphoric sparks, scintillating with each stroke of her oar, then had she companions and playfellows in abundance, and never felt lonely, but rather amidst a crowd, in a various and wondrous world. That she herself was the most beautiful and attractive of all its wonders, was far from her thoughts.

So it had been for a long time, but it was to be so no more; for though not unmindful of her old friends and playfellows, yet they were thrown into the back-ground by the new feeling which had gained possession of her; that, indeed, of all-powerful love. The invisible spirits, with whom she formerly communed, had assumed a shape—it was that of “Giulio.” It was not necessary for her to become gradually acquainted with him, she had already long known him; for his eyes, his features gave bodiment to what her dreams had pictured to her. Therefore, no doubt, no question arose in her mind; to doubt him, would have been to mistrust herself, she loved him with the innocence of a childish, with the force of a pure heart, and felt that all else in the world was false, compared with the holy truth of her love.

When twilight set in, a gondola was now frequently seen pushing off from the Riva, and hurrying over in the direction of San Giorgio. A single rower sat in the prow; whom he rowed, it could not be seen. The gondola rushed along as if impelled by the storm's fury, or flying from before the

red flag of the pirate. The man himself whom it bore, felt also as if he were hurrying towards a haven of security, after having braved a thousand fights and storms, and therein lay the difference in Giulio's feelings and those which animated the maiden. To Gina her love was no harbour, but the high sea itself, with all its delights and perils. A thin plank bore her life, the shore had disappeared from her view, she only beheld the glittering sky over head, and the unfathomable deep at her feet. Giulio loved her deeply and truly, and more than every thing else on earth; but she loved nothing else on earth, but him alone.

One evening, the gondola had again arrived at San Giorgio. Giulio sprung on shore, and knocked at the low door of the cottage. A cry of pleasure answered him, the door opened—and Gina lay in his arms. A lamp cast its rays around the confined space, and rendered the two beauteous forms locked in one embrace visible. "My Giulio! my life," whispered the maiden resting her head on his shoulder, which seemed too weak to bear this weight of happiness. "Am I really thy life?" asked he, and a smile, like a sunbeam over dark forest heights, expanded itself over his grave features.

"You know it well!"

"Well do I know it, but yet cannot bring myself to believe it!"

"I myself comprehend it not, and that makes my love more precious to me, that it should be thus before me like an everlasting wonder. As a child I often thought and wished to know why the sea at certain times rushes up against its shores? Why, on a fine day, the chrysalis became a butterfly? Now, I smile at those wishes; now, I know it: wonders can be only understood when they are looked upon as such. See, my love it is which teaches me this; its mystery is so deep, so great, that it comprises all others in it. But you are more serious than usual to day. What ails you?"

"More happy am I than usual, and therefore more silent. My mind has had many an inward strife, of which thy gentler soul has had no suspicion. But now, I have come to a determination within myself, and the thousand will-o-the-wisps of the world shall not hinder me from following my star! I have something important to tell thee."

"Oh! speak not of it," she cried with earnestness. "I am so completely happy that I dread to hear what you may wish to tell of new."

"And, if it be a greater, higher happiness?"

"There can be none," said she with fervent sincerity.

"It may be though! Have you not often complained of the days which I must spend far away from thee?"

"That have I, and I acknowledge my error. There is much, doubtless, which with a stronger claim keeps you away from me. I will complain no more in future, forgive me, and do not repeat your reproach."

"I mean it as a reproach to thee? that thy innocent lips give utterance to what mine with difficulty repressed, the wish never to separate from the being in whom my whole soul is bound up. If thou didst but know, my child, what the world and men are, then only could you estimate the ardent desire which draws me to your heart, as the one spot where hatred, treachery and hypocrisy are unknown."

"Is it possible that there are men who hate you?" asked she, her expressive dark eyes fixed in astonishment on him. "What harm can you have ever done them?"

"Because I will not the evil they will, it is therefore they hate me; because I will not bow down to their idols, they call me godless; because I endeavour to execute justice, they complain that I injure their rights. My life has never known peace. In battles has my youth been spent; and now, when arms are laid by, now it has become necessary to war with other foes, foes in the State itself, who urged on by wicked desires endeavor to reap the advantages of those victories themselves alone, and in despicable selfishness require that the blood of so many heroes be only shed to further their own base views. That I will not allow; and the end and aim of my life shall be to counteract their efforts. I look into the future, it presents a prospect of sleepless nights, restless days, innumerable anxieties. But thou shalt be my reward, the only one who still will let me cling to a belief in happiness, in days so full of trouble and annoy. Be thou my reward, and be it for ever!"

She regarded him with a smile full of humility and devotion, and the childish lips gathered not the weighty import of the words he had spoken.

"Our love cannot die, for it is true, and death is only for falsehood. You require that I shall be your reward?"

How can I? Your's I am, even as the blood which flows in your veins, as the hand which must obey your will: your's, not as reward and prize but as a drop belongs to the ocean, sunk in its flood and lost in its depths; neither of us can alter this."

"And that we do not wish to do. On the contrary, we will so shape our outward life, that it shall correspond with the inner."

"You alarm me, Giulio, for your words convey to me, that the bliss which so fills my heart, as to leave no room for any other wish, does not content your's."

"It may content thee, my Gina, because thou art an angel. I often think thou wilt unfold thy wings some day and soar aloft. It suffices thee to love, and whatever else there is of happiness, is to thee like the dust under thy feet. But I belong to the earth, and long for human happiness. No longer will I sip from the cup in secret, by stealth, but drink its inspiriting contents in long draughts, to strengthen me for each strife, and guard me against every power on earth. Thou canst not know how necessary thou art to me, how dark and dreary all often is within!"

"I never saw you so!"

"Because I am not so when thou art by, for thy presence chases away the evil spirit, then bless me ever with thy presence, before which my darker genius must give way. Be mine not for a few fleeting hours, after which the soul awakes as if from a sweet dream to bitter reality, but mine like the air I constantly breathe, like the light which is ever present to mine eye. Be mine as the companion of my life. In the pride of thy love, thou hast disdained to ask who I am, though——."

"You are my Giulio! what care I by what name others may call you. I should not understand it, and do not wish to know."

"Thou shalt become acquainted with it in the moment that it becomes thine own."

"No! oh no! that were not possible!" exclaimed Gina, modestly nestling against her beloved.

"Dost thou reject me!"

"I only reject that, which is not you, yourself. The strange splendour alarms me. I will confess to you: if it were possible, I would gladly forget how I first met you in the church, earnestness and majesty in your looks, your form arrayed in gold-embroidered robes, followed by a

train of proud and frowning men, above all of whom you towered commanding and majestic. That was a heavy moment!"

"But it was the one, though, of our first meeting!"

"Yes! be it ever blessed for that, but heavy it was nevertheless, for when I saw you thus before me you seemed to be so far from me, that I felt as if I could never reach you; and I almost now believe I could not repress a secret feeling of awe, were I again to behold you surrounded by such strange and dazzling magnificence."

"Thou art a child, a sweet lovely child, my Gina, why wilt thou allow the toys of the world to have power over thy feelings, and doubt my heart, when it happens to beat under gold brocade!"

"Oh! rather let it beat on mine, as in this hour. Here I understand, here I know you. Here you do not require to descend from your height and raise me up from my lowliness: in the land of love *we* are of *one* descent, of *one* rank! but out there in the world, the chasm can never be filled up, which divides the mighty patrician—for that you doubtless are—from the poor fisher maiden."

"My will is all that is required to fill up this chasm. Tell me, Gina, were I poor and despised, wouldst thou hesitate to give thyself to me?"

"Can you ask me?"

"Then speak! why dost thou let the accident of my birth have more weight, because it happened to favor me! If you love *me, me*—art thou not then indifferent whether I wear the mantle of a prince or the rags of a beggar? Go to then with this proud humility. Not exalt thee! shall I—how could I do this? A more brilliant halo surrounds thee than it is in the power of earthly splendor to bestow—and dost thou shake thy head, Gina? Yes, truly, guileless angel that thou art, thou knowest not of thy own peerless beauty and purity. What does the flower know of its perfume and its gift of colors? Its being is just the same and cannot be changed! but he who cherishes and refreshes it knows its worth. He plucks it not, for that would destroy it; but part from it he cannot, he digs it with careful hand from the soil where it sprang up and transplants it into his garden; there it soon takes root and blossoms, perfumes the air to his delight and the delight of all who come near it. See! my Gina, so will I deal with thee, tenderly loosen thee from thy homely

soil, and adorn the garden of my life with thee through all-time for evermore. Wilt thou not have it so?"

"You will it—how could I wish otherwise? Are you not my all, does not God himself speak to me through you?"

Her words died away in a long embrace—inarticulate tones, only to be caught and understood by the ear of love, supplied their place.—'The greatest joy borrows the outward sign of sorrow: tears trickled down Gina's cheeks. Giulio's eye also glistened as, raising himself up, he said, "We must now part! I shall soon return to fetch my bride!"

A lovely blush brightened her beauty, as she, letting her arms fall by her side, whispered "Your bride?"

"So it shall be. For the last time I part from thee to-day. When we see each other again, eternity will commence for us."

"And when shall we see each other again?" asked she in a tone of childish entreaty.

"Soon! soon! But not as heretofore, shall I come, when night is closing in, under cover of a gondola, like a criminal going forth to rob. No! when the sun mirrors itself in the blue flood, and its rays tremble dancingly over each wave, then look out for the ship which shall bear you to your new land. One last kiss! Gina! My bride, think of me and be ready."

She went out with him—the gondola received him, and he soon vanished from her sight in the darkness; but Gina remained standing a long time on the shore, and listened to the plash of the oars, which became fainter and fainter till at length the sound 'died away in the distance. Then she returned to the cottage, and sinking on her knees, cried with outstretched arms, "God! my God! how have I deserved it that thou shouldst render me so happy!"

* * *

It was day—a bright cheerful morning; the waves glittered like diamonds, the air was so clear that the sound of bells in Venice reached over to San Giorgio; Gina heard it in her cottage, and her mind was so happily and festively disposed, that she doubted not in the least, that to-day the beloved one would come to fetch her. She had adorned herself gracefully but fantastically; crowned she was with wreaths of strange flowers like the beautiful mermaids of the deep, with one of whom in her dreamy and fabulous loveliness, she might almost have been com-

pared. Standing at the open casement, she saw one fishing boat after the other leave the island, and sail out to secure good ground. The commencement of their daily labour afforded a lively shifting prospect for half an hour; after this little interruption, the sacred stillness of nature again resumed its course unbroken, and the brightness of the heavens and the sea became blended in one another like the glances of two lovers.

A sound, as of approaching oars, disturbed this holy silence; a gondola became visible, coming rapidly along, and making for the island. Gina's heart thrilled with delight,—who else could it be but Giulio? Loud knocks resounded at the door of the cottage. Gina opened quickly, but the joyful greeting died away on her lips, when she beheld a stranger; a stranger with pale, disturbed countenance, and eyes which pierced her like a dagger. She was retreating, but the stranger called out to her; "Your terror apprises me, that you are her whom I seek—the unhappy one, who with her arts has so entrapped a noble heart, as to render it deaf to the precepts of duty, and the voice of honor!"

"You know me as little as I know you," answered Gina, snatching her hand from his grasp. "What want you with me? and of what crime do you accuse me?"

"Let me ask in return, whom were you expecting, to whom did you think to open the door?"

"I am expecting my Giulio!" answered Gina, and as she pronounced the beloved name, a feeling of heavenly security came over her.

"Do you not know any other name for *your Giulio*?" sneered the stranger.

"As truly as that God may help me, and save me out of your hand, No!"

The stranger stared quite perplexed at the maiden, he read angelic innocence in her countenance, her mild eye was enquiringly and beseechingly fixed on him, like that of a wounded deer.

"Should I have condemned her unjustly, and she herself be the one deceived?" murmured he to himself. Then turning to Gina, he continued, "Can you swear that you do not know, who, or what Giulio is?"

"I swore to it, when I called God to witness my words! But what I know not yet, I shall soon learn; for Giulio is coming to carry me home as his bride."

"He will come, but shall no longer find you here. You must come away with me."

"That I will not!" cried the maiden in terror, "that I will never do, and no power on earth shall force me!"

"Then die!" thundered the stranger, and tore a dagger from his vest. Gina had sunk on her knees, her eyes closed at the sight of the glittering steel hovering over her head. She let her arms fall, and awaited the death-blow in silence. Her countenance bore the expression of a virgin martyr. He who could have slain her at that moment would not have been merely a murderer, but a cowardly executioner. The stranger felt this, and could not strike the intended blow; the dagger glided from his hand, a ray of pity illumined his dark countenance, and he said, "Stand up! as you tremble not at threatened death, you will also be strong enough to offer up a greater sacrifice than that of your life, when Giulio's safety depends upon it."

"What danger threatens him? Speak! oh speak!" exclaimed the tortured maiden.

"You yourself are this danger; you are the rock on which the vessel is about to be wrecked!"

"That I cannot be. I have only loved him unboundedly, immeasurably loved him."

"And this love will be his ruin; for it has caused the conflagration in his breast, in which his future and *more* than *his* future will be consumed to utter destruction. He wishes to possess you, to call you his own, and forgets that he may not, that an insurmountable barrier separates you, that he belongs not to himself."

"God of heaven!" said Gina in despair. "Is he married?"

"He is married to Venice, the republic is his spouse! Learn then what he concealed from you; the head which bent itself before you, bears a prince's diadem, the lips which whispered burning vows to you, give out laws to a people. He whom you loved, whom you imagined your own, is GIULIO MALIPIERI, THE DOGE OF VENICE!"

With a low but heart-rending sigh, Gina sank down. Manfrin's dagger would not have inflicted a more deadly wound than his words did. She bowed her head, and folded her hands like one dying. The breast of the stern man was touched at the sight of her misery. He remained silent till Gina herself said in a feeble voice: "Speak on, I hear all!"

He continued; "You are right to remind me, that on each passing minute depends the fate of a State, the self-same State to which Malipieri and I vowed ourselves. He has not kept his word. He has forgotten Venice in you, but I will remain true to my oath, and also lead my friend back to his most sacred duty! Gina! you must resign him."

"Only one thing, tell me: did he send you?"

"I will not deceive you! No! it is not he who sends me, and if he knew of my being here, he would perhaps curse me, for attempting to snatch the cup of poison from his lips. We are friends, united since childhood's days, matured in the same storms of life; once, I was Malipieri's companion in arms; since Venice raised him to the ducal throne, I am the most faithful of his servants."

"And this fidelity you preserve now?" asked Gina, bitterly.

"That do I: not to you is it given, you poor, unhappy, deluded child, to judge of my actions, that may only He, who looks into my soul and sees what motives impel me. Even from me the friend of his youth, did Malipieri keep his secret, till to-day; he might have felt that it was not praiseworthy; might have guessed that I would leave nothing untried to overcome this baneful passion. Therefore was he silent; only to-day, when he seemed so near the goal of his wishes that he thought already to have attained it, did he forget his prudence, and fell on my breast as in former days, and confided in me what was to happen to-day. Greatly shocked, I represented to him the madness of his undertaking, yes, my proud knee bent before him, to conjure him not to take the rash step, which would inevitably hurl him from the throne, and thereby expose the Republic to all the horrors of anarchy. My words, my prayers, moved him not; in the pride of his self-reliance, accustomed to victory, he thinks to struggle successfully with a world. He motioned me away, and remained fixed in his purpose. I had nothing more to hope from him, and was obliged to look to myself for aid. There still remained time to hasten here: I came with the determination to kill you, if you hesitated to follow me; now, you know what has happened; kill you, I cannot, for you look as innocent as an angel, and your affliction grieves my inmost soul. But, if you believe in God, if Giulio is dear to you, follow me and prove, whilst sacri-

ficing yourself for him, that you are worthy of his love!"

She raised herself up with difficulty. "Never have I aspired to greatness and magnificence," said she feebly; "they would ever have remained strange to me. Giulio himself I loved, him alone; all that was not Giulio inspired me with a secret dread. Oh my prophetic soul! Thou didst not cheat me! But before you quite destroy me, tell me why *must* you do it? What danger has Giulio to fear, if he be ruler of Venice?"

"He is, but still under the condition of obedience to those laws which the very height of his rank prescribe: You, poor child, who have grown up here in solitude and poverty, far away from the bustle of the world, without a conception of the motives which guide the destiny of men and nations, how am I to make you understand that which you are totally ignorant of? Will it not suffice you, if I assure you by the living God and the salvation of my soul, that from the moment that Giulio should dare to unite his fate with your's, the same arms which now support and defend him, will be stretched out in enmity against him, his friends forsake him, those that are envious of him will rise up with victorious force against him, and he will be precipitated from the summit of his power?"

"But why? gracious Heaven! why?"

"Why? I will tell you: wonderfully as the houses of Venice rest on the waves of the sea, so even does the existence of the republic secretly depend upon the distinction between noble and base blood. Never may these be mixed. On the day that it happens, a new devastating element will break out to destroy what has been long founded with toil, war and bloodshed. One ruling power there must be—were a second to rise, contention would ensue, and disunite all those who ought to be working together for the welfare and greatness of Venice. A nobility must exist to order, and a people to obey silently. But if the people saw their children dwelling in the palaces of the patricians, and offshoots of their families bearing the names they were wont only to utter with bowed heads, think you, they would much longer content themselves with the part of dumb obedience? Exalt themselves they would, consider themselves our equals, wish to share power and influence with us, and later, drive us out altoget-

ther, that they might take our places. Who can stay the course of the furious rushing stream, when it has once burst its dam? Therefore must the barrier remain intact, therefore must each and all arise to defend it; and he who dares to lay his hand on the protecting bulwark, must fall, however noble and illustrious his head may be!"

"That is your opinion!" exclaimed Gina in anger. "You, who also call yourselves nobles! Your hate will fall upon Giulio because he is more just and humane than you all?"

"This is no matter of virtue or of vice. With us a crime becomes a virtuous act, when it is committed for the good of Venice, and a just act, a crime, when in its accomplishment it undermines the foundations of the State. Giulio is dearer to me than a brother, but if he dares to mingle the red blood of patrician lineage with the black blood of the people, I should be the first to renounce him, and war against the apostate with all my might. Will you let this happen? Shall your love bring shame and ruin to Giulio? Then remain! await him! let him bear you home as his bride, and purchase a few days of criminal happiness with his downfall, perhaps with his curse on you!"

"Stop! stop!" shrieked Gina wrought up to a pitch of desperation.

"Will you follow me?"

"I will!"

"You renounce the beloved one?"

"I resign him to save his life, honour, and position. But——why did you not kill me? It had been better."

"No, Gina! you shall live, and some day be revered by Venice as a holy guardian angel. For its good have you offered up your happiness. Oh! why were you not born the daughter of some illustrious house? With what pride and pleasure would I lead you to Giulio, from whom I must now tear you away.—I have your promise to accompany me, so let us not lose a moment. The hour is at hand in which the nobles of Venice are to assemble at the Doge's palace for an object with which they are not acquainted. Surrounded by his brilliant escort will the deluded one come to fetch you. He must not find you! If you intend the sacrifice, if you do not wish to be the cause of Giulio's fall, delay no longer. Come! Come!"

She tried to start up, but her knees would not support her; Manfrin raised her and led her out. As they were crossing

the threshold, she turned round once more, to take a lingering look at the spot which had witnessed her happiness.

"Kill me!" she gasped out. "I cannot go from hence with life."

She sank down. He took her up in his arms, and carried her fainting to the gondola.

"To Chioggia and with all speed!" he cried to the gondoliers in waiting, without perceiving a fisher lad sitting in the shade of a cypress tree, and sportively engaged in casting his net into the sea.

The gondola took the course pointed out. Manfrin had laid the insensible girl in the covered hold; he made no attempt to recall her to life, for he knew what a sorrowful gift it would be to her in future. Wrapt in gloomy thought, he sat near her. When at length she opened her eyes, he bent over her, and said as softly as he could, "You have now gone through the worst, what remains to be done is easy."

She sighed deeply, and turned her face away from him. Like a fallen statue she lay there, no sound escaped her. She heeded not when Manfrin told her that she had nothing to fear for the future, that he would bring her to Chioggia to a convent where his sister presided as abbess, that she would there find rest and peace again. What could she have answered him? Does a dead body care whither it is being borne?

But whilst the gondola speeded towards Chioggia, another splendid and glittering vessel was wending its way toward the island of San Giorgio. A double set of rowers caused it to glide with magical swiftness over the Lagoon. In the prow of the richly gilded, purple-covered ship stood a tall, nobly handsome man in princely apparel, his grave countenance seemingly illumined with some inward feeling of anticipated delight, his glance hurrying on before to the little island. Around him stood the nobles of Venice in their magnificent costumes, with proud bearing and looks, but in which an extraordinary expectation was depicted; for they knew not to what end the Doge had invited them, and assembled them around him in so festive a manner. Giulio Malipieri had not revealed his secret to them; they were to find the solution of the enigma in Gina and her wonderful beauty.

The goal was attained. Giulio left the ship, having requested three of the most illustrious of his retinue to

follow. They did so. Their astonishment increased as they beheld the Doge entering the low cottage, the door of which still stood open. "What can this mean?" whispered they one to another. A cry of surprise from Giulio interrupted their questions; pale and perturbed, he darted out of the cottage, which no longer contained his jewel, and in the terror which his love inspired, forgetting his companions, he called out, "Gina! Gina! where art thou?"

As he glanced searchingly around, his eye fell on the fisher boy who attracted by the strange sight, had left the shade of the cypress to obtain a closer view of the splendid ship. He stood by Malipieri, who enquired of him with vehemence,

"Have you not seen Gina?"

"I saw her, my lord, but you need not seek her on our isle, for a strange man came, and took her away."

"You lie, boy," thundered Malipieri.

"Why should I lie to you, illustrious lord? With my own eyes I saw the black gondola putting off from the shore, with Gina."

"No! you lie! never would Gina have followed a stranger."

"Nor did she follow him. He carried her out of the cottage into the gondola. Her eyes were closed, her arms hung loosely down; yes, I almost believe she knew not what was going on, and heard not how the dark man who carried her off, ordered the rowers to pull to Chioggia."

"Enough! Enough!" cried Malipieri in fierce anger. "A villainy has been committed, and force used towards the poor girl! Antonio! Is this the return for my confidence, for my friendship? So you punish me, because I would not submit willingly to your blind prejudices; but I am still Ruler in Venice! To Chioggia, did you say, the traitor went? Away then. The dove shall still be rescued from the vulture! There—take this," continued he, throwing a purse full of gold pieces to the perplexed lad, "if I owe it to your words, that I regain her who has been carried off, know that thenceforward, the Doge will be your debtor. And now away!"

He sprang on board. "To Chioggia!" was the word which flew from mouth to mouth, and as quick as thought the vessel shot away towards the south. Not Malipieri's heart alone trembled in anxious expectation; excited and

affected by all the extraordinary events of the day, the patricians burned with eagerness to obtain a clear insight into the secret, the importance of which they surmised.

All eyes were anxiously directed into the distance without sighting any thing more than a few open fishing-boats;—the black gondola did not appear. Manfrin had too considerable a start to be overtaken so soon.

The sun rose higher and higher—the exhausted rowers were scarce able to ply their oars—the sweat poured from their brows—and a terrible fear that it might be too late, convulsed Malipieri. A dark point showed itself at the furthest boundary of the horizon: the eye could not define it as yet, but clear-seeing Love could. “There,” cried Malipieri, stretching out his hand in the direction whither his eye was magnetically attracted,

“There! strain every nerve,” he called to the rowers, “your last efforts for your last toil! For if you succeed in bringing me up to that gondola, your reward shall be so rich a one, as to exempt you from all labour in future.”

Animated by his words, the almost exhausted oarsmen roused themselves to fresh exertions; the strokes followed each other rapidly, and the ship gained on the black gondola more and more, although the latter kept still flying along.

Malipieri had not deceived himself; it was Manfrin, who, now furious, called on his men for more haste, but his command could not be obeyed; for one of the gondoliers, exhausted by his almost superhuman exertions, fell down, and a stream of blood gushed from his mouth. The remaining one, however energetically he laboured, could not long continue the race with the Doge’s ship.

“Lost! lost!” murmured Manfrin, “lost! and so near the goal too! Giulio, I wished to save you and Venice, but you seek your own and the Republic’s destruction.”

In a last despairing attempt he himself seized an oar, but his inexperienced hand failed. Malipieri’s ship was already so near, that the features of those it bore could be discerned, and that the cry, “Gina! Gina!” could penetrate to the inner part of the gondola.

And Gina heard the loving, melodious tone, and it roused her from her deathlike state, and poured fresh life into her veins. Irresistibly attracted, she sprang up to see Giulio. So, she suddenly stood by Manfrin’s side, who, on seeing her, called out in bitterness, “You have obtained your object! See here your Giulio! Behold him

in the splendor of his might, and impress the present picture well on your mind, that you may have it before you, on the day when by your fault, shame and contempt have desecrated his head! I curse you, as the whole of the present age and all posterity will curse you, that you have brought ruin on the most excellent man of his time!"

She remained silent, trembling all over.

"*Have brought?*" she cried at length.

"Yes, *have brought!* You it is, whose love hurls him from his throne and converts his friends into enemies. You it is, for whose sake he risks the welfare of Venice and his own honour!"

Her features took a strange mysterious expression.

A narrow strip of water still separated the ship from the gondola.

"Gina! my bride!" was heard across.

"Giulio!" she called out. Her eyes met those of her beloved, she extended her arms towards his, which were stretched out, and a smile passed over her face—a smile so beaming, so heavenly, as only those dying in peace exhibit. Her dark hair floated in the breeze, her white veil surrounded her like a light cloud; and, ever more beaming, more heavenly became her smile.

"Giulio! thus marry I myself to you for ever!" she said, and threw herself over into the sea.

"Gina!" shrieked Malipieri, falling down in an agony of grief.

In vain did expert divers spring down into the dark flood; in vain—in vain! it would not give up its most beautiful and precious pearl.

All who had witnessed this scene stood pale and affrighted; Manfrin alone, leaving his gondola, stepped up gravely and fearlessly to the Doge, who was lying at full length, with his face covered up.

"Giulio!" he said, "be great, as this sainted one was!"

Malipieri paid no attention to him, his sorrow was too great to leave room for anger. He rose, went to the side of the vessel, and taking a ring off his finger, threw it into the sea. "And so, do I marry you for ever!" he said. "The ring which was to have united us at the altar, I throw it after you, into your billowy grave!"

Another man than he had been, did Malipieri return to Venice. His life lasted long enough to allow of his gaining many more crowns of victory, and to surround his

name with the imperishable lustre of fame. He did not revenge himself on Manfrin, but nevermore was a word of friendship heard from his lips—never more was his heart opened to confidence or love. With Gina, the life of his soul had departed; thenceforward nothing remained to him, but to rule over Venice, and gloriously and nobly he accomplished his task.

Each year, on the anniversary of Gina's death, he sailed out accompanied by the senators and patricians, and threw the ring of betrothal into the deep, as a token of inviolable friendship, till death should unite him with her, who had preceded him.

In the meantime a new generation had arisen who did not understand the meaning of this ceremony correctly, and thought the Doge went forth to marry the Sea; those who were better informed, allowed this interpretation to pass current, as expressive of the maritime dominion of Venice. So the custom was established, and Malipieri's successors went out every year, on a certain day, in the golden Bucentaur to celebrate this symbolic marriage. But what, at a later period, diplomacy used for its own ends, was originally only the sad dream of a heart deserted by all earthly happiness!

K.

EVENING SIGHTS.

JOCASTA. Τί τὸ στέρισθαι πατρίδος ; ἢ καλὸν μέγα ;

POLYNICES. Μάλιστα· ἔργῳ δ' ἴστί μεῖζον, ἢ λόγῳ.

Eur. Phœnissæ.

'Twas at close of the day, when the sun fast declining
Had shed his last ray o'er the Isles of the West,
That an Exile of Erin, thus lonely repining
In sad Cæan numbers his sorrow exprest.

Dear country! alas! by adversity driven
An exile to pine on a far foreign shore,
Ev'ry tie of endearing affection now riven,
I'm doomed to revisit thee, Erin, no more!

When the fond recollections of thee are returning,
Of hopes vainly cherished, and pleasures gone by,
The big tear of anguish rolls down my cheek burning,
My bosom, too, heaves with a labouring sigh.

For a moment I dream that I still am enjoying
Their friendship by whom I am haply forgot,
But truth the illusion of fancy destroying—
I wake to a sense of my desolate lot.

For the days of my brightest ambition are ended,
Hope throws o'er my path but a cold, cheerless ray,
And the friendship of one upon whom I depended
Is as the *false* light in the mariner's way.

Unsuspecting, alas! I have followed the beacon
That meant to illude, and but dazzled to blind,
And by him whom I've called benefactor forsaken
Have found but remorse and delusion behind.

But oh! if there still be a faint hope remaining,
A hope that the days of affliction will cease,
Cruel fortune! no longer thy suitor disdaining
Restore me once more to the haven of peace..

That the heart of the exile with grief now decaying
May beat from the pangs of adversity free,—
While the balmy oblivion each sorrow allaying
He basks once again in the sunshine of thee.

ON CALCÚTTA HOMŒOPATHY.

"When taken
To be well shaken."

"A hair of the dog that bit you," is a popular remedy for Hydrophobia. We have great respect for old sayings and popular remedies.

"*Similia similibus curantur*," says the homœopath; "like cures like." There is nothing new under the sun—this is an old friend with a new face. Homœopathy has been much talked of in Europe, and India has had, of late years, some zealous amateur homœopaths. The result of the treatment, however, did not compensate for the incomprehensibility of the theory, and in the Mofussil the practice expired of a homœopathic dose of common sense. We were congratulating ourselves on the sound sense of India, when we saw, in the Calcutta Quarterly Review, that homœopathy had found a resting place in Calcutta, and find it has an admirer in a neighbouring Friend.

There must be something in the atmosphere of Calcutta congenial to the growth of mystical theories. Mesmerism, which dulled the sense to present pain, and read letters at the antipodes, did not flourish in the Mofussil. The great magician himself could not call up spirits outside the ditch; or rather he did call, but they would not come. Atmospheric causes were supposed to be the opposing influences; but he regained his power on returning to Calcutta. Are we to infer that his mantle has not fallen on the shoulders of any worthy successor—that the ditchers are flirting with a new love? Certainly it is but a small one, but, "it is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." They should beware lest the dreaming magician return, and with a wave of his hand *open* their eyes, as they appear still in a Mesmeric trance, under which any vagaries are excusable.

Their fickleness must disgust him! To desert him for the fraction of a millionth part of a grain, to shut their eyes, open their mouths and swallow it!

"A slave that is not the twentieth part the tithe of *their* precedent lord." What may this light love be that rivals Mesmerism in the changing fancy of the fickle denizens

of the Ditch. Pray, sober citizens, do not suppose we consider you all subject to this monomania.

According to the Calcutta Review, the homœopathist "considers all illness to imply a deficiency of vital power" (that is, all disease depends on debility), and "most chronic disease to arise from suppressed Psora" (itch ! God bless the Duke of Argyle). His principle of treatment "like cures like," would lead reasoning mortals to expect that the practice would be debilitating remedies and counter irritation ; but what say they ! The strength must be supported by the most nourishing diet, and no depletion used, nor debilitating remedies, but the fraction of the millionth part of a grain of *matter*, whose virtues have been strengthened by shaking ! We say *matter* advisedly, as it is indifferent what kind of solid or liquid called by them medicine is given in the millionth part of a grain : and yet they talk of exhibiting medicine containing only the millionth part of such a dose with effect, on proof like the following. An ardent homœopathic student in our younger days,—he was a German—swallowed a homœopathic dose of charcoal in the morning, and minutely recorded all his sensations, thoughts and corporeal actions during the day, and called them the effects of charcoal ; though he eat his usual meals he attributed none of his disagreeableness to the garlic and sour-kROUT on which he dined, nor his dreams to his having passed the evening with his sweet-heart ; it was all the charcoal, the millionth part of a grain of charcoal.

Isensec says, (*Geschichte der Medicin*, Vol. VI. P. 169), that Hahnemann's own symptoms may be all referred to "sobriety, fasting, ill-humour and sleepiness caused by continual attention to nothing, mixed with those innumerable sensations which crowd every hour of our life."

A fertile imagination might suppose any incomprehensible theory, pleasing to the mystic German, or any change amusing to the fickle French ; but that calculating Englishmen should forget the experience of their fathers and follow such a foreign fancy is "pro-di-gi-ous." We allude to what the homœopaths say is the characteristic of their treatment ; the use of remedies such as in a healthy person would produce the disease, and the minuteness of the dose.

The regulation of the diet, air and exercise of the invalid forms the foundation of the physician's practice. The improper use of powerful medicines has produced, and doubt-

less will produce injury in unskilful hands, and in those of amateur doctors, and it would be a public benefit if their practice was confined to homœopathic doses; but we are not for that reason to discard medicines that have been proved most beneficial, when skilfully applied, since science, the result of experience, was first recorded.

On removing the exciting cause, nature will cure many of the diseases to which civilised man is subjected from the mode of cultivating the brain, pampering the stomach and restraining the free action of the body, whilst breathing a confined and impure air. It requires intelligence and experience in the physician to find out what organ has been deranged, and what part of this artificial mode of life has caused the disease.

Though such knowledge is essential, this alone does not constitute the physician. With the artificial life of civilization came diseases which required artificial means for their removal. From ancient times, when great men were thought demi-gods, to the present age of railways and electric telegraphs, some of the clearest intellects of the time have always devoted their lives to the study of these diseases, and their remedies; but says the homœopath in the Calcutta Review, they discovered nothing; in fact, the greater the experience the worse they got, till Hahnemann arose, and discovered that a millionth part of a grain was too large a dose, and ordered it to be reduced to the 30th degree. "Look here upon this picture and on this." "The allopathist enters into a violent contest with nature taking little count of the constant tendency of the vital powers themselves towards efforts for health;" and again, "but the success of Hahnemann's system has been equally great in the treatment of disease generally; and in cases of hooping cough, bronchitis, croup, scarlet fever, threatened convulsions after a severe fall, dangerous low typhus fever, to say nothing of tooth-aches, ear-aches, violent head-aches, sickness, colds, coughs, sore-throats, quinsies, diarrhœa, the teething attacks of infants, eruptions, and disorders of children which either nipped in the bud, or cut short, often by the administration of one or two doses of the remedy, render the advent of a homœopathic physician into a family one of blessing, and astonishment to its inmates." *No connection with the shop round the corner; see Advertisement,* would be a natural conclusion to such a sentence.

Hahnemann in his later days gave up the infinitesimal doses, and the most active advocates in England do not insist on the "like cures like" principle, but adhere to the infinitesimal doses. Like the mesmerists they leave reason aside, and rely on results shown in the reports of hospitals, and private practice.

Statistical returns form the foundation of sound reasoning, and every dilettante dabbler in figures of the present day thinks himself a statist, or at least that he can understand comparative Tables. Without knowing the analogy of the cases, he looks at the figures, and gives his opinion. It is not more difficult for a clever lawyer to drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament, than for a clever, unscrupulous writer on diseases, to prove what he likes by figures. The returns in the Calcutta Review look fair and convincing, and the Reviewer believes them to be true. The details are too vague for just comparison. Supposing the numbers to be correct, we have no means of testing the comparative severity of the cases, which alone would give value to the numbers. Let us analyse the return from the homœopathic hospital at Vienna, which he praises. This is one of the best; it is under charge of Dr. Fleischmann, and is situated some three miles out of town, with 6369 admissions from 1834 to 1843, and a mortality of 6.26 per cent. This mortality is small, compared with that in the hospitals of large cities. The return of diseases treated is most formidable, Pneumonia, Pleuritis, Cynanche Tonsillaris—825, whilst in Edinburgh, with a similar number of admissions, there were only 149 from these diseases. Colds and sorethroats are more common in Edinburgh than Vienna, but in the former only the severe cases are admitted into hospital, the others get medicine and go home. We have no proof that such discrimination is used in the homœopathic hospital, whilst the number of trifling diseases as Herpes and the absence, or very small proportion of serious organic diseases, would indicate that if discrimination was used, it was not exerted in the selection of the most severe cases. The statistical returns, from the Government dispensaries in India, are less vague. Every person who applies receives medicine, and some of the most dangerous cases are admitted as house patients. In the last published Report from the 1st April to the 30th Septem-

ber, 1850, there were 104,489 sick treated, of whom 2,820 were house patients, and there were 598 deaths or 0.56 per cent., not one-tenth the mortality of Dr. Fleischmann's homœopathic hospital; thus proving clearly *by figures*, the great superiority of the practice of the Sub-Assistant Surgeons of Bengal.

The rationale of a millionth part of a grain being more efficacious than a grain, unless the *grain was too large a dose*, is not clear to ordinary people, who would infer, that a dose of any medicine, sufficient to produce an effect on the system, would prove fatal if increased a million times. We want stronger proof than assertion that the composition of the globules is as described; particularly, as homœopaths complain of the want of efficacy of the medicines, which they do not themselves prepare. Many have undoubtedly benefitted by taking their globules, but this implies *leaving off other medicines*. How many ignorantly physic themselves, and who will say that all, who prescribe pills and potions, give that which is necessary, and *no more*. The practice of paying for the number of visits and the quantity of physic consumed, so common in England and elsewhere, renders speedy recovery unprofitable to the practitioner. The true physician will tell the rich luxurious hypochondriac to regulate his diet, take exercise and throw physic to the dogs; but when pinched by the *res angustæ domi*, he may order a bread pill. Some lack knowledge and order palliatives; and some, we fear, lack honesty, and make a Californian mine out of the rich man's stomach, up to the seventh degree, *i. e.* keeping the victim always sick, and swallowing as much medicine as he can contain, without killing him outright. We intended giving all the seven degrees of doctors, but for the present we must be satisfied with describing the extremes. We are subject "to the ills that flesh is heir to," and doctors are necessary evils. For the information of the inquisitive we give the fourth degree. He who when his patient feels weak, loads the stomach with light nourishing food, and *keeps him sick*. He never "starves his patients," and did not nature take away the appetite, and create a loathing of food, the millionth part of a grain of Tartar emetic first pounded and then shaken, would not prevent his getting like a goose "*une foie gras*."

The Chinese custom, where the Court physician gets no pay whilst the Emperor is on the sick list, is good; but we

prefer the good old English system, of having the family physician. He shares the joys and sorrows of the parents; and the children love him; his heart is with his duty, and it is his interest as well as pleasure to make them well. The honorarium, at Christmas, was a friendly gift. This is not suited to the costermongering spirit of this cotton age. They get advice when sick, and thinking they consult the physician for his physic, calculate that the more they get the better bargain they make. The sick need the physician, to restore health. Nature requires assistance to remove the disease, and the physic is but the least of two evils. It would injure a healthy person. The *expectant* mode of treatment, viz. regulating the diet and exercise and leaving the rest to nature is more successful in Europe than in India, where the climate is ill adapted to the constitution of the white race.

We have met several homœopaths, who had lately returned from England, and their zeal for the new crotchet was strong and burned fiercely till they had a serious attack of illness themselves, then they sent for the old doctor; after this poor homœopathy! “*Ilium fuit.*” “Alas, poor Yorick!”

FUTTEHPUR SIKRI IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A SKETCH IN TWO LETTERS.

LETTER I.

DEAR M.—You said one day when you, Henry F., and myself were at Futtehpūr together, that though you had general ideas connected with the history of the place, they were not sufficiently distinct to enable you to fill up its imperfect outline, and to restore to what is now decayed and forsaken the living spirit by which it was once animated. You are an artist, and it is therefore your gift to behold all things with a creative and an imaginative eye; you doubtless, then, had re-peopled and re-animated this desolate scene in some fashion or another, and all you could have meant, was, that you distrusted your imaginations, not knowing whether they accorded with the spirit of the place. Neither my reading nor my abilities are such as could supply you with what you found wanting to yourself, and therefore at once disclaiming all power of presenting an historical picture of value, let me offer you a little imaginative attempt to put back for a brief while the shadow on the dial, in the hope of eliciting in return from your pencil or your pen a similar bagatelle. Let us begin with examining the position of the ruins. This ancient palace, which stood to the imperial Agra of Akbar's time in the same relation which Windsor and Versailles now bear to London and to Paris, was situated upon a ridge of rocks of secondary sandstone. Upon one side of the ridge is now found the village of Futtehpūr, upon the other, that of Sikrī: both were included within the lofty walls, six miles in circumference; of the palace-town. Upon the highest part of the ridge, excepting that afterwards occupied by the Tomb of the Sheikh Selim Chishti, stood the body of the palace, now adapted to the purposes of a Tehsilī. This I presume to have contained the domestic apartments of the Emperor and his suite, exclusive of the zanāna. To the immediate west of this may still be seen the gracefully carved and cupolaed apartments of the Raja Bir Bal, whilst again to their southwest are those which tradition has apportioned to the two celebrated brothers, Feizi and Abul Fazl, —buildings now employed for the use of a Government

School. On the east of the body of the palace abovementioned was the *zanâna*, consisting of some separate and other conjoined chambers for the ladies of the household, and also the *khwâbgâh* of the Emperor in which was a tank with fountains and a garden. On one side of the *zanâna* outside the walls, stands the picturesque *pachmahallâ*, which is of a pyramidal shape, formed by five stories or platforms supported by open pillar-work, each story lessening from the lower one, so as to leave a broad gallery all round. It was perhaps used for servants to sit or sleep upon. The *dîwân-i-khâss* adjoins the front of the *khwâbgâh*; it is a large enclosed oblong space; here are still to be found the privy council chamber, the *pachîsi* board, the guru's seat and the hide and seek. The first of these is a most unique building. Though apparently from without of two stories, on entering you find that the upper chamber consists only of the summit of a massive pillar rising in the centre of the lower floor, from which summit narrow causeways of stone join the four angles of the building; at each of these, there is a door and a staircase, and the angles are connected with each other by a shallow gallery running round at the same elevation as the top of the pillar. This central pillar is most richly clustered with carved stone ornaments, and is bordered above with a little balustrade. Imagination could perhaps be scarcely authentically contradicted in suggesting any origin for this curious design; nor does it seem likely that the arrangement could ever have been of any utility, or intended for more than an allegorical purpose. The least difficult explanation may then seem, that the emblem signifies the ministers of the Emperor coming from the four quarters of the compass, to give their counsel, and receive his commands. The *pachîsi* board is another quaint whim, though certainly imperial in its eccentricity. The squares of the board are formed by large slabs of stone, sufficiently big for a person to stand, or even sit upon, in the oriental fashion. The game is usually played by four persons, each of whom is supplied with four wooden or ivory cones, which are called "*gôts*" and are of different colours for distinction. Victory consists in getting these four pieces safely through all the squares of each rectangle into the vacant place in the centre,—

the difficulty being, that the adversaries take up in the same way that *pièces* are taken up at backgammon. Moving is regulated by throwing "cowries" whose apertures falling uppermost or not, affect the amount of the throw by certain fixed rules. But on this Titanic board of Akbar's, wooden or ivory *gôts* would be altogether lost—what was to be done? Sixteen girls (I suppose slaves, or dancing girls), dressed distinctively, say four in red, four in blue, four in white, four in yellow,—were trotted up and down the squares, taken up by an adversary and put back at the beginning again—and at last after many difficulties, some four of the same colour would find themselves giggling into their *dopatta's* all together in the middle space, and the game would be won. The fancy was certainly indicative of oriental views of woman—but as it must have been productive of many a merry laugh, in which I have no doubt the poor girls heartily joined—why, perhaps no great harm was done! Akbar prided himself on his latitude in religious opinions, and, accordingly, entertained a *gūrū*. The *āsan* of this holy man is a handsome stone throne, Indian in its style of architecture, being exceedingly massive in all its proportions. Close by it are the passages, where some of the ladies used to beguile an hour or two of their long day with a game at "*ankh michauli*," or blind man's buff. On the east of the *dîwân-i-khâss* was the *dîwân-i-am*, and a communication through the wall which divided them enabled the Emperor to take his seat at once on the covered platform, from whence he could be observed by all present. To the south again of the *zanâna* stands a chamber with a pillared verandah in front, which may have been a cutcherry or *duftar khâna*. These were probably the principal original buildings. It is recorded by the historian Abdul Kadir, that the palace was finished in the same year in which the Sheikh Selim Chishti died, his *durgah* was therefore not built till a later period. But surrounding what I have attempted to describe, and covering the slope of the hill on either side, may still be found the remains of a mint, of baths, of streets, of *sarâes*, of private houses, whilst the space between the foot of the hill and the walls, in most directions, was doubtless occupied by a swarming and dirty *bâzâr*, exhibiting that curious propinquity of squalor to magnificence

which is so essential an element in every oriental scene, and forms generally a sad emblem of the state of society. The principal streets leading up to the ridge of the hill must have presented a striking appearance. We should not however confuse our idea of the scene with European notions; for instance, there was probably nothing very showy about the shops. The druggists with their coloured bottles, and tinsel decorations, the drapers with a show cloth or two hung up before their stalls, the saddlers with their ornamented trappings and horsings, and those who made up punkas of gay feathers or banners of silk embroidered with gold,—all such might tell in scenic effect. But that branch of trade which is so peculiarly connected with our ideas of the costliness and splendour of the East—the jewellers, goldsmiths, silversmiths and filagree workers, present no public “*Storr and Mortimer*” exhibition of their resources. Those merchants who dealt in jewels and ornaments had them safe at the bottom of closed trunks; whilst the shops of those who were themselves working jewellers offered nothing more exciting to the imagination, than what might be called forth by a whitesmith’s forge at home. The interest of the scene doubtless chiefly consisted in the different races of men by whom all avenues were thronged, distinguished by their different costumes, and divided by habits and prejudices into separate groups. Here the fair complexion, Jewish features, fine form, and ample robes of the Afghân—there, the round and vulgar little figure of the money-changer from Goozerât, with his soiled chupkun and his yellow pagri. Here the bare head and beautiful muslin of the Bengalee with his quick eye, rapid speech, his effeminate bearing and his feeble frame—there the red turban, the thick moustache, the broad shoulders, the sturdy calves of the Râjpût. This fat porpoise of a man with no more hair on his head than Mr. Micawber, whose vast breasts rest on his vast stomach, and whose vast stomach rests on his vast thighs, is a Chaube from Muttra. He is copying Sanscrit (which he does not understand) for the Sheikh Feizi, who is reading with a pandit. The Chaube writes a little on odd pieces of paper, then stops and chaunts what he has written, rolling his body in time to the strain. In another place, a pale graceful youth, by profession a khush navîs, is writing out an eulogy of the Emperor for a young poet who hopes to lay it ornamented with

scrawls and illuminations before Abul Fazl, or Aziz. Something like this, perhaps, though of course the merest outline is here given, was the picture to be daily seen in the busy thoroughfares of Futtehpore. And now having in a manner prepared our theatre, let us bring on one or two of the principal characters, and let us, as a way of doing so, imagine the conduct and drama of a single day in the palmiest time of good king Akbar. We are told that the palace of Futtehpore was completed in the year 979 Hijri, which answers to our year 1571. Akbar would then be scarcely thirty years old; it will suit us better, however, to put our day at a much later period when the Emperor's sons were grown up around him, when his power was thoroughly established, and the effects of his genius had manifested themselves. We will not specify, however, any supposed date, lest we entangle ourselves with historical anachronisms, merely generally laying the time as being when Akbar was advancing in years, but when the chief ornaments of his Court were yet left around him.

It would be very easy to describe the events of a day in such a manner, that an oriental scholar should be able to point out few mistakes, for the information afforded us, both by the Emperor's own son and by Abul Fuzl, is so minute, that following it we could not well be wrong; but as the object of our day is merely to illustrate the place, the events we shall imagine will be immediately suggested by the uses to which we suppose the different buildings were appropriated; we beg pardon beforehand for all blunders that we may unconsciously commit.

* * * * *

It is scarcely day. But already a roll of drums is heard, and cannon discharged break rudely and abruptly the silence of the "solitary morning." The Emperor is an early riser, and the moment of his rising from his couch is announced in this noisy fashion. You will remember that there is a door opening to the south in the khwâb-gâh, into the space on the opposite side of which the daftar khana stands. Before this doorway, shortly after the roll of drums, a considerable crowd assembles; immediately at the entrance are drawn up double lines of chobdars or macebearers, each carrying a silver stick; outside of these are burkundazes and other armed attendants. In front, and conversing together in groups, stand handsomely dressed

men, who are evidently both by their deportment and by the respect they meet with from the miscellaneous crowd which girds in the whole scene, courtiers of influence and reputation. One feature of the *ensemble* must not be omitted; no one wore beards, except indeed such strangers as might be casual spectators, and whom neither interest nor necessity had compelled to conform to the etiquette of court.

The door of the khwâbgâh opens, the large drums thunder from the noubutkhâna over the great doorway of the palace. A nakib issues forth, mace in hand, and proclaims, in that monotonous tone so familiar to dwellers in the East, the titles of his master. Immediately after him appears in the doorway, a broad-chested man of somewhat advanced years. He is simply dressed, but there is a certain chasteness in the simplicity which shows that some little care has been taken to produce it. The material is white muslin, but gold thread is introduced in many parts with a very tasteful effect. You remark his arms—they are so unusually long—his face is very clear, and the color of the blood so discernible as to give a rich tinge to his olive complexion; his eyebrows are joined and lowering, which tends to give a severe expression to the excessively bright eyes, which they half conceal. This is Akbar.

His appearance is the signal for a loud and general cry of "Allâho Akbar," to which the Emperor standing still in the doorway for a moment and bowing very slightly, answers "Jilli Jelâlihu."

This mode of salutation and its answer had been introduced by himself, and it will be observed that the two phrases include his name "Jelâl-u-din Akbar." The courtiers now pressed forward, and were severally noticed with kindness; then forming a ring round the Emperor, the whole procession moved on foot towards the durgâh.

Akbar was very early to-day, and the Azân had not yet been proclaimed. Whilst they were moving slowly along, the voice of the Muazzin was heard from the high-up cupola of the durgâh gateway. The first words he uttered were the same as those which the submissive multitude had just repeated, "Allâho Akbar," God is great! But coming from the serene height and in a slow solemn chant, they seemed to bear a more pregnant meaning, and to suggest to a contemplative mind the full interpretation, which the eloquent Massillon once gave to them; who,

when preaching the funeral sermon of the 14th Louis, commenced in a deep under-tone, "Louis est mort! Dieu seul est grand!"*

There was one amongst the attendant courtiers, who on hearing the first sound of the Azân stood perfectly still. He was a man of sharp, severe features, and noted as the most rigid Mahommedan about the Court. It is directed in the Haddîs, that if a person be walking when the Azân is sounded, he stand still and reverently listen. Abd-ul-Kadir, the bigotted historian, for it was he, was not one lightly to omit obedience to the sacred ritual. A gay man of most polished appearance, who was walking by the Emperor's side, looked round when Abd-ul-Kadir was left some little distance behind; and catching the Emperor's eye they both laughed. This was the celebrated Abul Fuzl, well known to have been as lax in matters of faith as Abd-ul-Kadir was rigid. The whole party had now reached the Eastern gate of the Durgâh, on the steps of which an attendant received the Emperor's shoes, as no one was permitted to pass within that sacred precinct except with the feet bare. The beautiful quadrangle which was now entered has been justly admired by strangers from a distant and more civilized continent as a very perfect work. On the western side, is a lofty and noble mosque, on the southern a massive and imposing gateway, rising high into the air and seen for many a mile of the level country beneath, standing up against the brightness of an eastern sky; on the north, but erected apart from the cloisters which run all around the building is the shrine, the tomb of the Sheikh Seïm Chishtî, who is said to have predicted the birth of Jehangir and from whom that prince previous to his accession bore the name of "Selim." The actual tomb is of mother-of-pearl, but enclosed in a small chamber of white marble, which is itself again enclosed in a larger chamber of the same material. This outer chamber is lighted by large squares of that lattice work which has rendered the Moresque architecture celebrated throughout Europe, and beautiful ruins of which still astonish, whilst they delight, the wanderer

* Sic apud Lord Brougham. But I am not quite sure whether his lordship has not thrown in a brilliant touch of his own. The sermon was on the text Eccles. I. 16, 17, and begins in my copy thus: "*Dieu seul est grand, mes freres, et dans ces derniers momens surtout où il préside à la mort des rois de la terre, &c. &c.*"

in Spain. The rich creamy tinge of the marble, the elaborate yet exact design of the tracery, the completeness of the finish, render these lattices perhaps unrivalled in India. A support to the roof outside somewhat in the shape of the figure "S" of which there are several, strikes one as out of character, being evidently of Indian design.

In the middle of the quadrangle, prayer carpets were spread opposite to the mosque, and the relative of the Sheikh who was now the mutuwalie of the durgah, was present to read the prayers. The Emperor and his courtiers formed themselves into one long line, at one end of which, standing a little in advance, the mutuwalie repeated the morning prayers. All the Mahomedan attendants behind formed themselves into other lines, and the prostrations and other attitudes were performed by the whole assembly in concert, which formed a curious scene. After the prayers, the Emperor passed for a moment within the tomb of the Sheikh, for whom he entertained an affectionate remembrance, casting upon it the simple tribute of a jessamine flower. When he returned to the gateway by which he had entered, elephants, led horses, and mounted outriders, were found in attendance. As the noble elephant upon which Akbar mounted rose from the ground, guns fired, drums were loudly rolled, and the procession swung into motion to the voice of the nakib, whose sonorous compliments and adulation were taken up by a large crowd of spectators. As the Emperor passed along, his train was swelled by many courtiers, dependants and others, who having made their salaam from some conspicuous corner put their horses in line. The name of the "Hiran Minar" having been whispered about, it became generally known that the Emperor was going to indulge in a little match-lock shooting.

The Deer tower is within the walls, immediately under the hill in a north westerly direction. There is a paved road leading down to it from the palace, which passes under a large gateway, called the "Hathi Pol," or elephant gate, from two of those animals sculptured in stone, which stand one on each side of the entrance from without. Akbar appears to have thought the massive shape of the elephant an imperial and appropriate ornament to a gateway; for it will be remembered that after the defeat of Jeimal, the Emperor caused figures to be cast of that chief and his brother, which he placed upon carved ele-

phants erected by the gateway of the fort of Delhi; and many years after, the French traveller, Bernier, visiting that place, was impressed by these vast statues with feelings of respectful awe. It was a gay sight, when Akbar passed under the Hathi Pol. First a troop of cavalry, their spears glittering, their horses fretfully champing the bit; then chobdars and chuprassees with red turbans and sashes on camels, amongst them the nakib still vociferous; the leading courtiers surrounded the Emperor's elephant on elephants also, and the mighty animals roll along, tinkling with bells and waving their rich trappings as they go. Other courtiers and officers of the palace, follow on horseback, each with their own burkundazes and attendants on foot. A band of the rude, but not ineffective music of the country accompanies, and their drums are most briskly answered by those of the durbannan from over the gateway. The "Hiran Minar" is a single tower, standing by itself on a small raised platform. The lower part of the shaft bristles with the not very pretty ornament of imitation elephant's tusks. They are of stone, covered with chunam, and the tusk is squared off as they usually are in large animals, perhaps the ends were gilt in imitation of the brass clamps often attached, which may have improved them.

The Emperor ascended to the top of the tower attended only by an old chuprassie, who carried two matchlocks. After Akbar had amused himself for some time firing at deer, which were driven across an open space at a fair distance from the minar, he sent down word that he was now satisfied with sport, and ordered a review of cavalry to commence, which had been arranged for that morning.

A man now ascended the minar, richly dressed, his countenance not wholly displeasing but still haunted by that terrible expression of uncertainty of temper, which so marked his character; for it was Prince Selim. He saluted his father, and stood by his side looking on as the cavalry came into sight. There was a fine young man leading the troops—mounted on a showy horse, who every now and then glanced up to the minar, as if for approval—this was Prince Khusrû, Selim's son. He had recently got his mansab, and was as proud of it as lad could be.

The inspection of cavalry concluded, Akbar and the Prince came down, and mounting on elephants moved in procession towards the palace. There is a large seraie on

the right of the minâr, as you return to the Hàthi Pol. Travellers of many nations were standing in front of this place, having come out to see the Emperor pass. Amongst them, were two men of swarthy hue dressed in ecclesiastical cassocks. The Emperor's eye immediately caught them, and he, apparently knowing what nation and calling they were of, gave an order for them to attend him in the evening.

When Akbar arrived within the palace, he alighted at the gate of the building, which is now the Tahsili. Here he partook of a repast, and afterwards sent over for the Raja Bir Bal. The Hindu chief, a man of agreeable and cheerful features, came over, plainly dressed, in a nalki or large open litter, accompanied by his secretaries and a few footmen, and was soon hard at work with Akbar, in political papers and converse. It was now a busy time in the town—marketing was going on briskly in the streets, men were washing and dressing in the public manner the East admits of, some were cooking and others eating their food with the peculiar solemnity of oriental meals. In one place was loud haggling about a bargain, in another some bunniah was vociferating “dohâie Padshah,” against a trooper, who had taken much more atta than was right for his money. Everywhere noise, everywhere bustle and life.

At twelve, Akbar dismissed the Raja after a hard morning's work, wishing to be left alone, as he said, for a meditation on the orb that then stood at meridian height.

And now came on that time so full of unaccustomed imagery to an European mind, the noon of an Indian day—imagery indeed whose picturesque features familiarity has not concealed from the perception of native writers.

* The Raja Sudraka in his drama of the “Toy Cart”* thus describes the mid-day scene.

— “The cattle dozing in the shade
Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths :
The lively ape with slow and languid pace
Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst
In its now tepid waters ; not a creature
Is seen upon the public road, nor braves
A solitary passenger the sun.”

And more poetically the great Kalidasa says in the “Hero and the Nymph.”

* From Wilson's charming “Specimens of the Hindu Theatre.”

" 'Tis past mid-day. Exhausted by the heat,
 The peacock plunges in the scanty pool,
 That feeds the tall tree's root: the drowsy bee
 Sleeps in the hollow chamber of the lotus,
 Darkened with closing petals: on the brink
 Of the now tepid lake the wild duck lurks,
 Amongst the sedgy shade; and even here,*
 The parrot from his wiry bower complains,
 And calls for water to allay his thirst."

Can this be the Futtehpour of three hours ago all slumber and silence! drowsy shrouded figures stretched on every shopboard, scarce a soul in the streets.

" The very houses seem asleep."

Pompeii could scarcely be calmer.

As there is nothing to be seen out of doors let us peep in imagination into forbidden seclusions, let us enter the seraglio. There is a chamber prettily carved with grapes and other ornaments in a corner of the zenana which they tell you was occupied by the Turkish wife. We are not cold critics but warm believers in every thing just now; therefore we must not scrutinize too severely the probabilities, but call up to imagination's eye the lady of Constantinople.

It is a difficult thing to describe female beauty, and oriental beauty especially can only be caught by glimpses, and much must always be left for fancy to fill in. Look at any of the heroines of the Waverley Novels, a phrase or two is all the great artist often gives of external portrait. Sir Bulwer Lytton's picture of Lucretia is one of the most elaborate descriptions of personal appearance perhaps we have. The following passage from Aubrey De Vere's " Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey" contains a portrait of an oriental beauty which shall be here transcribed. A curious adventure took him into a Turkish harem, and this was one of the inmates.

The favourite wife was a Circassian, and a fairer vision it would not be easy to see. Intellectual in expression she could hardly be called; yet she was full of dignity, as well as of pliant grace and of sweetness. Her large black eyes, beaming with a soft and stealthy radiance, seemed as if they would have yielded light in the darkness; and the heavy waves of her hair, which, in the excitement of the tumultuous scene, she carelessly flung over her shoulders,

* The scene is a garden.

gleamed like a mirror. Her complexion was the most exquisite I have ever seen, its smooth and pearly purity being tinged with a colour, unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud or of berry, but which reminded me of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the inside of a shell. Though tall, she seemed as light as if she had been an embodied cloud, hovering over the rich carpets like a child that does not feel the weight of its body; and though stately in the intervals of rest, her mirth was a sort of rapture. She, too, had that peculiar luxuriousness of aspect, in no degree opposed to modesty, which belongs to the East: around her lips was wreathed, in their stillness, an expression at once pleasurable and pathetic, which seemed ever ready to break forth into a smile: her hands seemed to leave with regret whatever they had rested on, and in parting to leave something behind; and in all her soft and witching beauty she reminded me of Browning's lines—

“No swan-soft woman, rubbed in lucid oils,
The gift of an enamoured god, more fair.”

With the exception of Browning's lines, which I cannot say I like, this seems to me very beautiful, and as far as I can judge gives a correct idea of oriental beauty generally. If you are not satisfied, I must refer you to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "fair Fatima;" for I dare not try my hand after De Vere.

The lady of Constantinople was seated on cushions of white silk and dressed in a caftan of pale blue and silver, a Turkish waistcoat of pale pink, and drawers of pale blue and white stripes. She seemed lonely and distressed, a sitar lay on her lap, she took it up and struck a few irregular chords, and then passing into a simple melancholy air, she sang some Turkish words, which bore a burden of this sort.

THE SONG OF THE LADY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

I.

I pant for the azure Sea,
And its breezes fresh and free.
For the home I would view once more,
Sits by the gusty shore.
And my heart turns to thee,
Oh! Istamboul!
To the City of the Sea,
And the home of my soul.

II.

The gleams of the sultry noon,
Brood o'er the Andaroon;
Perfumes of Indian flowers,
Breathe thro' the dizzy bowers;
And my heart turns to thee,
Oh! Istamboul!
To the City of the Sea,
And the home of my soul.

III.

Hope came with the sea-born gale,
Cheering, if doomed to fail,
Comes with this slumberous air,
A deep tho' a calm despair!
And my heart turns to thee,
Oh! Istamboul!
Oh! City of the Sea!
Oh! home of my soul.

There was a Greek slave asleep in a corner of the apartment, a dark-eyed Ægean islander. The music fell softly on her ears, and helped to aid the beautiful illusions of slumber, that she was far away and happy again in her own bright home.

So now, dear M. half our day is described, and my second letter must finish the sketch; till when, farewell.

EDUCATIONAL MEASURES OF GOVERNMENT.

1. *Report on the State of Indigenous Education in eight Districts of the North Western Provinces of India. By H. S. Reid, Esq., Visitor General of Schools.*
2. *Notification dated the 8th June, 1852.*

The two publications at the head of this article afford satisfactory proof that in the department of education we have, at last, past through the stage of barren discussion and controversy, and have commenced a real, practical work. Reams of foolscap have been wasted in the battle between the Vernacularists, the Roman-typists and the exclusively-English-educationalists; but during the many years which intervened between the arrival in India of Lord William Bentinck and the publication of the circulars issued to Collectors and Magistrates in 1845, little or nothing had been done to advance the education of the mass of the people, or even to ascertain the actual state of instruction in the North Western Provinces of India.

It is true that four English Colleges have been established which have supplied many English writers to Government offices and produced a few useful public officers; but as yet these institutions have had no perceptible effect on the general state of education throughout the country.

In 1845, the present Lieutenant Governor directed the attention of all district officers to the subject of vernacular education, and the improvement of the rude indigenous village schools, and called on them to furnish statistical details of the actual state of education in their several districts.* All available information on the subject being thus collected, he submitted for the approval of the Court of Directors, a plan for establishing in every village of a certain size, a school to be endowed by Government with an allotment of from 5 to 10 acres of rent-free land. The school-master was to be nominated by the zemindars and other residents of the village, his appointment being subject to the approval of a Visitor. The maximum estimated cost of this scheme was to be a deduction from the land rent amounting to Rs. 366,000, or

* The returns were collected, compiled and published with a memoir by R. Thornton, Esq., C. S. The title of the work is "Memoir on the Statistics of Indigenous Education within the North Western Provinces of the Bengal Presidency, 1850."

£36,000 per annum, supposing that an endowed school were established in each of the 18,000 villages in which there are more than 100 houses. This scheme was not approved of by the Court of Directors. Their chief objection was to the endowment of land, but while objecting to the particular plan before them they fully recognised the necessity for "giving some powerful impulse" to elementary education in the North Western Provinces, and expressed their willingness to consider any comprehensive plan, having for its principle the remuneration of teachers by money payments. We cannot regret the determination of the home authorities. Apart from the specific objection to endowments of land, the scheme had too much the characteristics of finality: there would always be great danger of gradual deterioration whenever the district officer might be lax in his supervision; and above all, no provision was made for systematic visitation by trained inspectors. In accordance with the views of the Court of Directors, the Lieutenant Governor revised his scheme and matured that detailed in the resolution of Government No. 149 A, dated 9th February, 1850, and the sanction of the Court being obtained, no time was lost in giving it effect. Eight districts were selected, and Mr. Reid appointed Visitor General of Schools, and directed to organize his staff of zillah and pergunnah visitors, and to choose teachers for the tehsili schools which were to be established at each tehsildaree station, and to serve as a model to the smaller schools in the neighbourhood. The chief excellencies of this plan appear to us to be its elasticity and its organization of an educational department under a distinct head.

The above is an imperfect sketch of the steps which led to the appointment of a Visitor General with a special mission to improve and encourage the extension of elementary vernacular education. Mr. Reid seems to have performed his task with zeal and ability: he has surmounted all preliminary difficulties, and with the small means at his command has done much already, and has shewn that when proper measures are adopted there is no active opposition to be feared from the people themselves. The report which we have placed at the head of our article is the first fruit of Mr. Reid's labours. It contains a full and graphic description of the existing modes of instruction, and minute, and apparently accurate, statistics

of the present state of education ; these differ greatly from the returns sent in by the district officers of the same tract of country ; but we can have no doubt that the information collected by Mr. Reid is more trustworthy than that furnished by tehseeldars, who had no interest whatever in the subject. The report would have been read with much greater pleasure if it had not been so rigidly cut up into a series of short paragraphs, each prefaced by an abstract of its contents, or, when the subject is continued, by the word "ditto." We know not whether the plan is a device of the author's, or a freak of the printer's. The effect is sometimes ludicrous, but generally most irritating. We give an example, paragraphs 288—289 run thus:

" 288. *Ramsaran Dass' series published and circulated by Government.* These useful books, best known as Ramsaran Dass' series, had been published and extensively circulated by Government through its local Officers, in the hope that the attention of teachers might be directed to more practical studies than those pursued.

" 289. *But not taken up by village teachers.* But the experiment though well designed, did not meet with the success it merited. The books purchased were bought principally by putwarrees, for whose enlightenment, in truth, they were specially compiled, but who purchased them at the bidding of their superior officer, and probably with a great number they have never been opened since," &c., &c.

The whole report is divided by Mr. Reid into six divisions. The first is preliminary, the last, following the precedent of all despatches, is devoted to the acknowledgment of assistance received from other functionaries, and a recommendation of deserving subordinates to the favorable notice of Government. The second, third, fourth and fifth exhibit the actual state and extent of vernacular education and describe the condition, the mode of teaching, and the customs prevailing in village schools ; show the working, progress and prospects of tehsili schools, and the course of instruction prescribed ; the steps taken and in contemplation to produce a supply of school-books, and the measures adopted to improve and increase the number of village schools and school-masters. All difficulties from the prejudices and fears of the people appear to have been successfully combated, and by the 1st of May 1850,

eight zillah visitors, thirty-three pergunnah visitors, and fifty-eight teachers of tehsili schools were appointed, and the system fairly set to work. The tehsili school being intended to serve as a model for the surrounding district, the success of the scheme depended in some measure on a judicious selection of teachers; but at the same time it was necessary to enlist on the side of improvement the vested interest represented by the already existing 3,000 village teachers. Mr. Reid, therefore, very wisely chose his first teachers from the most popular and efficient of the schoolmasters of the surrounding villages. The standard of qualification was necessarily very low; but it is said that "many have improved themselves, some have been dismissed, and that as a body they are now efficient." The object of the establishment of these schools has we think been mistaken by Mr. Reid. He states (paragraphs 233 to 235), that it was to "place within the reach of all, a sound elementary education," that is to say, the amount of instruction generally understood by the terms reading, writing and arithmetic. In some schools, however, it is stated that "several boys have commenced algebra, and geometry (having mastered arithmetic, mensuration and putwarrec's accounts), the history of India and topography of their own district." It is difficult to understand how this amount of instruction can be imparted by teachers whose qualifications are such as described in paragraph 16.

On the 30th April, 1851, the fifty-eight tehsili schools were attended by 2390 boys, and the number was increasing. The establishment and management of tehsili schools has probably occupied the chief part of Mr. Reid's attention. He must have felt that any sudden improvement of village schools was hopeless, and that until the scale of remuneration was raised, properly qualified teachers could not be obtained. The tehsili schools have been successful, and are a step in advance, but they cannot by any possibility fulfil completely the object of their institution as stated by the Visitor General. If there were 100 scholars at each of the fifty-eight tehsili schools, the number under instruction would be 5,800 out of a population of 5,200,000, and even this number could not be instructed properly unless the number of teachers were at least doubled. It must not be supposed that the above remark is intended to depreciate the merit of the exertions which have been made. These schools will be most useful as models and

as nurseries for teachers, and their influence will no doubt be extensively felt, but they cannot "place within the reach and means of all a sound education," and it should be clearly understood that this is *not* their object.

The agricultural and petty shopkeeper class of India will probably never, certainly not for many years, entrust their children to the care of strangers in towns at a distance from their own villages; if, therefore, these classes are to be instructed at all, it must be in village schools; the improvement and encouragement of these ought to be, and we believe is, the ultimate end of Government, and we view with much jealousy any tendency to over-estimate the relative value of the central schools under teachers paid by the State.

In the eight districts of Agra, Allyghur, Bareilly, Etawah, Furruckabad, Muttra, Mynpoori, and Shahjehanpore, there were at the date of Mr. Reid's report 3127 schools attended by 27,853 scholars: the total population of the districts named is, according to the last census, 5,191,341, or in round numbers 5,200,000. The number of scholars has now we believe increased to about 30,000; therefore, about one person in 167 is in receipt of some kind of education. When we consider that in Prussia, one-sixth of the population are at all times under instruction, we can appreciate, though imperfectly, the contrast between the state of education in the two countries. In India the number of young persons of a school-going age has generally been reckoned at one-twelfth of the population. This result has been apparently obtained by excluding all females from the calculation, and perhaps at present we must practically do so. The number of males of a school-going age in the eight districts under review will on this supposition be 433,333; about one-fourteenth of this number are at school. Lamentable as is this state of things, it need not dishearten those who are striving to improve it. According to an estimate made in 1795, the number of charity schools in Great Britain and Ireland was 1856, and the number of pupils 43,479. The instruction given in these schools was little, if at all, superior to that to be obtained in our village schools. Even within the last few years the majority of dame schools were kept by persons very little superior to the Hindi teacher: the answer given by one of the dames might have been given at a village in India: "It's little they pays me, and its little I teaches 'em." One-ninth of the popu-

lation of Great Britain is now under instruction, and the qualifications of the teachers are daily improving: If so great a change has been effected in England in the face of much active and more passive opposition, we may well hope for a more rapid progress in India where the Government is all-powerful.

We must however quit this part of the subject for the present, and introduce the reader to the village school and its master. There seems to be a preliminary difficulty in the definition of the term "school," it certainly must not be taken in the meaning which is attached to it in England. Mr. J. Muir truly states that in nine cases out of ten, the Persian teacher is a "domestic tutor." The same remark applies to Sanskrit, Arabic and Koran schools. The average ratio of scholars, to teachers in all classes of schools is 8.75 to 1. The Sanscrit, Arabic, Koran, and Persian Schools appear to be more than useless for every practical object, and are utterly undeserving of assistance from Government. The object being the improvement of vernacular education, no school should be recognized in which either Urdu or Hindi are not taught. The village teacher is remunerated in various ways: sometimes a fixed salary is given, sometimes settled tuition fees, or presents on festivals and holidays; others work by contract, and others are paid when the scholar has mastered a section of the multiplication table; others again receive payment in the form of rations; but various as are their modes of remuneration, they agree in being on the lowest possible scale. Out of 3127 schoolmasters 555 actually receive less than two rupees (four shillings) a month, 1213 less than three rupees (six shillings), and only 29 are fortunate enough to receive more than Rs.12 a month. This being the rate of remuneration, we cannot be surprized at hearing that "no one turns to teaching, who is fit for any other employment;"* that the Hindi teacher "is often unable to read; he uses no book, but teaches the multiplication table by word of mouth." Of Persian teachers, we are told that "their attainments are excessively superficial, and in inverse proportion to the magnitude of their pretensions," and generally it is said that "the knowledge imparted "is of the most unpractical nature; that the Sanscrit scholar wastes years in collecting a useless store of words;

* Paragraph 345.

“ the Persian scholar spends eight or nine years in acquiring a slight smattering of a language all but dead as far as this country is concerned; that in the Hindi schools, the memory alone of the scholar is exercised; he leaves school with his mind filled with a vast store of the multiplication table.”

Our limits will not allow of our following Mr. Reid through the details of his curious account of the customs observed in the several classes of schools, but we cannot do him the injustice to omit all mention of the system of discipline enforced by the unlearned pedagogue. The several descriptions of punishment are explained with so much zest and minuteness that we cannot help feeling how fortunate we have been in having been brought up in a school, in which a birch was the only instrument of punishment. That our readers may also be in a position to have the same comfortable feeling, we extract at length paragraphs 89 to 95, leaving out only the “Dittos” which head each paragraph.

“ 89. ‘ *Goshmali* ’ is administered under six different forms: firstly, the teacher himself is the operator; secondly, the boy operates on himself; thirdly, the offender, while pulling his own ears, is, with a refinement of cruelty, made to sit down and rise up alternately with great rapidity; fourthly, two other boys, holding each one ear, make the victim sit down and rise up as fast as possible; fifthly, (in this and in the following method, the *modus operandi*, the working out the penalty is more elaborate), the boy is made to sit down, to thrust his hands under his legs, and in this painfully absurd position to retain hold of both ears. This infliction is termed *kanon bich sir*; sixthly, the offender standing on one leg with his arm thrust under the other pulls his own ears.

“ 90. The punishment termed *gatti rakhna* is administered as follows. The boy is made to bend down, pebbles being placed on the back of each hand, and one on ‘ the small of his back.’ Should any of the pebbles drop off, the boy is switched. Frequently the culprit is made to slap his own face. On the inattentive scholar’s neck, a brick-bat is ingeniously adjusted, so that if he does not regard his book steadily, it falls off, and discovers the want of attention.

“ 91. Wholesale punishment is inflicted in a manner which I can better illustrate by an example, than

describe. There are four delinquents, A, B, C, D, of whom D is more guilty than C, and so on. A gives D four blows in the face, D beats C three times, C strikes B twice, and B strikes A once.

"92. The following device is at times adopted in the Pathgarh district. The teacher takes a piece of *kankar* in each hand, and presses the upper part of the boy's ear between the pebble and his finger.

"93. In the Mathura District, when the Hindi scholar is wanting in industry or attention, his hands are tied behind his neck, and his head is loaded with all the writing boards of the school. This mode of punishment is termed *pattiyala*.

"94. To induce regular and punctual attendance, the teacher, placing the boys in a row before him, gives the first comer, i. e. the boy who came to school first that morning, one blow with a switch, or sometimes lets him go 'scot-free.' The second comer receives two blows, the third three, and so on. The first boy is termed *mūri*, the second *dhola*, the third *tela*, fourth *choula*, &c. &c. The practice is termed "*chanti marna*," and is, I believe, confined to Hindi schools.

"95. The *nīm* and peach tree furnish the teacher with his supply of switches."

It is hardly necessary to say that these punishments seldom fall to the lot of the children of those who pay; in fact, it is said that "the most incorrigible boy seldom comes in for more than slapping and soft flogging." Holidays are considered after punishments, and it would seem that there is no lack of them in any of the schools. In the Hindi, there are eight monthly holidays, and sundry annual ones, besides the two harvests, at which seasons the schools are generally deserted. As the teacher usually receives a small present on holidays, he is not likely to object to their number. An encouraging proof of the importance attached to education is given in paragraph 195, in which are described the ceremonies observed on the Hindi scholar first going to school. They are most elaborate, but we must refer the reader to the report, as we have not space for the account given. We must also pass rapidly over all discussion, as to the castes of teachers, the ages and castes of scholars, the duration of schools, the cause of their want of permanency, the periods of service of teachers, and many other questions, regarding

which full information is given. The want of permanence of schools is almost as serious an evil as the want of capacity in the teacher, and probably arises from the same cause. The average duration of a Hindi school is little more than one year; but at the same time it appears that the teachers are much more constant to their avocation. More than half have been employed in teaching for periods varying from 5 to 50 years. Mr. Reid states that no one fit for any other employment ever becomes a Hindi schoolmaster. We would add that no one who had for four years lived on three rupees a month, in a small room 10 feet square, with no window, and with 20 boys screaming the multiplication table at the top of their lungs, could at the end of that term be fit for any more intellectual employment.

Even from the very imperfect sketch which we have attempted to give, it will be evident, first, that the number of young persons actually receiving elementary vernacular instruction in reading and writing is very much smaller than the number reported as attendants at school; secondly, that the new tehsili schools can make but little impression on the mass of ignorance which exists, and that unless the efficiency of the village schools is greatly increased, the tehsili schools will be calculated to aggravate the evil pointed out in paragraph 6 of Mr. Secretary Thornton's letter dated April 19th, 1848, in which we read that "the fear now is that the village and district officers will be so far ahead of the mass of the people, as the more to expose these latter to injury from dishonesty and intrigue."

It is clear that the efficiency of village schools can only be improved by securing more competent teachers and by supplying good elementary school-books. Some progress has been made in the latter work; but while the pay of a teacher is less, it can hardly be expected that his qualifications should be much greater, than those of a day labourer. To secure competent teachers then, sufficient remuneration must be secured. This may be done either by a direct grant making all schoolmasters stipendiaries of the State, or by increasing the number of scholars so as to make the school fees afford a respectable livelihood to the teacher; or lastly, grants in aid might be given, the school fees being still considered as the main support of the teacher. The first plan is open to many objections apart from all considerations of expense; but those alone are fatal to its

adoption. To teach 400,000 youths would require at least 6,000 teachers who could hardly be paid less than Rs. 10 a month each; the annual charge in the eight districts under consideration would be Rs. 600,000 or £60,000 a year, or about £240,000 for the whole of the North Western Provinces. We have little hope that so large a sum will ever be devoted to education in India. The second plan will be a much more tedious operation, but if successful its effects, direct and indirect, will be more certain and lasting; and we believe that the right course has been taken, and that the Lieutenant Governor's Notification dated 8th June, 1852, will be found to have supplied the motive which was wanting to induce all classes to make an effort to obtain for themselves and their children, the elements at least of education. By this order all functionaries are prohibited from employing in the Government services any person who is unable to read and write. Village chokeydars are at present exempted from the test, but we see no reason why this exemption should continue. A chowkeydar, though in receipt of a very small salary, is generally an important personage in a village, and not unfrequently a near relative of the lumbar dar: his usefulness would be greatly increased if he were able to read and write, and if a year's grace were given we believe that there would be no lack of qualified candidates. It is very difficult to estimate the number of persons directly and indirectly affected by the imposition of an educational test, but we may safely assert that all candidates for public employment, and that the children of all now in employment, will at once betake themselves or be sent to the nearest qualified instructor, and we shall be greatly disappointed if Mr. Reid's report for May, 1853, does not shew a vast accession of scholars to the schools under his inspection. These may probably be 100,000, but even with that number, scattered as they would be over a wide extent of ground, the pecuniary aid of Government will be required if a fair rate of remuneration is to be secured to the teachers; and we fear the small sum of Rs. 4,320 per annum for the eight districts will be found sadly insufficient. We will hope that if it is required, a more liberal grant will be made; in the meantime, we must rest satisfied with the knowledge that a very large proportion of the population have now for the first time such a direct and immediate interest in the acquisition of knowledge, as will compel them to employ and to

pay persons capable of imparting the necessary amount of instruction.

We feel some regret that our limits have prevented our making a fuller use of the ample information regarding the present state of vernacular education placed at our disposal in Mr. Reid's report, but this regret is lessened by the feeling, that the existing state of education among the agricultural and lower classes of the people of India is best represented by a blank, and that consequently the long arrays of figures and statistics, which must have cost their compiler so much labour, have now a tendency to mislead, if carelessly studied. In future days, this record and description of the primeval village schools will be most valuable and curious, and it will then be read without any of the feelings of shame which its perusal must now excite in the minds of all who remember that it is a description of the educational state of a country, which has been under British rule for half a century.

We must now conclude with a cursory notice of the interesting experiment in progress in the Agra and Mynpoorie Jails. A full account of the results in the Mynpoorie Jail has lately been published; equal success has rewarded Dr. Walker's exertions in the monster Jail of Agra. Punishments are almost unknown, and the prisoners, though the most desperate of their class and all sentenced to long periods of imprisonment for the most heinous offences, are said to have undergone a most marvellous change. The discipline of the Jail is kept up by the prisoners themselves. It seems impossible to believe that merely learning to read and write, without any attempt to impart religious or even moral instruction, should tame a mob composed of reckless and hopeless ruffians collected from all parts of upper India. The fact is however as we have stated above; and the beneficial result is probably owing to the introduction of a new subject of interest, unconnected with their former career, which drives away the ennui under which they were formerly prompted to plot resistance and vain attempts to escape.

These experiments, which have been so successfully carried out in the Agra and Mynpoorie Jails, afford a striking confirmation of a fact, which though still disputed is daily becoming more generally accepted; namely, that purely secular, that is negatively religious education, al-

though it has no tendency to diminish the number of what may be called intellectual crimes, has a marked and decided effect in repressing crimes of violence. Jail schools will however not only assist the police, but by occupying the mind will preserve many a prisoner from contamination, and we sincerely hope that ere long a schoolmaster may be a recognized officer in every Indian Jail.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

"Cuttings and shreds of learning, with various fragments and points of wit, are drawn together and tacked in any fantastic form."—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

A METAMORPHOSIS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"In the reign of the good, Queen Bess, I was a donkey—donkey, as far as I remember—but we are not permitted to remember these things too distinctly; but donkey I believe I was to the dean of Durham.

And a most kind and good master was the dean to me. When the groom, and that was not unfrequently, robbed me of my due—the rascal used to sell my oats and drink the money—the good old man would bring me an extra feed in his shovel hat.

I was the favorite animal, sir, of all his stud, and he always rode me himself—yes, he rode me himself. For be it remembered that deans in those days, like the prophets of old, *did* ride their asses; and, what is more, they rode us in full canonicals.

- Now, picture to yourself me and my old master.

I can assure you that when he was mounted on my back, it was a most difficult thing, unless you had a discriminating eye in your head, to tell where the dean ended and I began; into such a sublime compound animal did we blend. Well, sir, this went on for many many happy years, and I thought that I should have died a natural death in the service of a kind master.

But it was not to be.

- A wicked H. B.—there are H. B.'s in all reigns—chanced to come to Durham on a visit, and oh! the wretch, if he did not caricature me and my poor old master.

And what do you think he wrote under his cruel daub?

"Centaur not fabulous."

He did indeed, and his joke was a fatal one to me. The dean, sir, who, though a good-natured man, could never stand a joke at his own expense, had me shot, and so ended the happiest of my existences—my donkeyhood. I will not trouble you with all my metamorphoses, in the time of the Stuarts and during the Protectorate, but come down at once—for it is *à propos* to the reign of George

III. I had the offer, sir, I had, of being a donkey in the days of the third George, but I declined it.

This was the era of donkeys, and I liked not then, as as I like not now, to be one of a multitude. I declined the offer, sir, and for my obstinacy on that occasion—for I cannot account for my fate in any other way—I was condemned to be what you now see me—a *man*.

Hartley Coleridge's Remains.

SEA CHANGES.

From shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them ;
And mirror many a fathom deep,
Rocks round and skies above them.
I catch the seabird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow.
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea-boy's pillow.

Anon—across the glassy bay,
The catspaw gusts come creeping ;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean ;
Seas, skies, and men all wake again,
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds, in angry crowds,
On Heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide,
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels,
Before the 'whelming breaker ;
And all in nature quakes, and feels,
The presence of its Maker.

Oh, glorious still in every form,
 Untamed, untrodden ocean ;
 Beneath the sunshine, or the storm,
 In stillness, or commotion ;
 Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
 A witness of thy wonders ;
 Feel thy light spray around me play,
 And thrill before thy thunders !

While yet a boy I felt it joy,
 To gaze upon thy glories ;
 I loved to ride thy stormy tide,
 And shout in joyous chorus.
 With calmer brow I haunt thee now,
 To nurse sublime emotion ;
 My soul is awed, and fill'd with God,
 By thee, majestic ocean.

H. F. Lytle's Poems.

EPIGRAMS.

• Half an hour's amusement may be occasionally gained by looking over old John Owen's book of Latin Epigrams. He lived in the time of James the 1st, and supported himself by his birch, being master of Warwick School, a circumstance which Ben Jonson rather coarsely and savagely indicated by saying that "he swept a miserable pittance from the posteriors of little boys."

Owen was no Kosciusko—he writes,

• Illa mihi patria est, ubi pascor non ubi nascor
 Illa—ubi sum notus, non ubi natus eram :
 Illa mihi patria est, mihi quæ patrimonia præbet,
 Hic, ubicunque habeo quod satis est, habito.

And again another epigram, which may be thus Englished, says :—

How sweet and glorious a thing to die
 A martyr for the land that gave us birth !
 But sweeter to be left, good sirs, think I,
 A blessing to one's country—on the earth.

He had a high opinion of the mission of wine. The subject being taken of "an Bacchus sit Deus?" he treats it in the following Rabelaisque manner—indeed our well beloved Francis might be himself speaking—

Nonne vides, ut, cum vos dulcis inebriat humor
Summa quatit capitum Bacchus et imæ pedum :
Exaltando pedes humiles, de sede superbum
Dejiciendo caput, se probat esse deum.

We must suppose it to have been a "next morning" when he wrote rather in the *blues* as follows :

Sweet streamlets to the briny sea
Roll on with constant motion :
So pleasant life flows down, ah me !
Into death's bitter ocean.

But he could be grave as well as merry and gloomy.

EPITAPHIUM ATHEI.

Mortuus est, quasi victurus post funera non sit
Sic vixit, tanquam non moriturus erat.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A STREET AUTHOR, OR POET.

I have already mentioned the present number of street authors, as I most frequently heard them styled, though they write only verses. I called upon one, on the recommendation of a neighbouring tradesman, of whom I made some inquiries. He could not tell me the number of the house in the court where the man lived, but said I had only to inquire for the tinker, or the poet, and any one would tell me.

I found the poor poet, who bears a good character, on a sick bed ; he was suffering, and had long been suffering, from abscesses. He was apparently about forty-five, with the sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and, not pale but thick and rather yellow complexion, which indicate ill-health and scant food. He spoke quietly and expressed resignation. His room was not very small and was furnished in the way usual among the very poor, but there were a few old pictures over the mantle piece. His eldest boy, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, was making dog-chains ; at which he earned a shilling or two, sometimes 2s. 6d. by sale in the streets.

"I was born at Newcastle-under-Lyne," the man said, "but was brought to London when, I believe, I was only three months old. I was very fond of reading poems, in my youth, as soon as I could read and understand almost. Yes, very likely, sir; perhaps it was that put it into my head to write them afterwards. I was taught wire-working, and jobbing, and was brought up to hawking wire-work in the streets and all over England and Wales. It was never a good trade—just a living. Many and many a weary mile we've travelled together, I mean my wife and I have; and we've sometimes been benighted, and had to wander or rest about until morning.

"It was not that we had not money to pay for a lodging, but we could not get one; we lost count of the days sometimes in wild parts; but if we did lose count or thought we had, I could always tell when it was Sunday morning by the look of nature; there was a mystery and a beauty about it as told me. I was very fond of Goldsmith's poetry always. I can repeat 'Edwin and Emma' now. No, Sir; I never read the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' I found 'Edwin and Emma' in a book called the 'Speaker.'

"About fourteen years ago I tried to make a shilling or two by selling my verses. I'd written plenty before, but made nothing by them: indeed I never tried. The first song I ever sold was to a concert-room manager. The next I sold had great success. It was called the 'Demon of the Sea,' and was to the tune of the 'Brave old Oak.' Do I remember how it began? Yes, Sir; I remember every word of it. It began,

Unfurl the sails,

We've easy gales;

And, helmsman, steer aright;

Hoist the grim death's head,

The pirate's head;

For a vessel heaves in sight!

That song was written for a concert room, but it was soon in the streets, and ran a whole winter. I got only one shilling for it. Then I wrote the 'Pirate of the Isles' and other ballads of that sort. The concert-rooms pay no better than the printers for the streets.

"Perhaps the best thing I ever wrote was the 'Husband's Dream.' I'm very sorry indeed I can't offer you copies of

some of my ballads, but I hav'nt a single copy myself of any of them, not one; I dare say I've written a thousand in my time, and most of them were printed. I believe 10,000 were sold of the 'Husband's Dream.'

"It begins:

Oh Dermot you look healthy now,
 Your dress is neat and clean;
 I never see you drunk about,
 Then tell me where you've been.
 Your wife and family—are they well?
 You once did use them strange:
 O, are you kinder to them grown,
 How came this happy change?

"Then Dermot tells how he dreamed of his wife's sudden death and his children's misery as they cried about her dead body, while he was drunk in bed, and as he calls out in his misery, he wakes, and finds his wife by his side. The ballad ends:

I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
 Whilst joyous tears did stream;
 And ever since I've heaven blest,
 For sending me that dream.

Dermot turned teetotaler. The teetotalers were very much pleased with that song. The printer once sent me five shillings, on account of it. I have written all sorts of things—ballads on a subject and copies of verses, and anything ordered of me, or on any thing I thought would be accepted, but now I can't get about. I've been asked to write indecent songs, but I refused. One man offered me five shillings for six such songs: 'Why that's less than the common price,' said I, 'instead of something over to pay for the wickedness.' All those sort of songs come now to the streets, I believe all do, from the concert rooms. I can imitate any poetry. I don't recollect any poet I've imitated. No, Sir, not Scott or Moore that I know of, but if they've written popular songs, then I dare say I have imitated them. Writing poetry is no comfort to me in my sickness. It might if I could write just what I please. The printers like hanging subjects best and I don't. But when any of them sends to order a copy of

verses for a 'sorrowful lamentation,' of course, I must supply them. I don't think much of what I've done that way. If I'd my own fancy, I'd keep writing acrostics, such as one I wrote on our rector." "God bless him," interrupted the wife, "he is a good man." "That he is," said the poet, "but he's never seen what I wrote about him, and perhaps never will." He then desired his wife to reach his big Bible, and out of it he handed me a piece of paper, with the following lines written on it in a small neat hand enough. •

Celestial blessings hover round his head,
 Hundreds of poor, by his kindness were fed,
 And precepts taught which he himself obeyed.
 Man, erring man, brought to the fold of God,
 P reaching pardon through a Saviour's blood.
 No lukewarm priest, but firm to heaven's cause,
 Examples showed how much he loved its laws,
 Youth and age he'll to their wants attend,
 Steward of Christ—the poor man's sterling friend.

"There would be some comfort Sir," he continued, "if one could go on writing at will like that. As it is, I sometimes write verses all over a slate, and rub them out again. Live hard! yes, indeed we do live hard, I hardly know the taste of meat. We live on bread and butter, and tea; no not any fish. As you see, Sir, I work at tinning. I put new bottoms into old tin pots, and such like. Here is my sort of bench, by my poor bit of a bed. In the best weeks I earn four shillings by tinning, never higher. In bad weeks I earn only one shilling by it, and sometimes not that,—and there are more shilling than four shilling weeks by three to one. As to my poetry, a good week is three shillings, and a poor week is one shilling,—and sometimes I make nothing at all that way. So I leave you to judge, sir, whether we live hard; for the comings in, and what we have from the parish, must keep six of us, myself, my wife, and four children. It's a long, hard struggle." "Yes, indeed," said the wife, "it's just as you have heard any husband tell, sir. We've two shillings a week and four loaves of bread from the parish, and the rent's two and six pence and the landlord every week has two shillings—and six pence he has done for him in tinning work; oh! we do live hard indeed."

As I was taking my leave, the poor man expressed a desire that I would take the copy of an epitaph which he had written for himself. "If ever," he said "I am rich enough to provide for a tombstone, or my family is rich enough to give me one, this shall be my epitaph." (I copied it from a blank page in his bible).

"Stranger pause, a moment stay.

Tread lightly o'er this mound of clay.

Here lies T—H—, in hopes to rise

And meet his Saviour in the skies!

Christ his refuge, Heaven his Home,

Where pain and sorrow never come.

His journey's done, his trouble's past,

With God he sleeps in peace at last."

Mayhew's London Labor and the London Poor.

DEATH BY BURNING.

Wordsworth in a letter to Mr. Dyce (Memoirs, Vol. II. 275), thanks him for a new edition of Shirley.

Shirley and his wife both perished from anxiety and distress induced by the great fire of London, which destroyed all their property. This circumstance calls to Wordsworth's mind, the recollection of the fearful death of an author in his own neighbourhood, and he mentions some particulars. This letter to Mr. Dyce was copied into some of the reviews as containing a pathetic anecdote.

Happening to have at hand a full account of the fearful event published at the time, March 1829, in a Cumberland paper, we think it will be perused with interest:

Lately under singularly awful circumstances, Mr. Thomas Sanderson, a remarkable character, for many years resident at Shield-green, Kirklington, on the romantic banks of the river Lyne. Mr. Sanderson had been busily engaged in preparing some essays and poems for publication. He lately said to his friend Mr. Holmes, of Lyne Cottage, "I am going to be industrious this winter—I shall work by candlelight," a very unusual circumstance with him, as he generally retired to rest soon after night-fall, and rose early in the morning. In pursuance of his new resolution, he prosecuted his literary labours to (for him) a late hour, but certainly not after midnight,—

and appears to have made up a cheerful fire of wood, having in a corner of his cottage, near the fire place, a considerable quantity of dried fagots, sticks, and whins (furze). The same room served him for "parlour, kitchen and hall." Here were his manuscripts (in a large box), a rather valuable collection of books and various domestic utensils. The outer door of the cottage was situated at the back part of the premises, and opened into a passage, at the end of which, between the room door and the wall which divided his from an adjoining tenement, was placed his bed, the only one belonging to the household. When Mr. Sanderson retired to rest, between eleven and twelve, he is supposed to have left some sticks burning in the grate; some of these had probably fallen out soon afterwards, and ignited the combustible materials strewn upon the floor. The fire was first discovered by the inmates of the adjoining tenement, who had just time to escape, and the alarm being instantly given at a farmhouse hard by, the farmer, his man, and a boy, used their utmost exertions to counteract the flames. Mr. Sanderson, it was evident, had not effected his escape, as his door was fastened and no one had seen him: after several attempts the door was at length forced in, and he was found lying behind it dreadfully scorched by the fire, which was blazing all around him; even his shirt had been burnt entirely from off his back, after he had left his bed. The farmer, not being able to enter, on account of the heat, laid hold of one of Mr. Sanderson's legs and endeavored to draw out his body; finding this difficult, on account of some boxes which stood in the way, he at length got hold of one of his arms, but it had been so fearfully burnt, that the flesh and skin gave way. However he at length succeeded in getting out the body and in removing it from the scene of destruction.

From the dreadful manner in which the head and body were scorched, it was left for dead upon the green near the door, as there was no sign of animation, and it presented the most frightful appearance, having been burnt entirely black. The only parts left untouched were the legs below the knees, which had been preserved by some boxes, and a portion of the right cheek, and the palm of the right hand, on which this cheek is supposed to have rested while he was in a reclining position behind the door. The flames were still raging with great fury, and much that was va-

luable was yet within their reach, therefore the body was neglected, and left upon the green for nearly two hours, exposed to a piercing atmosphere. But what was their astonishment when on going to remove the body of Mr. Sanderson, they found it gone. Animation had returned, and he had walked or crept to some distance from the spot where he was laid down. After a search, he was discovered, standing against a tree, presenting such a horrid spectacle as human eye scarcely ever beheld. When he was first spoken to, he inquired where he was, and said, "For God's sake, let me have a bed to die on, I shall not be long in this world." He was then taken to a farmhouse and put to bed, where he lay conversing about his affairs, apparently suffering little pain, and the next day calmly breathed his last. Whilst he was thus conversing, he gave directions respecting his funeral. After he had been put to bed, he anxiously inquired after his manuscripts, which he was told had fallen a prey to the flames. He replied, in a manner that evinced both a deep concern and a longing after literary fame—"Then all is lost." A short time before he died, he faintly articulated, "I die, as I have lived, in peace with mankind." The manuscripts, above alluded to, were nearly saved, but an untoward accident consigned them all to destruction. The farmer, at the imminent hazard of his own life, rushed through the flames to preserve the literary treasure which he knew was deposited in a chest. He succeeded in laying hold of the chest, which was partially burned; but as he was making his way out with it, the bottom gave way, and the manuscripts fell a prey to the destructive element. The unfortunate sufferer said that when he rushed from his bed, he reached the door in a state of perfect sensibility, which he remembered well, but he became confused by the dense smoke, and a sense of the imminent danger to which he was exposed; and he was convinced that he might have made his escape, had he not in his confusion, whilst endeavouring to unlock the door, always turned the key the wrong way. Mr. Sanderson was the son of the Revd. Mr. Sanderson of Teburgham, Cumberland, and was born in 1758, consequently he was in his seventy-first year. There was little of incident in his life.

Carefully and classically educated, he for some years taught a school with success; he had an aversion for the bustle of the world; he neglected the graces, and courted

solitude, yet he was sensibly alive to the charms of literature, and his heart was thoroughly imbued with the best feelings of our nature,—in religion a sincere Christian, in politics an ardent lover of his king, country, and constitutional order. His personal appearance latterly was strongly indicative of the seclusion and loneliness of his life. His head and eye were fine; but his general conformation was little in union with the laws of elegance; while from long practice, his speech and his garb alike partook of rusticity. These peculiarities, however, were of no moment. If the casket were rough, the jewel within was of the highest value. Heart, soul, knowledge, talent, honor, “melting charity,” and brotherly love, were there. As an author, Mr. Sanderson first became known to the public by prose and poetical pieces, published many years ago, under the signature of “Cato” in the Cumberland Packet, then the only newspaper in Cumberland; subsequently he occasionally contributed to the literary department of the Carlisle Journal. In 1800, he published, in Carlisle, a small volume by subscription, entitled, “Original poems, by Thomas Sanderson,” adopting from Horace the motto “supplex populi suffragia capto.” His uniformly great manner of expressing himself in writing is exemplified in his “advertisement” to that work, dated “Burnside, August 16th, 1800.”

“A great part of the following poems was written in a sequestered village in the north of Cumberland. If the reader find pleasure in their perusal, I shall not consider that I have written wholly in vain; if he complain of wearisomeness and shut the book, I shall not, like many unsuccessful candidates for the laurel, charge him with want of taste and discernment, but consider myself deficient in those powers which are necessary to the success of every work, whether its object be pleasure or instruction.”

The poetry in the volume is on various subjects and various in merit.

* * * * *

Mr. Sanderson was passionately fond of rural scenery, and no inducement whatever could prevail upon him, for any length of time, to quit the delightful scenes amongst which he luxuriated on the banks of the Lyne. He had no wish to leave, even in death, the spot to which he had been so strangely attached in life, and his dying request was, that he might be buried in Kirklington Church-yard.”

'This it seems was complied with, and a large body of friends followed the remains of the unfortunate man to the grave. There must have been a fearful pathos in the "ashes to ashes" which cannot fail to have touched all present.

MORNING PIECES,

AFTER THE OLD MASTERS.

I.

Very early.

The dog-star Sirius, still unblanched,
Rides in his zenith near the Pleiades,
There is no voice as yet of birds: the sea
Is tranquil, and the pauses of the winds,
Sleep on the muffled waters of the Strait.

Euripides.

II.

Sunrise.

The night has passed: for streaking all the East,
The rose-red morning blushes through the wood:
Woke by the dew the birds begin their songs.
He who hath spent a weary, watchful night,
The dusty traveller, puts out his torch,
Whose half-exhausted flame pales at the sun,
Then with new vigour in his manly step,
Forth strides the rustic to the daily task.

Ovid.

M.

JORDAN'S "VOYAGE LITTÉRAIRE."

We have had put into our hand, a small French Volume published "A la Haye" in 1735, entitled "Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait en MDCCLXXXIII. en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande: avec une Lettre fort curieuse, concernant les prétendus miracles de l'abbé Paris et les convulsions risibles du Chevalier Folard."

The title-page is anonymous, but the dedication, which is to a nobleman of the following appalling titles, "Le Baron de Kamke, Seigneur de Klezke, Tucheband, Prediko etc. etc., is signed "C. E. J., à Berlin," and these initials, we believe stand for Charles Etienne Jordan, a Prussian miscellaneous writer of some little note, and author of a life of De la Croze, the eminent orientalist and historian "du Christianisme des Indes." The travels are written with a good deal of vivacity, and contain curious odds and ends of learning and a great fund of literary information. We do not know whether they have ever been translated; perhaps any of our readers in possession of a good Bibliographical Dictionary, or happening to know in any other way, would kindly inform us. The copy before us belonged to Southey, and was bought at a sale of some of his books in London. He has made a note of the title on the fly-leaf, but does not mention any translation. If it has not already been done, we think a version of the English part of the Journey would form an amusing paper for the "Miscellany." We should only take this part, or, at least, if we translated the others, we should leave out the Abbé Paris business, having no wish to bring up that question again in any shape.

Take a passage of the traveller's stay at Oxford.

"Le Comte D'Arran, frère du Duc D'Ormond, est à présent Chancelier de L'Université. Elle a le droit de le choisir elle-même. La Reine a donné 1000 Livres sterling, pour bâtir une Aile du collège nommé "*Queen's College*." J'assistai dans ce Collège au service du soir. Je remarquai que le lecteur, passant devant l'autel pour aller lire la Bible, *salua l'autel*. Dans quel but?"

The italics are ours.

He tells this anecdote of a curious custom also at Oxford.

"Il y a eu, pendant que j'étois en Angleterre, une acte public, qui se fait tous les 20 ans. Un membre d'un collège, auquel membre on donne le nom de *Terræ Filius*, a

le droit de faire, et de prononcer, un discours satirique, et d'y tourner en ridicule ceux de l'académie, qu'il croit le mériter. Il reçoit 100 pièces et décampe. Le Chancelier de l'Université ne permit pas au *Terræ Filius* de prononcer ce discours. L'assemblée, qui étoit fort nombreuse, l'attendit avec quelque impatience: mais au lieu du discours, les auditeurs furent régalez par de magnifiques concerts et par divers discours des docteurs de cette illustre Académie."

We leave Monsieur Jordan's French as we find it, though it is rather peculiar.

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# LESLIE'S MISCELLANY.

AUGUST, 1852,

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## PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.—No. II

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*“ Que mala que bona sunt spectes,”*

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“ A negro has a Soul, an please your Honor, said the Corporal. (doubtingly.)

I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle in things of that kind : but I suppose that God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

It would so, said my uncle Toby.

It is the fortune of war which has put the whip in our hands now : where it may be hereafter, God knows ! but be it where it will, the brave, Tom, will not use it unkindly.

God forbid ! said the Corporal.

Amen ! responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.”

Can the twenty-four Gentlemen, and some of them may be uncle Tobies, in their own private circles and by their own firesides,—can the twenty-four Gentlemen comprising the direction of the Hon'ble East India Company,—can the Board of Control and the Kings of the East lay their hands on their hearts, and unblushingly assert that the whip has always been used kindly ? Have they sufficiently regarded the question so naïvely put by the worthy Corporal Trim, ‘ has a negro a Soul ? ’ what have they done to enlighten it, if he has one ? Have they systematically set to work to recover the immense mass of human beings swarming over the land, from the slough of ignorance and superstition in which they are miserably sunk ? Does the discontented and flimsy class of men created by our Government Colleges present a satisfactory reply ? We think not. We have attempted to produce

in these institutions, an annual collection of rare birds, but they have as surely turned out to be nothing more than painted Jays. The rulers of India have left the education of the mass of the people to the care of private individuals, their own servants, and missionary bodies—at least such has been the case until within the last two years—when the present Lieutenant-Governor succeeded in moving the Home Government to allow him to spend a few rupees yearly in improving the system of indigenous education in eight districts of the North West Provinces. The results of the first year were laid before our readers in a review on Mr. Reid's report, and we therefore abstain from any further comment on the subject.

We do not, however, wish to awake the bitter memories of past times, of false starts and back slidings, of good intentions in the progress of reform, unperformed through want of means, energy or perseverance. The obstinacy of the Home, offers some excuse for the Local Government, which moreover, has had but a troublesome reign up till the present hour. Little time has been allowed for repose: small opportunity has been given to develop the resources of the country, and still less leisure to attend to the evils which arise from the general ignorance of the people and their perverse adherence to the ways and vices of their forefathers. The sounds of our campaign have scarcely died away from the last field of battle, before the trumpet's wild and startling note once more summons our army to meet and to chastise the aggressions of unprovoked foes. We are not hostile to the present Government of India, we would extenuate and desire to set down naught iniquities. The past is irretrievable, but the present is our own. The crying wants of this noble empire call for speedy and continued attention.

Let us hope that it may fall to the lot of the present Governor-General to care for some of these wants, and above all that it may be his privilege to leave the country peaceful within and unassailed from without. It will not be the least honorable tribute to the success of his reign if some future historian shall be able to say of him,

*Vacuum duellis*

*Janum Quirini clausit; et ordinem*

*Rectum evagantia frena licentiæ*

*Injectit.*

The blots and stains which have disfigured the administration of the vast Empire committed to the Anglo Saxon race, as pioneers of civilization, must be effaced. Our Government must grapple with the formidable evils, under which, in many parts of the country, the people existing on the very minimum of subsistence, are barely able to keep body and soul together. The permanent settlement of the Land Revenue in Bengal, that lamentable want of fore-sight which led Lord Cornwallis and his advisers to suppose that an assessment fixed in perpetuity would induce the spendthrift landed proprietors to improve their estates and the condition of their miserable Ryots, must be cancelled, and atonement made. The shamefully inefficient police which allows Dacoity to riot unchecked over Bengal, and offers but slender security for life and property even in these Provinces, must be remodelled. The constantly occurring affrays and pitched battles fought by the retainers of wealthy zemendars, rivaling the excesses of the feudal times, must be put down. Wrongs must find an easier and more speedy redress. Above all, one colour must not be preferred to another, the Europeans must not be put over the heads of the native community; there ought, and we will vain hope, eventually there will be the same law for the conquerors as the conquered. The halls of Civil Justice must be purified, and the money changers and those who make a trade therein, be driven out. Corruption eradicated apparently in one place from the Courts of our Native Judges, rises to life again in another, or in the same district, with renewed vigour and untired confidence in its own vitality that no exposure can shake. These are a few of the evils under which the country is suffering and which call for the consideration of Government of India. These are a few of the black thoughts,

Night riding Incubi

Troubling the phantasy

which ought, and haply do, attend the dreams of our Governors, Councillors and great men when disposed to do nothing, lest good should come of it, on the ground that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

However, if the whip has not been used in parts of the Country with sufficient severity to secure life and property against the assaults of midnight banditti, and if the other evils to which we have alluded above be still unredressed, there are yet many acts of the Government of India which may fairly claim the approbation of foreign nations and



the gratitude of its own subjects. Some of these acts we detailed in our last number. Those which we shall presently mention were the necessary results of the Anglo-Saxon's appearance in, and government of the Country. 'L'immobilité est le caractère de la vie morale; c'est l'état ou sont tombées la plupart des populations de l'Asie, ou les dominations théocratiques retiennent l'humanité; c'est l'état des Indous, par exemple. Je fais la même question que sur le peuple précédent; est ce là un peuple qui se civilise?\*' Certainly not. It therefore became the duty of a Christian nation to sweep away from the face of the land, when placed under their dominion, those rites which disgraced its inhabitants and proclaimed them to be an uncivilised people. The natives of Bengal, of themselves, would have waited long before they put down the atrocious custom of exposing young children at Saugor point, they would have paused long before they interested themselves in the repression of human sacrifices, and the inhabitants of Hindostan, the same now in manners and customs that they were a thousand years ago, would be still burning their widows and slaying their female children after the fashions of their ancestors, at the bidding of a haughty Priesthood, were it not that a Christian and highly civilised nation had been set apart for the work of remedying that, which the indifference and unchanging nature of the people would never have remedied for themselves. We can do no more than passingly allude to the efforts made to put a stop to human sacrifice in the lower provinces, and the general and successful prohibition of the rite of Saba-gamana or accompanying the husband's corpse. But we propose to enter more at large upon the subjects of Female Infanticide, Dacoity and Thuggism, since the former is practised in these Provinces, in which also the most successful results of the means devised to subdue the latter, were exhibited. They naturally, therefore, are questions, which can be treated of in *Papers upon Public Affairs, in the North Western Provinces*. As regards Suttee, the notification of Lord Hardinge, in 1816, illustrates more powerfully than we could do, the perfect success of Lord W. Bentinck's Act, and the influence of a good example, by announcing to the people of India the prohibition of Suttee on the part of the native Princes, in eleven Courts out of eighteen Raj-Poot principalities, and by five out of the remaining sixteen independent States,

at the period of its publication. This notification followed close on the successful termination of Colonel Ludlow's efforts to put a stop to Suttee in the Jeypoor State. That able Officer's happy triumph forms the subject of a most interesting article on widow-burning, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for September 1851, and to which we can only refer any reader desirous of refreshing his memory regarding the attempts of the British Government to teach the natives of Hindostan that their own religion inculcated this lesson, that the self-immolation of widows was less meritorious than their practising the "living Suttee of Chastity and devotion."

We must now pass on to consider the subject of Female Infanticide, and after some examination of the means employed to put a stop to the odious custom, we shall offer a few remarks on the chance of their being ultimately successful in rooting out so monstrous an evil.

Our readers may remember an able article on "Female Infanticide in the Doab," which appeared in the *Benares Magazine* for August 1851, and subsequently in the form of a pamphlet which commanded considerable attention at the time, and deservedly so, on account of its great interest and merit. The writer gave a graphical description of the measures adopted in the Mynpoorie district, and also in that of Allahabad, to put a stop to the crime, and exhibited tables which show the amount of success that has attended those measures. "In 1813 not a single female Chowhan infant was to be found in the district (Mynpoorie); at the present moment (May 1851,) there are fourteen hundred girls living between the ages of one and six." The plan adopted by Mr. Montgomery to deal with this atrocious evil 10 years ago, was as follows: "I appointed a Chuprassee to reside in each village, whose sole duty it was to report the birth of a female child in the family of any of the above classes of Raj-poots. I also bound the Gorait, Chowkedar and Mid-wives, under a heavy penalty, to report separately each birth at the Thanah, the four thus acting as a check on each other. I directed the Thanadar on the death of any female infant being reported, to hold an inquest on the body, and afterwards, to transmit it to the Civil Surgeon for examination. I associated the Tehseeldar with the Thanadar in order to ensure a more efficient superintendence; I promised them both handsome rewards, if I should be hereafter satisfied that they by their joint efforts, had put a stop to the horrible practice." Mr.

Montgomery, reported that his plan was successful. We must confess, however, that to our mind, parts of it are objectionable, and we are glad to find that the writer in the *Bengal Magazine* (one of the ablest Officers in the North West Provinces) considers "that the amount of "*espionage*" enforced by Mr. Montgomery is not desirable." Certainly it is not desirable on that account, but it is also open to objection on other grounds. What is to prevent the Chuprassie, Gorait, Chowkedar and Mid-wives from conspiring for the purpose of extorting money from the proud and sensitive men subject to their inquisition. A chuprassee, set down in a village of Thakoors to look after the state and health of their wives, would be very different from his brethren of the brass plate if he did not contrive to add something more to his means of subsistence than the four rupees a month allowed by the State. A chuprassie has by nature an itching palm, the irritation of which can only be allayed by a metallic composition. This invaluable remedy the Thakoors would supply from time to time, rather than put up with constant visits from such an inquisitor. There are too many persons employed, under Mr. Montgomery's system, to admit of its being successful. They would certainly combine together to turn their occupation to some account. They would not conceal crime; the usual reports would be made by them at the Thannah. They would do that in order to retain their places. It is in the villages that they would find out a method of making the execution of their duty very unpleasant to or just endurable by the inhabitants. There are many ways by which money could be extorted, for example—the chuprassee threatens to send the chowkedar to report that the Lady of some Thakoor in the village is so many months advanced in her pregnancy, and that he has heard from the mid-wives and others of her intention to produce a premature confinement. There is probably not a word of truth in the supposition, but what happens if the husband refuses to satisfy the chuprassie's demand for a consideration to induce him to change his mind and not send the Chowkedar? In that case the chowkedar is hurried off to the thannah; the result of his report is the immediate visit of a Burkundaze or perhaps a Jemadar at the Thakoor's residence, to enquire into the circumstance—after a week's worry and annoyance the thanadar writes to the Magistrate to say, that there was nothing in the story after all, and that the Chuprassee, who is a very zealous man and near-

ly kills himself duly in the service of the Sirkar, has been deceived by the mid-wives, who again had been misled by certain natural symptoms &c. &c., and so the ball is thrown from one to the other, but the Thakoors has been publicly disgraced in the eyes of his neighbours and the privacy of his home invaded, because he either could not or would not satisfy the unjust demands of an exacting rogue armed with the irresistible authority which the possession of a Government chuprass gives him ! The plan adopted at Mynpoorie by Mr. Unwin is much more palatable to the Raj-poots, and quite as efficacious as that tried by Mr. Montgomery. "In Chowhan Villages the watchmen are ordered to give information of the birth of a female child forthwith at the police station, a Barkundaze goes to the house and sees the child, the Thannadar informs the Magistrate, upon which an order is passed that after one month the health of the new born child should be reported. The watchmen are further bound to give information if any illness attack the child, when a superior police Officer (either Thannadar, Jemadar, or Mohurir) at once goes to the village, sees the child and sends a report to the Magistrate. In suspicious cases the body of the child is sent for and submitted to the Civil Surgeon." This is the system by means of which, as the writer in the *Benares Magazine*, tells us, that "whereas formerly scarce one female escaped with life, now, at least one out of two is preserved." And this he proves by giving a return of the number of Raj-poot boys and girls of six years of age and under living in the district of Mynpoorie at the close of May 1851. The number of the former was 2,161, that of the latter 1263.

It is not to be denied that this plan has been successful in preserving some lives, but we still think that it is not sufficiently stringent or comprehensive to reach the root of the evil or finally put an end to what the Raj-poots cannot help regarding as a necessary though painful custom. Our readers cannot but observe that the system does not reach the Thakoors themselves who are supposed to commit the crime of infanticide. They cannot be punished for neglecting to report the birth of their children. It is the village watchman alone who comes under the operation of the plan. The Thakoors are subjected undoubtedly to annoyance if they conceal the birth of a girl, but nothing more. We have heard that the mothers feel most deeply the grievous necessity which rules that their children if female must be destroyed. The fathers and the old women of the family,

particularly the latter, are the inflexible Judges who condemn and carry out the sentence of death upon the little ones at their birth. The old grandmother listens to no plea for mercy and has sufficient influence and art to prevail upon the father to preserve the honor of his family. It appears then to us that a law which would bring these parties under the Magistrate's power would be of unquestionable service as a means of repressing the crime. It is always to be remembered that the murder in nearly every instance occurs immediately after the birth of the child. If the girl is permitted to live for even a month, there is a chance of its being allowed to survive. She may be neglected, and her brothers receive all the attention and care of the family, but she will not be put out of the way by a violent death. It is desirable therefore that there should be some special servants of the Government in each village, whose business it would be to look after the infant for the first few months of its existence, and that the parents should be compelled to avail themselves of these person's services. We propose that the village mid-wives should be employed as servants of Government in Thakoor villages and that they should receive a monthly payment as the Chowkedars do. No other mid-wife should be permitted to reside in the village but the Government servant. An Act might be passed which would render a Thakoor husband of any woman whose confinement took place in the absence of the mid-wife liable to be punished for a misdemeanor. This law should also visit with the same punishment any grown up relative of the family present at the time of the child's birth, who had neglected to summon the mid-wife. Such a law may appear oppressive, but the crime to be put down is of a nature to justify almost any interference with personal liberty. The fact that so brutal and unmanly a crime has been suffered to exist under the British rule, and disgrace our connexion with India, will form at some future day one of the darkest chapters in the history of a civilised nation.

We have little more to say on this painful subject—but we cannot conclude our remarks without offering a few observations regarding the regulation by the State, of marriage expences and dowers, which it is supposed would offer the surest means of striking a deadly blow at the root of this horrible custom. It is well known that this plan was once tried by the celebrated Jey Singh, a Raj-poot Prince, but it failed. The chiefs themselves, whose sense of their own

dignity could not brook any curtailment of show and expense, were the cause of its failure. There were other obstacles also, which were offered to the sensible reforms suggested by Jey Singh and others. These men could afford to dismiss from their minds any petty fear of what Raj-poots resident in other States would think of a disposition to throw off the trammels of custom and disregard time-honored observances—but it was a different matter with the minor chiefs who saw in every rupee saved, nothing more than a diminution of their own greatness and personal importance. It was well remarked by the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to whom we have already alluded, that “it must not be supposed that this system (female infanticide,) had grown up to such monstrous maturity, without some degree of resistance on the part of the native rulers. It appears that here and there, and at various periods, a Raj-poot Prince had sought to reach the evil by sumptuary enactments in restraint of nuptial gratuities, but that fear of the reproach of their kinsmen in neighbouring communities had invariably deterred his subjects from taking advantage of the remedy.” Here is the evil ! The State, however averse to interference in the private concerns and expenses of its subjects, might nevertheless come forward with propriety in this instance, and withdraw from one class of the people the right of committing murder which, they had arrogated to themselves ; but would the publication of a sumptuary law be an effectual means of repressing the crime ? There would still remain to be overcome the fear of ridicule and abuse, and assuredly some means would be found of breaking through the enactment without that degree of exposure which would admit of penal punishment—the feelings of a large body of the Raj-poot community would still be in favor of large dowers and profuse expenditure, of a princely retinue, and keeping up the State and dignity of their forefathers. Those who had money to give and spend, would be opposed to a sumptuary enactment by the State, and we believe that they would find some safe means of giving a large sum with the bride, and getting rid of all their spare cash at the marriage as of old. We are persuaded that if marriage expenses are to be regulated at all, the Raj-poot communities must take upon themselves the execution of the task. They must prepare a scale of expenses, dowries, and largess for every grade in every community, and this will never be effectually the means of

putting down infanticide, unless the whole race of Raj-poots join in the movement. A beginning in the good work there must be. It has commenced in Rajpootana, and we have only lately seen that Mr. Raikes the Magistrate of Mynpoo-rie has induced the Thakoors, in his own and neighbouring districts, to meet at a grand convention for the purpose of devising means to put an end to a practice, which has disgraced their race before the nations of the earth. Mr. Monckton, at Etawah, was equally fortunate in bringing the Thakoors under his authority, to a consideration of the subject. As these latter chiefs assuredly must have been present at the Mynpoo-rie meeting, there is no occasion to notice the agreement which they signed ; we cannot do better than present our readers with a copy of the resolutions passed on the 5th of December last. We will merely observe that the second resolution is a very significant one, and shows how great is the feeling of these proud men in favor of profuse expenditure ; it also illustrates our remark, that it is hopeless to expect that those who have the money to spend will hesitate for a moment, whether they shall retain or throw it away. The lapse of time and the spread of education must alter and liberalize the character of the Thakoors, before these feelings will die away. The agreement runs thus. " Since many and great evils have arisen in our tribe, owing to the heavy expenses attending the marriage of daughters, we the undersigned write the following agreement and attest the same of our own free will and accord. According to these, we will act, and induce others to act so far as we can.

*Resolution 1st.*—" We will arrange the marriage expences of our daughters in future according to the following grades" :—

*1st Grade.*—" This is for Rajahs and Talookdars. The maximum to be demanded as dower for a girl, shall be Rs. 500, one third to be paid at the period of *Lugun*—one third at the door of the bride's father, and the remainder in *kunja dhan* or pin money &c."

*2nd Grade.*—" For zemindars, maximum dower to be demanded Rs. 250—one third &c."

*3rd Grade.*—" For persons not zemindars, in easy circumstances Rs. 100 &c."

*4th Grade.*—" For all decent men, one rupee."

*2nd Resolution.*—" If the father of any girl, chooses of his own pleasure to give more than this, we make no objection—but if the father of any youth, demand more, we will restrain him :

if he insist, we will put him out of our caste, as a person who brings dishonor thereon."

*3rd Resolution.*—"Brahmins, bhats and barbers, are in the habit of insulting persons, who do not spend largely at weddings—we undertake if such insult, be offered to us or our friends at once to complain to the Magistrate who will doubtless prevent abuse being given us."

*4th Resolution.*—"Our wedding expenses shall in future be moderate, and according to the grade to which we belong."

Such is the agreement drawn up and signed by the Chowhan Thakoors of Mynpoorie, at a meeting held in November. It was submitted to, and ratified by the monster meeting of Raj-poots on the 5th of December. There does not appear to have been a single objection raised by any one person present. The principle throughout appears to us to have been, liberty of conscience for all. In future let none exact from others: but let all spend who wish to do so and have the money to spare—but the honor of no sensitive Raj-poot shall suffer from want of fortune, and neither rich nor poor, shall be detained from the blessings of an equal marriage and a lawful progeny. We are sure that either the State must repress the crime with a strong hand under cover of the law, or that the Raj-poots, combining together, in the way suggested to them at the Mynpoorie meeting, must relieve the Government of the necessity and duty of interference. The present movement is an experiment and requires to be watched. We are willing to believe that its result will be satisfactory, but whatever may be the termination, our opinion of Mr. Raikes and the other Officers who by unwearied efforts and almost against hope, have roused the Rajpoots to a sense of their disgrace, will remain equally high and unchanged. If the present disposition of the Raj-poots to redeem their name and race from dishonor, shall be turned to good account and lead to the discontinuance of female Infanticide amongst them; Mr. Raikes, will have an ample reward in the gratitude of thousands of Raj-pootnee matrons and girls in time to come, throughout the district of Mynpoorie. The mention of his well-remembered name shall be accompanied with a blessing on himself and descendants, and the lips of pure-hearted virgins shall sing the praises of the English Officer to whose earnestness of purpose and uncompromising sense of duty they owe it that the lamp of their lives was not extinguished in infancy, and that the light then faintly quivering was permitted to brighten steadily into the happiness of girlhood.



SONG.

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Come ! where the banks are sedgy,  
 The Alder tree grows there,  
 And the kine come near in their browsing  
 And snuff the fragrant air.

Come ! where the brook is rolling,  
 As ever it rolled of yore,  
 Come ! for it's waters hasten  
 To visit the salt seashore.

Come ! for the sun is streaming  
 In floods of molten gold,  
 Like the wily Jove descending  
 On Danæ's tower of old.

And there the damp shade shall screen us,  
 And there we will bathe in the lymph,—  
 Perchance, if we creep up softly,  
 We may sight the Water Nymph.

Come ! for the summer calls us,  
 Brief bliss can the hours bestow,  
 For the spirit Tomorrow beckons,  
 And the mortal To-day must go,

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## SHAKESPEARE'S FARCE.

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erit quæ, si proprius stes,  
Te capiat magis.

We must, in spite of the play not being a popular one, say a few words in favor of the "Comedy of Errors," or Shakespear's Farce. We have called it a farce advisedly; since the critics have all but unanimously decided, that Shakespear himself intended the piece to be a farce, something in fact which should exhibit a thorough contempt of all the rules of legitimate comedy—made up of extravagant scenes founded on a most improbable idea. We can more readily believe this, because on comparing the Comedy of Errors with the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, we find Shakespear's version to be infinitely more ridiculous in all its circumstances and descriptions than that of the Latin dramatist. The former is not content with the mistakes and absurdities which arise from similarity between the two brothers, but he must needs double the bewilderment throughout the whole piece, by making their servants exact copies of each other, and both of them humourists in their way. It is a matter of dispute whether Shakespear ever saw the Latin original, and it is equally uncertain whether he ever read the English translation which was published in 1595. The Comedy of Errors is first mentioned by Meres in 1598, so Shakespear, if he was unacquainted with Latin, may still have seen the translation. Many commentators, however, have fixed upon the years preceeding 1595, as the time at which the play was first written. Chalmers and Malone have determined that it was the earliest of his writings and written in 1591-1592. One thing at any rate is certain; that the piece is full of internal evidence that the plot was borrowed, somehow or other, from the Latin author. It is enough for us that Shakespear out of a given idea has made a play of his own, full of sparkling humour, and beautiful and tender passages. The leading features of the *Menæchmi* are these. A merchant of Syracuse has two sons, twins. At the age of seven years, one is stolen, and the younger receives the name of the missing brother. He is sent out to search for him, accompanied by a servant.

Both brothers are married to ladies who are jealous of them. Both refuse to admit their husbands within their doors. Both have an intimacy with a courtesan. Both are believed to be mad, and both by the way give, or determine to give gold chains to their gay female friends ; in short the incidents are very similar to these described by Shakespeare. The difference between the two plays is to be found in the superior treatment of the original idea, exhibited in the Comedy of Errors, in the alteration of the names in the "dramatis personæ," and the admission of certain characters, not to be met with in the *Menæchmi*. Thus Shakespeare introduces the father and mother of the twins, and makes Antipholus of Syracuse fall in love with Luciana, sister of Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus. Luciana too, is a delightful person, quite a model for young ladies, possessed with a gentle, sovereign grace, of enchanting presence and discourse.—For our introduction to such a young lady and to two such witty rascals as the Dromios have we not reason to be grateful ?

We have however said that the play is not popular. Out of the mass of readers few perhaps care to go through it—the comedy with its innumerable perplexities is "caviare to the general." Most readers are bored with the constant mistakes which succeed one another in the piece, they begin to find it tedious and the jokes somewhat dull. The general reader only takes up Shakespeare now and then to while away an hour—he consequently seldom becomes possessed even of a portion of his spirit, and does not obtain acknowledgment of his infinite variety and exquisite skill. With the lovers of the poet, his works become a continual study. They adopt the Horatian maxim

*Nocturnâ versate, manu versate diurnâ.*

and the revered volume is seldom out of their hands. It is this study which enables them to enjoy such a play as the Comedy of Errors, in which they find no perplexity that they cannot unravel in a moment. The two Dromios and the twin brothers may be wonderfully alike in general appearance, but the student of Shakespeare can detect in an instant Antipholus of Syracuse from him of Ephesus. Their characters are essentially different, it is the same also with the two Dromios. Antipholus of Syracuse is of a kindly spirit, unselfish, gentle and affectionate. With a mind preoccupied by anxiety concerning the fate of his mother and brother, he derives no enjoyment from his travels, and finds no pleasure in the scenes which daily open out before his view.

The beauties of nature, the splendour of art can afford him no content.

He that commends me to my own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

He is romantic and of a melancholy temperament—troubled occasionally with the blues, and withal somewhat superstitious. Vice disgusts him. Sensuality in any shape frightens him. He orders a quiet dinner at the Centaur, and makes an appointment to “consort” with a grave and steady merchant from 5 p. m., until bed-time. He is “displeased” when told by Dromio of Ephesus of “a mistress and a dinner” elsewhere. In this respect he differs widely from his Ephesian brother, who has no command either of his temper or appetites—who thinks “welcome, mere words,” and nothing in comparison with good meats—and to whom *post prandia Callirrhoen* is no novel dessert. He of Ephesus is more than hasty and will allow no excuse for his wife’s conduct in shutting him out of the house. To spite her he betakes himself to the dwelling of a lady, more fair than discreet. We feel disinclined to believe him, when he protests that his wife’s jealousy “has been without desert.” Having studied his character from the first moment that he comes upon the stage, we are not surprised that he takes only half of Balthazar’s good advice.

“Be ruled by me ; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.”

This worthy man advises him to avoid all show of violence, which might compromise his wife in the eyes of the neighbours. Thus far, Antipholus of Ephesus is willing to go with him. He will avoid an open exposure, but he won’t go to the Tiger. If home is not pleasant and his wife some-

thing of a shrew, he knows where he can find another more complaisant. I know, says he,

“ a wench of excellent discourse  
Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet too, gentle,  
There will we dine.”

Moreover to vex his wife, he determines upon giving this “ wild yet gentle” opponent of Diana, a gold chain which he had bought for his self-tormenting but affectionate and women-hearted spouse. This is conduct which the readers of Shakespears would know couldn’t disgrace Antipholus of Syracuse and his brother of Ephesus is recognised at once. We confess to having a prejudice against the latter. He is, we think, throughout the play, a disagreeable fellow, selfish, violent and careless about making his wife and home happy. We suspect also that he married for money—Luciana at least hints this, and also that he was a bad husband.

“ If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth’s sake use her with more kindness.

We feel quite sure that he never could have addressed Adriana with the same fervent passions that Antipholus of Syracuse courts Luciana.

It is thyself, mine own self’s better part ;  
Mine eye’s clear eye, my dear heart’s dearer heart ;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope’s aim,  
My sole earth’s heaven, and my heaven’s claim.

Between the two Dromios there is also a great difference in character—though they are brothers in form. The one is an outrageous, merry fellow, the other more grave and quiet in his jokes—more cautiously quaint, more philosophically humorous—yet inclined to take the sunny side of life—to bear the ills of this world patiently—to do nothing rashly. Cowper’s moral would have pleased him.

Beware of desperate steps—the darkest day—  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

Both are “ trusty villains” and attached to their masters, but the one keeps his tongue in better subjection than the other. Dromio of Syracuse pours forth his jests like a torrent ; in season or out of season, he will have his joke. The vein is inexhaustible, the matter may be good or bad, but it must be delivered. Dromio of Ephesus has his jest

also, but he applies it better to time and place. His pellets of the brain have some method in them. They convey a moral and advice to the person with whom he is conversing. He has been sent by Adriana to fetch home his master, for whom he mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse, who again mistakes him for Dromio of Syracuse. Antipholus asks for his gold, and tries to beat him. He runs home, and Adriana bids him go forth again, and endeavour to bring her husband home. She says

“Hence prating peasant! fetch thy master home”

He replies—

“Am I so round with you as you, with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither,  
If I last in this service you must ease me in leather.”

This is exceedingly pleasant and suggestive. Again Antipholus of Syracuse says to him,

“Now as I am a Christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,  
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed,  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?”

How apt is the rejoinder—the application how well deserved.

“I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistresses marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again.  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.”

In this there are some vigorous home thrusts—some strong hints regarding the violent temper of his master and mistress, and a sly inuendo that there was more work to be done, than profit to be gained, in their service.

Antipholus of Ephesus calls him an ass “Marry,”  
says Dromio;

“So it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kicked, and being at that pass  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.”

One more instance and we have done—Dromio of Syracuse is sitting in the Porter's chair at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus—Dromio of Ephesus abuses him thus,

O villain thou has stolen both mine office and my name ;  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

This is exceedingly good : indeed he shines throughout the play in antithesis. Now Dromio of Syracuse couldn't make such concise and vigorous jokes. He is full of exaggeration, runs wild on a word, and twists an idea into all possible shapes. He is however, occasionally, very facetious. Take, for example, his account of the "kitchen wench" in Adriana's house who mistakes him for the other rogue, "that claims me, that haunts one, that will have me"—again, "a very reverent body : aye such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence : I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage"—on being asked what he meant by a fat marriage he explains thus, "Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench and all grease : and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till Dooms-day she'll burn a week longer than the rest of the world." After which follows an absurd geographical description of her person and appearance, which we are too discreet to quote in *Maga*. In short, both Dromios are very amusing—the contrast between them is not too great, which would have spoiled the fun of the piece, but it is sufficiently perceptible to allow the spectators, if at all acquainted with the play, to recognize each as he came on the stage. It is satisfactory also to find that Dromio of Syracuse is willing to admit the superior qualities of his brother of Ephesus and to give him precedence. "Will you walk in, Sir, to see their gossiping?" says Dromio of Ephesus—The other politely replies "Not I, Sir, you are my elder;"—as a stranger he naturally would have gone first into the house of a person who might have been considered his host, but he felt a conviction of his brother's superiority and would not be bound down by the ordinary rules of society, practised amongst the gentlemen's gentlemen in Ephesus. However, we must take leave of the pair at last and commend them to our readers. After all, perhaps it is just as well that neither cared for precedence, a dangerous topic to discuss in any place or country. Their self chosen exit from the stage is pleasant and graceful, brothers by blood and affection, happy in their reunion, going out "hand in hand not one before the other."

# EPITAPH ON O'CONNELL.

Here rests embalmed in Erin's grateful tears,  
 Her Liberator, full of fame and years.  
 Silent are now the thunders of that tongue,  
 Which rous'd his country to a sense of wrong,  
 And bade each bosom glow with patriot fire,  
 T'assert her right, or in th' essay expire.  
 Another Washington, in freedom's cause,  
 He brav'd the Saxon and the Saxon's laws ;  
 He burst the bonds of slavery and shame,  
 And made e'en statesmen tremble at his name.  
 Unaw'd by threats, corruption's pow'r above,  
 No fears could daunt him, and no proffers move.  
 As some majestic oak, grown gray with age,  
 Defies the tempest and the whirlwind's rage,  
 Tho' round it's head the vivid lightnings play,  
 Unscath'd it stands, nor yields but to decay ;  
 So he the storms of calumny withstood,  
 Safe in his country's love and gratitude,  
 Until exhausted, struggling for her weal,  
 Nobly he sunk, a martyr to Repeal.

L.

\* We consider the insertion of these lines magnanimous, being ourselves  
 a "brutal Saxon."—ED. L. M.



## THE ABORIGINAL RACES OF INDIA.

(Selected.)

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[Without moving the question of what the spiritual success of Missions may be, all must admit that we owe to them valuable accessions to our Geographical and Ethnological Science. The Christian preachers Hue and Gabet penetrated, but lately, to the mysterious Lhasa and from the Eastern side of Africa, Dr. Krapf is bidding fair to settle the question of the Nile. A journal entitled the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, published in England, has frequent articles on Ethnological subjects, to which the course of Missions has given an additional interest, and we are very happy to have an opportunity of selecting one bearing upon a interesting subject of the sort in this country.—ED. L. M.]

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It is now generally admitted, by those who have investigated the subject, that the heathen population of India consists of two distinct sections, the Arian or immigrant, and the aboriginal population. The predecessors of the Brahmins, in their original association, were exterior to India and the range of the Himalayas, and their sacred language and records point to Iran, or Central Asia, the cradle of the Indo-Germanic races, as the home from whence they came. Located, in the first instance, on the eastern confines of the Punjab, they gradually extended themselves, until by the subjugation of the aboriginal tribes, they became dominant throughout the peninsula. Northward, that ascendancy was more undisputed and widely spread than in the south; and the Ramayana—the Iliad of Sanskrit poetry, and believed by the Hindus to be of divine origin—and the notices contained therein of Rama's progress to Lanka, or Ceylon, suffice to show, that, in advancing south-ward, it was not unopposed.

It were a great misapprehension to suppose that the Hindus had succeeded in so universally establishing themselves over the face of India, as to obliterate all traces of the aboriginal inhabitants. At the present time many millions of them exist, scattered over India from the snows of the Himalaya to Cape Comorin: northward, in broken fragments,

amongst the hills and jungles, where the difficult character of the country afforded them shelter from the invaders ; but to the south, in large national masses, as the Telugus, the Canarese, Malayalim, Tamils, &c. It is also an interesting fact, that a large proportion of these aboriginal races have never been absorbed by the Brahminical faith ; and that amidst its widespread idolatry there are to be found sections of India's population that have never embraced it, never have identified themselves with it, that remain to this day in a state of total separation from it, like the debris of a pre-existing organization amidst the indurated lava by which, when in a fluid state, it had been invaded and broken up. It is worthy of observation, also, that this is more particularly true of those portions of the aboriginal race which, shut up in jungles and mountainous districts, have not accepted the cultivation of the conquerors. Amongst others, whose languages may be considered as of the cultivated class, a fusion has taken place. They have admitted Sanskrit derivations into combination with the native element ; and Brahminism, superinduced upon the ancient superstitions, is generally professed. Thus, among the Telugus, the Canarese, the Malayalim, &c., the Brahmin exercises his priestcraft, and the people are fettered by the restrictions and uncharitable usages of caste.

Of the larger national masses, the Tamil people have remained most free from this intermixture with Hinduism. In that portion of the continent the ancient demon-worship continues to retain its ascendancy, and exercises predominant influence over the native mind. The massive temples to Siva and Vishnu, to be found in the more fertile and populous portions of the district, are resorted to principally by the higher castes ; but the Shanars hold chiefly by their Peicols, where, contrary to the Brahminical system,\* animal sacrifices are offered to the demons. Amongst this people our Missionary work has been of the most extensive character ; and in that portion of India the largest body of natives under Christian instruction has been gathered in ; as if the prejudices to the reception of Christianity were less in proportion to the diminished influence of Brahminism. And such we believe to be the case. Brahminism is a more elaborate system of evil than the ancient demon-worship : it

\* The Brahmins do not shed blood in sacrifice. The only sacrifice at which the Brahmins take the life of an animal is that of the Yajna ; but even in this blood is not shed, the victim being smothered or beaten to death. Human sacrifices, however, in the way of voluntary immolation, are not repugnant to the Brahminical system.

has been more craftily and powerfully constructed. The bands and influences by which it holds captive the heart of man are more deeply and fearfully interwoven with his corrupt propensities. The opposition which it presents to the progress of Christianity is of a more obstinate character, and a longer period is requisite for its overthrow. The constituent elements of the ancient superstitions cohere less tenaciously, and give way with more facility. And in this view of the subject we believe there is truth in the conclusion, that the aboriginal races of India who have remained separate from Brahminical influences "are as much superior to the Arian Hindus in freedom from disqualifying prejudices, as they are inferior to them in knowledge and all its train of appliances."

We have, therefore, in these aboriginal tribes and races, a material for Missionary labour by no means to be neglected. To do so would be in every point of view culpable. Their numerical importance is great. "In *every* extensive jungly or hilly tract throughout the vast continent of India there exist hundreds of thousands of human beings, in a state not materially different from that of the Germans as described by Tacitus."\* Missionary efforts, so far as they have been directed towards them—as among the Coles north west of Burdwan, and the hill tribes in the vicinity of Bhagulpor—have assumed a promising aspect,† and encourage us in expecting a greater facility of impression, and more rapid procedure of conversion, than Hindu Missionary work has as yet exhibited: a consideration by no means to be overlooked, when we remember the brevity of human life, and the rapidity with which souls are passing into eternity.‡

\* B. II, Hodgson, Esq., on Indian Ethnology,

† The Church Missionary Society's Buagulpor Mission was commenced in March 1850. At the end of fifteen months from that time there had been forty-one baptisms—all hill people except five.

‡ About 140 miles to the north-west of Burdwan, in the depth of jungles known to few besides Major Hanyngton, are eight German Missionaries who have now laboured nearly for ten years amongst these singular people, who, while they have hitherto possessed scarcely the rudiments of civilized existence, have, on the other hand, been exempt from the bondage of caste. The Missionaries have never published a Report; they have not appealed to the public; their very existence is scarcely known; but they have baptized 200 converts, and are instructing *thousands*—we speak advisedly—thousands of inquirers. They seem to have found their way to the hearts and confidence of the natives among whom they labour, and they are changing the native character and habits of perhaps the bravest, poorest, and most ignorant race in these regions; and, in all human probability, a few years will see a swarm of native Missionaries, educated and cultivated, issue from the jungles of Bancaorah.—*Friend of India*,

The condition of some portion of these jungle tribes has been investigated ; amongst others, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, who, in his work on the " Evangelization of India," has introduced to the notice of English Christians several tribes of the mountains and forests in north-west India, the Waralis, the Katodis, the Nayakadias, the Kolis or Kulis—considered by him as the aboriginal inhabitants of the island of Bombay, where they yet number 10,000 souls—the Bhils, the Mahars, &c.

The subject is a wide one, and deserving of attention. We hope to recur to it as materials are presented to us. The Mairs, the Coles, and Khunds of Orissa, and, if we might look beyond the Ganges, the Karens, that interesting aboriginal people, amongst whom the Gospel has so remarkably progressed, present inviting fields, on the consideration of which, as opportunity permits us, we may enter. On the present occasion we must confine ourselves to one spot, a place of welcome resort to the invalided European, in whose healthful breezes he has often sought the restoration of his health ; but amongst whose native inhabitants spiritual health has been an unknown element—we mean, the Nilgherries,\* the nucleus of the eastern and western Ghâts ; of no great territorial extent—12 miles from N. E. to S. W., with a medium breadth of 14 miles—yet on the plateau of whose mountains, within the glens and intersecting valleys, and amidst the woods and jungles which surround its base, is to be found a singular variety of native races.

The Eruli† and Kurumba‡ occupy the woods which climb up the mountains to the elevation of 1000 or 2000 feet, localities which exercise on strangers who sleep within their precincts a very unhealthy influence. They are few in number, about 300. They are degraded in their habits, and savage in their mode of living ; when the grain which their meagre crops have yielded them has failed, subsisting on roots, and wandering about the forests in search of food, until the men desert their families, and the mother, left alone with the children, to rid herself of the burthen of her infant buries it alive. Their villages consist of a few miserable hovels, constructed of boughs and leaves of trees, and loosely covered with dried grass, in the midst of which stands a thatched shed, the temple of their gods, containing a winnow or fan,

\* *Nila*, blue ; and *Giri*, a hill or mountain.

† The unenlightened or barbarous, from the Tamil word *Erul*, darkness.

‡ The wilful, or self-willed.

called mahri, and two rude stones, to which they offer sacrifices of a he-goat and three cocks.

The Badagas,\* the most numerous tribe, about 12,000 in number, occupy a more elevated, pleasant, and healthful district. On the summits of the swelling knolls their villages may be seen, with fields of wheat, barley, or mustard-seed. The villages consist of rows of houses, with low verandahs projecting from their fronts, each dwelling, like those of the lower classes in the plains, consisting of two rooms, and lighted by the doorway, which opens into the verandah. They are the agricultural people of the hills, and are described as straight and well made, but small in stature and slender in form. Their dress consists of an under and upper garment, the men having a cloth wrapped round the head, and both sexes wearing rings for the ears and fingers, armlets, necklaces, and girdles. They have much the manner and appearance of the Hindu cultivator of Mysore, and have evidently intruded themselves, at some former period, on the original proprietors of this mountain district. They are worshippers of Siva.

In localities similar to those occupied by the Badagas, the Cohatars† dwell. Between these two races there exists a close resemblance and an interchange of services, the Cohatars being the artisans of the hills, making the implements of woodcraft and husbandry, the principal part of the pottery and basket-work, and receiving in payment a portion of the grain which the Badaga has cultivated. This people, like the Pariahs of the low country, hesitate not to use flesh of very description, regardless of the manner in which life has become extinct. "What the tiger or wild dog has left of his prey is to them an acceptable repast. They are known, like vultures, to follow a drove of bullocks bringing up supplies from the low country, calculating to a nicety that such as they have marked will die before they have proceeded many miles further up the mountains." They always attend the obsequies of the Todas, receiving the carcasses of the bullocks offered in sacrifice as a recompense for the services which they render.

Between the Eruli and the Kurumbá, and also between the Badaga and the Cohatars, there exists, as we have

\* From Badacu, or Vadacu, north, they having come to the hills from that quarter.

† As this tribe kill and eat a great deal of beef, it was no doubt intended by their Hindu neighbours that they should be called Cohatars, from the Sanskrit *Go*, a cow, and *Haṣṭ* slaying &c.

seen, an affinity. The Todas, however, to whom we now refer, are a distinct race—different in language, and peculiar in their appearance and habits. They are described as being above the common height, athletic, and well-made, bold in their bearing, with open and expressive countenances. The hair of the head, parting from the centre or crown, falls around to the length of six or seven inches. A short under garment is fastened by a girdle round the waist, and a mantle thrown over the person, leaving the right arm bare. They have no villages, the principal branches of each family clustering in separate residences, called *morrts*.<sup>\*</sup> Their huts which are not unlike the tilt of a waggon, are about twelve feet in length by eight in breadth, and seven feet in height from the ground to the ridge of the roof. Each *morrt* has attached to it a building of superior appearance, in which the process of the dairy is carried on. The dairyman undergoes a certain kind of purification, and lives quite separate from others of the *morrt*; and both the dairy and its attendant are invested with a sacred character. Women are not allowed to enter this family shrine, nor man, at all times; but in the case of boys there is no restriction, and much of the dairy business is performed by them. The superstitions of this people all connect themselves with their herds, and the means of subsistence derived from them. When the buffaloes, which are their only stock, return home in the evening from the grazing districts, they are met by the whole family, who render to them a kind of obeisance, “by bringing up the right hand to the head, the thumb lying along the nose, the hand open, and fingers expanded.” There is a *tucl*, or area enclosed by a rude wall of stones, within which the cattle are herded by night.

The Todas occupy the more elevated mountain districts, known by the name of *Mheúr*, or rainy, where the loftier peaks are hidden in the clouds. There they feed their herds on the rich herbage of the valleys and extensive plateaux, and content with their buffaloes, which are of a description far superior to those of the low country, neglect every thing of cultivation.

With the Sanskrit their language is said to have no affinity, either in roots, construction, or sound. Of the vernacular languages of the peninsula it approaches most to the Tamil. Of this, and of the Canarese, they have acquired sufficient to

<sup>\*</sup> Corresponding to our word “home

make themselves understood. We introduce in a note\* a comparative vocabulary of seven of the aboriginal tongues of Southern India, five of the cultivated class—Tamil, Malayalam, Telugu, Carnataka or Canarese, and Tuluva—and two of the uncultivated class, Curgi, and Todava.

The Todas have not in any measure identified themselves with the idolatry of the Hindus, nor does it appear that there are any idols amongst them. 'A gloomy superstition of a vague character does, however, prevail, the leading element of which, when more fully investigated than at present, will probably be found to be the superstitious dread of some malignant spirit. They have sacred groves called Ter-ir-i, to each of which a priest and his attendant are appointed. They must be taken from a certain section of the Todas, called Terallis, or Paikais, who alone are competent to hold these offices. The priest is called Pol-aul,† the attendant Capil-aul,‡

| * ENGLISH.         | TAMIL           |                       | MALAYALAM.    | TELUGU.        |            |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|---------------|----------------|------------|
|                    | <i>Ancient.</i> | <i>Modern.</i>        | <i>Modern</i> | <i>Modern.</i> |            |
| Buffaloe . . . . . | Karan           | Erumei                | Eruma         | Enumu          |            |
| Crow . . . . .     | Karumpillei     | Kakka                 | Kakka         | Kaki           |            |
| Day . . . . .      | El              | Pagal                 | Pagal         | Pagalu         |            |
| Hair . . . . .     | Kuzhal          | Mayir                 | Talamudi      | Ventruka       |            |
| Horn . . . . .     | Kodu            | Kombu                 | Komba         | Kommu          |            |
| Horse . . . . .    | Payima          | Kudirci               | Kudira        | Gurramu        |            |
| House . . . . .    | Illam           | Manei, Uidu           | Vida, Illam   | Illu           |            |
| Snake . . . . .    | Kadsevi         | Pambu                 | Pamba         | Pamu           |            |
| Tiger . . . . .    | Pul             | Puli                  | Puli          | Puli           |            |
| Village . . . . .  | Pekkam          | U'r                   | Tara, Desam   | U'ru           |            |
| ENGLISH.           | CARNATAKA.      |                       | TULUVA.       | CURGI. TODAV.  |            |
|                    | <i>Ancient.</i> | <i>Modern.</i>        |               |                |            |
| Buffaloe . . . . . |                 | Emme                  | Erme          |                | Ir         |
| Crow . . . . .     |                 | Kági                  | Khákke        |                | Kak        |
| Day . . . . .      | Pagalu          | Hagalu                | Pagil         | Pogal          | Pokhal     |
| Hair . . . . .     |                 | Kúdalu                | Kúdalu        | Orama          | Mir        |
| Horn . . . . .     |                 | { Kodu, or<br>Kombu } | Kombu         |                | Kurrl      |
| Horse . . . . .    |                 | Kudure                | Kudare        | Kudre          | Kadar      |
| House . . . . .    |                 | Mane                  | Ilia          |                | Arra       |
| Snake . . . . .    | Pávu            | Hávu                  | Parapunu      | Pamb           | Pab        |
| Tiger . . . . .    | Puli            | Huli                  | Pili          | Nari           | Pirri      |
| Village . . . . .  | Palei           | Halli, Uru            | U'ru          |                | Modd, Mort |

(1) *R* among the Todas has a peculiarly harsh and prolonged sound, which I have represented by reduplication.

*H. B. Hodgson, Esq., in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, for April 1859.*

\* From *Pol*, milk; and *Aul*, a man. Both terms are of Tamil origin,  
† *Capel*, or *Cavel*, to guard. The guardian or warder of the fane, its herd, &c.

and their acceptance of the office must be voluntary. The individual who accepts the office of Pol-aul having thrown aside his garments, buries himself in the deepest recesses of the gloomy forest, there submitting himself to various austerities and purificatory ablutions; at the end of which he is clothed with a black garment of the coarsest sackcloth, and is escorted by all the Todas of the district to the Ter-ir-i. Here he is to live in complete separation from his family—though in the married state previous to his acceptance of the office—abstracted, as it is supposed, from all earthly thoughts. Unless expressly commanded by him to do so, no other Toda will venture to approach him; and when they do, it is with the most respectful salutation.

In the recesses of the grove there is a temple, a small building of a conical form, neatly thatched, and surmounted with a conical stone. It contains neither image nor altar—nothing, save three or four bells, to which libations of milk are occasionally made. The Todas have been observed in front of the temple making the kind of obeisance already described.

To each Ter-ir-i a herd of milch buffaloes is attached, a portion of which is set apart as sacred, nor is their milk ever taken, but left to the calves. One from amongst this portion is considered as chief; and on its death a bell from within the temple is hung for a day around the neck of another, selected as the successor, which is then considered as inaugurated to the office, and the bell is restored to its former place. The other portion of the herd is milked by the Pol-aul each morning, who, carrying the milk into the temple, laves the bell with a small portion of it, supplies with the rest the wants of himself and his attendant, and increases the number of the herd by the purchase of other buffaloes. The individuals who, in the fulfilment of these functions, are doomed to a solitary life in the Ter-ir-i, may divest themselves of their office whensoever it is their pleasure so to do. While engaged in it, their bushy heads, long sweeping beards, and almost naked bodies, give them a most uncouth and repulsive appearance.

The funeral rites of the Todas are, however, amongst the most singular of the customs of this people. On the death of a relative, fasting is observed, and all the family cut their hair, in a greater or less degree, according to the degree of relationship. The Kert Morrt, or cemetery, is generally some secluded place among the hills. Thither the body is carried in solemn procession, and laid in a new garment and



mantle on a pyre, which is ignited by a near relative, who first cuts off two or three locks of hair from about the temples of the deceased. The relics are carefully collected, and wrapped in the remnant of a mantle which has long been worn in the family, until the day arrives for the performance of the obsequies.

Of this remarkable scene we introduce the following description, from Captain Harkness' account\* of this singular aboriginal race—

"The Kert Morrt,† or cemetery, was situated at the foot of an extensive valley, enshrouded by lofty mountains, and shut out from the view of all surrounding objects, except the more distant peaks and elevated ranges to the south-west. At one corner was the Tu-el, ‡ close to it a Pholti, or temple, and at short intervals had now been erected several temporary buildings, formed of the branches and leaves of tress, and covered with a light thatch.

"We had not been here many minutes, when a group of females arrived, attended by two or three of their male relatives, carrying folded up in a new mantle, the relics of the deceased. As the party slowly advanced, they each responsively chanted a solemn dirge; and, entering the temple, carefully spread the mantle within the inner apartment, and seated themselves around it. Other groups of females soon afterwards arrived, and the whole joining in the lament, its swell now echoed through the valley, and seemingly told a tale of sorrow.

"Strolling up a path which led over one of the mountains, we were met, as we gained the summit, by the whole of the Kerzwan family and their connections—men, women, and children, between sixty and seventy in number; all the former, excepting the aged, carrying huge clubs. The advance of the party was composed of twelve or fourteen athletic and handsome youths, shouting, as they came on, in sonorous and manly voices, the hauh, hauh, or cry of exultation, to which responses were given by the following groups. As they approached the temple, the clubs were grounded, and as many entered as conveniently could at one time, bowing themselves to the relics; and after these had joined in grief for a brief

\* "A Description of a singular aboriginal race inhabiting the summit of the Neilgherry Hills," &c. By Captain Henry Harkness, of the Madras Army. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

† "Literally, the place of death."

‡ "The inclosure for the herd."

space with the females and relatives within, they retired to make room for others. Some additional families, or companies of men and women, were now seen advancing to the spot, by the different winding paths along the sides of the mountains ; and their deep responses, as each party topped some eminence, bringing them in view of the temple, or as they caught the notes of the death-song wafted on the breeze, gave a solemnity and seriousness to the scene, which rendered it extremely interesting. All these parties, as they approached the temple, went through the same ceremony as the first ; and, in a short time, several hundreds of both sexes had assembled.\*

“Other small groups had also been formed in different parts of the valley, but all now returned to the green ; and some forty or fifty of the clubmen, joining hand in hand, and circling round in measured time, performed a sort of dance, to the music of a pipe and tabor. This over, nearly the whole of the men proceeded a short distance up the valley, to the side of a mountain, on which were grazing a large herd of buffaloes, and, selecting fifteen or sixteen of these, drove them with an air of triumph into the inclosed area ; some of the men throwing off their mantles and entering it with them, and others leaping the walls, while the whole, at the same time, sent forth a shout of joyous exultation.

“Some of these animals, the intended victims of sacrifice, were the offerings of the family of the deceased, and some, those of his connections and friends. The same wild sort of dance, as before mentioned, now took place within the area, and among the buffaloes ; and when the alarm and fury of the latter had been strongly excited, a signal was given to commence an attack upon them, and to attach a bell to the neck of each. Those which were provided by the family of the deceased were first selected. They were fine large animals, monsters in comparison to the breed of the low country, and in this infuriated state proved no formidable adversaries. No stratagem was had recourse to ; but two of the young men, throwing themselves upon the neck of the animal, seized it by the horns, and twisting their bodies behind the beast, supported themselves with one hand, while with the forefinger and thumb of the other they seized the cartilage of the nostrils. Others ran on to their assistance, when they let go the hold on the cartilage, and eight or nine of

\* “Upwards of three hundred men, nearly half that number of women, and about as many boys and girls.”

these powerful men were now seen hanging on the neck of one animal, while others were striking it with their clubs, and with hideous yells and gestures were endeavouring still to increase its rage, and to heighten the jeopardy of the party. During this time, the animal was not passive, but every now and then rushing, as by a sudden impulse, sometimes among the other buffaloes, sometimes against the wall of the inclosure, appeared often about to gain the victory over its numerous and powerful opponents.

"Three or four animals were thus attacked and overpowered at the same time, and the bell being attached to the neck of each, they were again liberated, the successful combatants giving a shout of victory; when, shouldering their clubs, and joining hand in hand, they recommenced the dance. . . .

"The folded mantle containing the relics was now brought from within the temple, and placed in a line east and west on the ground in front of the barricaded entrance to the Tu-el. Immediately around it assembled the male relatives, the senior of whom, a greyheaded old man, crouched down, and covering his head with his mantle, bowed it to the ground so as to touch the earth with his forehead, in the little space left between the Tu-el and the cloth containing the relics. He then rooted up some of the earth with a stick—the wand of the deceased—around which was now tied a shred from the cast-off garment of a Pol-aul: lifting then a little of this earth in the palm of his hand, and asking the consent of the by-standers, he threw some three times to the west, and three times to the east—the former falling within the area, the latter on the relics. Recovering afterwards his erect position, he gave the stick to another, when the same ceremony was gone through by him, and in succession by all other relations of the deceased, including two little boys, his great grandsons. The whole of the individuals, standing in front of the entrance to the area, now addressed the buffaloes as 'Dii Animales,' beseeching them to use their intercession for blessings to be bestowed on them, their wives, their children, and their herds; that they may enjoy health, and freedom from misfortune, that their feet may escape the thorn, their heads the falling rock.

"A young heifer was now led up and tied to one of four posts that were placed at a short distance, similarly situated to those in the cemetery before mentioned, when the sacrificer, first laying his hands on the head of the animal, slew it. The mantle containing the relics had in the mean time

also been brought here, and, when sprinkled with the blood which had trickled from the nostrils of the victim, it was removed to the centre of the green, and the female relatives and their friends seated themselves around it, repeating the lament, and shedding a profusion of tears. Among the relatives were two very old women, with perfectly silvered locks, one the wife, the other the sister of the deceased. Age had rendered them too infirm to walk, and they were carried to the spot, in the same way as they had been brought from their homes, on the shoulders of their sons.

"The general sacrifice now commenced. Some seven or eight of the victims were seized and forced up to the relics, so near as to allow the dying breath of each to waft them as it passed; when two Terallies, or men of the same class as the deceased, commenced the slaying of the animals. This operation was performed by striking the victim behind the horns, with a wood-cutter's axe, a small instrument, but the first blow of which generally sufficed. The infuriated animal fell to the ground; its eyes, which but the moment before were rolling and glaring with rage, became on the instant glazed and motionless. It was then dragged still closer to the mantle, so that the mouth and nostrils might rest on it. . . .

"The sacrifice was continued till the whole of the victims were slain, and these, not including the heifer sacrificed at the posts, amounted to nineteen.

"The whole scene now presented an extremely interesting spectacle. The wild dance, which, at a short distance, was still being performed, by some of the party; the exultations of the clubmen, as they brought up another victim to the death; in the centre lay the relics, on each side of which sat weeping, in silence, the two silver-headed matrons; round these lay the slaughtered animals, and among them the crowd of mourners, males and females, young and old, sitting in pairs, face to face, 'with drooping foreheads meeting;' the whole uniting in one universal moan, with which, as it rose and fell, was heard the wailing pipe, breathing in unison the solemn notes of grief and sorrow.

"Others of the assembly joined the mourners, or two, who had previously associated their griefs, would part, and unite with others in the same expression. On these occasions, the ceremony of giving the foot was particularly remarkable. To a female sitting alone weeping, a man would go up, repeating the 'Hey hey ze zha!' or cry of sorrow, and projecting first one foot then the other, the female would bow down, so as to

touch them with her forehead. If a female was the approaching party, she crouched down, and the man rising up, the same ceremony was observed. They then seated themselves opposite to one another, their foreheads touching, and sometimes their arms resting on each other's shoulders. . . .

"The night was fast closing in, and calm and silence succeeded to the general tumult of the day. . . .

"Having notice of the period when the ceremonies were to close, we retired at an early hour, and as we had been fully engaged during the day, enjoyed a sound repose till some time after midnight, when we were aroused by the wailing pipe and mourning throng in preparation for the final rite. . . .

"Shut out from all other objects, the ambient space in which we moved seemed to be invested with a death-like stillness: not a sound was heard but the deep and sonorous voices of the men, the soft and modulated notes of the women, as each alternately sang the dirge, or mourned the wanderings of the departed\* spirit.

"Arriving at the spot where the shelving of the mountain had been partially levelled, we observed a circle of stones, enclosing a space about four and a half feet in diameter, which it was evident had been the site of former piles: close to this was a deep hole, in which lay loosely thrown three or four rude stones. The relics were now laid within the circle, and the officiators, taking brands from the fire just mentioned, waved them round the mantle three several times, then, placing them at each end of it, fresh billets were added, and a little camphor being sprinkled over them the whole quickly became ignited.

"The pile was now closely encircled with little baskets, bamboo cups, and variously shaped gourds, some bound with silver, others ornamented with thread and tape of divers colours, and the whole filled with grain, the produce of the hills. The bow and three arrows were then placed on it, after these the rod or wand, and the axe and wood-craft, of the deceased: last of all, his standard† staff. Fresh billets being added, the whole was shortly in one general blaze, and when the morning dawned, all within the circle was reduced to a heap of charcoal and smouldering ashes.

\* "The expressions were, literally, 'Oh, Kenbali, whither art thou gone? Alas! alas! our father Kenbali!'"

† "The head of each family has a staff of this description. It is a pole between twenty and thirty feet long, at the end of which, instead of a flag, is tied a bunch of small shells."

"During the whole of this period the lament was continued by the relatives and friends, accompanied by every indication of sincere grief. It was an impressive spectacle. The universal moan—the addresses to the departed spirit—the sudden ebullitions of grief—and the pile occasionally throwing up a flame that illuminated the whole group, showing the strong athletic forms of the men, the slender figures and loose flowing tresses of the women, as each joined tear to tear, and seemed to seek relief in unity of sorrow.

"The charcoal and ashes were then minutely examined, and after selecting from the heap the iron, or such pieces of metal as had passed through the fire, the remainder was swept into the hole before mentioned. The loose stones, which had previously been removed, were now replaced, and the whole throng, passing over them in succession, bowed their heads to the ground, exclaiming, 'Health be to us!' and took each his way to his own home, leaving us to wonder, and exclaim—'Who can they be?'"

And in a short time the question may be asked, "Where are they?" The remnant of a people, perhaps once numerous, they are fast hastening to extinction. They are perishing under the injurious influence of unnatural habits; some of those strange extravagances of evil into which the human mind will be sure to wander when in the darkness of heathenism, and in ignorance of God. Here, as amongst the hill-tribes in the vicinity of Kotegurh, polyandry prevails, and, until recently, infanticide. Twenty years ago the Todas were numbered by Captain Harkness at 600 adults. The German Missionaries in the Nilgherries, in their report of 1850, number them at 400. Their funereal ceremonies become thus invested with an affecting character. They appear at such times as a dying remnant, celebrating the obsequies of their own national existence, and that, moreover, amidst the gloom of heathenism. The poor Todas! the light of Christianity has not yet broken in upon them; nor have they learned, instead of saluting the rising sun, to rejoice in Him who is "the Sun of Righteousness." As yet the Missionaries have only been enabled to report, "Some Todas have a Tamil New Testament, which, without being able to read, they worship every morning and evening."

Heartily do we thank God, that, through the Christian love of the late Mr. G. J. Casamajor,\* the German Mission in the Nilgherries has been commenced. Retired from the

\* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for Jan. 1851, pp. 116—118.

business of the world, this devoted Christian, who had long filled important offices connected with the Government of India, resided during the last four years of his life at Kaity, to the S. E. of Ootacamund, by his own personal efforts endeavouring to communicate the knowledge of the Gospel to the neglected hill tribes of the Nilgherries. Their evangelization occupied his thoughts and prayers continually. At the age of fifty-five he began learning the Canarese, a dialect of which is spoken by the Badaga people. "When others go to rest, he rose to earnest exertion, as if the evening of his life were the morning of a fresh day, to be spent in the Lord's service." (Ps. xcii. 11—15.) A large Badaga school, established on his grounds, and supported by his liberality, was under his own personal superintendence. "Every day, his health permitting, he would walk up at noon to that school, built at some distance from the dwelling-house, on an open high ground, praying as he went—for he was eminently a man of prayer—in order to hear the lessons of the poor half-clad, but smiling and intelligent Badaga boys." His last will bequeathed his whole property, a few legacies excepted, to the Nilgherries Mission. Thus Kaity becomes the Mission Station; his residence, the Mission-house; his library, the Mission Church; and the abode of this good man continues to be—what he wished it should be—a centre of light and hope to the neglected population of the Hills. May we soon hear of the work of grace beginning amongst each of its subdivisions, the Eruli, the Kurumba, the Badaga, the Kota, and the Todas!

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TO "MEG"  
A SKYE TERRIER.

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BY A BARRISTER.

"I may be brown and freckled, but not unfaithful—No,"—Spanish Ballad,

In simplest song I tell  
Of one who loves me well,  
Anchors her humble heart on me alone,  
Who seemeth to have said,  
Like the "dear nutbrown maid"  
"I know of all the world I love but one."

No longing in her mind,  
For kindred or for kind,  
Can dis-content or sad remembrance move ;  
May she but take her seat,  
Not distant from his feet,  
On whom she centres all her simple love.

Though in her visage grim,  
Dwell darkness gray and dim,  
As mists that hover o'er her native isle,  
From its dusk canopy,  
Her keen and truthful eye  
Gleams forth responsive to her master's smile ;

As well her eye can trace  
That wayward master's pace,  
Through busy crowds on anxious cares intent,  
As on the lonely shore,  
Where mid old ocean's roar,  
He breathes unheard his spirit's wild lament.



If sometime she be spurned,  
Her greeting unreturned,  
Calmly she waits awhile the look delayed ;  
Till blyther mood accord  
A kind approving word,  
Then deems her patient love too well repaid.

Should fortune from me flee,  
Fond fool, how few but thee  
Would meet the poor man with unaltered eye,  
Would still with noble pride  
Press closely to his side  
And bear the bitter chills of penury.

How few like thee would grieve—  
Thou would'st be loathe to leave  
My closing coffin and my earthly bed ;  
Though winds blew bleak and drear,  
Long would'st thou linger near,  
And wonder at the silence of the dead.

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## THE PICTURE OF THE WATER SPRITE.

*(Translated from the German.)*

FOR LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

Whoever wishes to see the true jovial life of a German student done into Greek, let him repair to München. In that city there is an excellent tavern with the sign of *The Finch*. Thither towards evening, the young painters who work in the new Capitol bend their steps, as also do those who are looking for employment.

Some years ago, about the hour of Vespers, a young man with a remarkably oriental countenance, and such as the Police would regard with suspicion, was sitting in this tavern. By the time he had called for his second tankard of Beer, he had become engaged in earnest conversation with some of the most eminent historical painters then in the room. "I can now quite understand" said he—at the same time covering the top of his tankard with his hand—"how it is that mature reflection and the endless mysticism of science and art do so flourish in this city. Oh, how well shall I now comprehend Schelling and Cornelius! That sad sympathetic state of our existence, of which one can form no idea except at München, comes to you here of itself, just like a rheumatism or a bad cold. Is not man a child of nature, which is ever reproducing him afresh, in that she first wins for him a body and a soul, and then through these, a state of consciousness? And the means she chiefly adopts for this purpose, is it not that she allows herself to be devoured by him in the shape of meat, vegetables, and fruit, of coffee, wine, and beer? Come, my brave lads! say yourselves, in what food can nature exist in higher perfection than in liquid bread—in beer? In it, body and soul are so closely welded together, that each little tankard represents all mankind—yea, the whole world—it is the true microcosm."

"How differently would the German, especially the Bavarian, national character and, therefore, that of the entire human race have been formed without this ally! (Joseph! clip, clap!) It is hence that we Germans are the genuine Normal people, of whom the Bavarians are the prime quin-

tessence, because they have compressed all horticulture into the brewhouse. With prophetic soul did Schiller sing.

Drum sammle still und unerschlaft  
Im kleinsten puncte die höchste kraft.\*

Joseph! clip! clap!—But you, the sons of Art, how could you ever believe that without the strong demon of beer, the great master Cornelius could have conjured up those marvelous tales of the world of spirits, especially of those mighty giants of olden time, those quaffers of the eternal beer of Walhalla, and exorcised them to re-assume the forms of men?"

The young painters made melancholy faces after the fashion of the Madonna, folded their hands over their tankards of beer, as if they had been the shrines of sacred relics, and attentively listened to the sermon that was being preached to them. He then continued:—

"I would even undertake to divide the history of the world into the age of wine, or the Greek and Roman, the classical period, and into that of Beer, or the German, the romantic period. The former was the republican age with its heroes, orators, and poets—in the latter, knights and monks prevailed. Oh, my gentle-hearted friends, let us strive with all our might against the modern times which are rushing on with their steamboats and with railway carriages upon iron roads. Let our banner be the stone-man over the city gate of Munich! Down with steam and iron! Down with the light diffusing gas-lamps!"

"Pereat!" exclaimed the young artists.

"Every one of them!" added the philosopher. But a long lean figure now suddenly clapped him on the shoulder with his skinny hand and said: "Is it you, my jolly libeller! Are you here! John, it is really you!" He grasped the proffered hand of his friend and replied! "Henry! I greet you with my whole soul! so many years intervene between to-day and the night when I parted from you; and yet it is to me, as if one long day only had passed, and now evening was come, when the moon's pale face, the old "familiar faithful light, was shining on me." A smile passed over Henry's face like a fleeting sunbeam gliding out of the mist that enwraps the autumnal earth. A soft impenetrable cloud of tobacco smoke now concealed the two friends. When about mid-

\* Therefore, quietly and unwearingly gather into the smallest space the highest power.

night the vapour had dispersed, they were seen with outstretched arms, sitting opposite each other and gazing on one another's face.

"But tell me, my dear fellow," Henry began to ask, "what brought you to Munich? I long since thought that you were provided for and raised aloft, and buried in the arms of a wife. Have you no wish to settle down for life?"

"Such happiness is not for me," replied John. "Since I have beheld my Muse and heard her voice, I must go forth as her slave wherever she bid me. Thus do you find me now in Munich in the service of my hard task-mistress. In my knapsack yonder lies my great Epic poem. I will say nothing about it; but if diamonds are the petrified tears of the earth, then these verses are blood drops wrung from my heart. It is a crown of rubies, for which I am seeking a pillar an altar, or a nail, to hang it upon. Or shall I fling it into the street? I will dedicate this poem to the Poet Laureat."

"That is all very right and proper," interposed Henry, "but for all that, it is now past midnight and the spirits are again seeking repose. Give me your knapsack and come along with me, if you will consent to share the chamber and couch of a poor historical painter."

Without more words, Henry led his friend away with him and conducted him to his dwelling. Upon an easel stood a large painting covered up and turned towards the wall. A bed was made with their cloaks and the two friends laid down together on the hard board, and talked so long that at last gentle sleep laid her velvet hand upon their eyes.

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Happy the man who has constant intercourse with two immortals—Poverty and Art! Not in palaces, but in lowly huts, the gods were born. In the midst of the wilderness, springs, the mothers of rivers and feeders of seas, rise up out of the earth. Thence too come forth the storms and world-shattering thoughts. In the dwelling of the painter, Poverty held her Court. Had not some compassionate spiders sought to hang their festoons on the window—had not the pitying dust covered with its soft carpet the three cane chairs and the drawers that would not close, it would have been no easy matter to observe a single sign of luxury. But with all this poverty, the poverty of lines and colours, the ideas of Raphael, had obtained an entrance. I allude to that painting on the easel which from the first break of day, to the annoyance of his slumbering friend, Henry had been moving hither and

thither, until he at last got it in the best light, so that when John looked up from his bed, it was right before his eyes. In due time it was broad daylight, and Henry began to make such a rattle with the coffee cups, that John opened wide his drowsy eyes.

There stood the painting, straight before him. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, as if he were trying to awake out of a dream. Again he looked, but the painting affected yet more powerfully his inmost soul. There was no mistaking the fisherman of whom Goethe fabled—there he was, just as the Water Sprite was enticing him into the flood.

Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,  
Und ward nicht mehr gesch'n.\*

This painting has very likely been seen by some of my readers. There is no forced imitation of the poet. The painter with his lines and colours has, as it were, created this divine ballad anew. The fisherman, a mere lad, is sitting at the foot of a rock by the sea side. In the dark stormy air which is brooding over him, his ample cloak has fallen back from off his shoulders while the lower part clings around his knees. So long had he been sitting there that the gloomy tempest had enveloped his very soul. Suddenly he hears the notes of a lyre and the words of a song approaching as from a distance, and presently he beheld a lovely Water Sprite gliding over the waves, veiled in transparent vapour. She is now close to the shore and throws aside her veil and her lyre. A long-rolling, towering billow bears her beauteous form high aloft and casts her beside the terrified youth. Already has he one foot ready for flight and is drawing back his left arm for it is nearest to the heart, where still are tarrying a few pious sentences from the Bible learnt while at school. But at that moment the white rounded arm of the Water Sprite is stretched out so seductively, her right hand grasps the left hand of the youth, by the soft pressure of her thumb on his ring finger she sinks down as if lamed by the rock. Thus is his resistance overcome on one side—how much more on the other! Under his right arm the Siren has worked her own, her hand playing with his dark curls that hang down over his neck, and pressing him there with his bent fore finger. How could the youth extricate himself from such a snare? Has he still life and blood? Then is he lost. When she looks up her head leans back,

\* Half she drew him in, half he sank in, and was never more seen.

encircled with a chaplet of water-flowers and leaves, her fair hair appearing through the wreath, like tongues of fire gasping for air. The face of the youth is impressed with the fascination that charms his eyes. It seems to me as if his first sin were budding round his mouth. What a gloomy voluptuousness lurks in the upturned face of the water-nymph, from the muscle of the eye over the deep-set nose to the pouting half-opened hundred-leaved rose of the mouth, around the dimpled chin and down to the soft neck, which, like a tender stalk, bears up that flower-like countenance to the youth ! Who could wonder that the young fisherman with intoxicated feelings should fall beneath the sorcery of love, and sink into the waves.

Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,

Und ward nicht mehr geseh'n.

But this painting has a great meaning, for it comprises the etiquette of modern and the voluptuousness of by-gone times. The haunted mountain again appears in view and Venus drives with her lovely nymphs over hill and vale. In her hand she holds the ivory horn ; soft notes glide through the air like swans ; the joyous shepherds forget youth, parents, heaven, earth, fatherland, and friends, chasing her with glad acclamations unto smiling despair and death everlasting.

After gazing a long time at this picture, John murmured, as if to himself ; " Poor boy, farewell ! "

" You may stare at that picture as long as you please, but you will never find out that the impression on that piece of linen canvass signifies the story of my ruined, blighted, and departed youth. Here, John, take this cup of coffee. Dont let it get cold." " Put down your tin-pot in peace," replied John, " and tell me all about this picture, as far as it relates to your past life."

" Oh ! dont expect a particularly diverting history, said Henry. My life, like thousands of others, has been a mere unseen bulb, only with this difference in my favor—that I have produced a lily flower from it—this stupid picture here. You may take my word for it, that poverty and a wild heart are two unlucky companions for youth. I have not been able during my whole life to free myself from either. A stag brought to bay by two furious hounds is not worse off than myself. As far as I can look back—from the most remote, misty point of my boy-hood I can only remember awan haggard woman and a little urchin, who wrapt up in

rag and pieces of sack-cloth hanging loosely about them wandered from farmhouse to farmhouse seeking alms and greatly afraid of the yard dogs. The epoch of my consciousness dates more particularly from a certain night. My poor mother, worn out and sick had dragged me and herself on as far as Hamburgh. I was crying from hunger, fatigue, and pain from the sores that had broken out upon my feet. Besides this, it was late in the autumn and the evening was cold and stormy, dark and wild as our destiny. My mother led me through many long streets with which she seemed to be familiar, until at length we reached a respectable looking house.

There she kneeled down and prayed for some little time; when she stood up again, she said: "Here my child, we may perhaps find shelter, food, and a home. Herny, I have prayed that God may touch the heart of the man who dwells in that house. I can go no farther. I will not take you in with me just now. Whilst I go in, do you wait here and pray that God may hear us." With these words she folded my frozen hands together in the attitude of prayer and then walked into the house.

She remained there some time. At length I heard her voice amid loud and heart-rending moans like those of a person in the agony of death praying for his life. Then I began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but could get no farther than the words, "give us our daily bread:"—the remainder of the prayer I had quite forgotten. While I was trying to recollect how it went on and had just recalled the words "and forgive us our trespasses," the house door was thrown open and my mother rushed out wringing her hands. The door was then slammed to behind her and locked and barred and made secure.

My mother threw her trembling arms around me, wrapped my smarting feet in her apron, and drew me silently towards her into a corner of the door steps. Such a terror came over me that I could not move a limb. My mother uttered not a word but her tears fell one by one upon my face. Then my senses gradually left me and an oppressive sleep pressed down my head on the bosom of my mother. At length I began to dream—but so terrible, so tormenting was the fancy that I cannot describe it. A hand of ice was placed upon my warm breast, and a voice sighed; "Let me warm myself a little, I shall be frozen to death." Then it grew colder and colder on my breast, but still in my heart there glowed an extinguishable spark. But when the hand of ice was about seize upon that also, I felt as if my bosom would burst.

At that moment I woke up. The cold hand was lying upon my breast. I seized it in the bitterness of my heart. It was my mother's hand. I raised it to my face, I felt for her heart—all was cold and still! I shook her, I called her by endearing names. She heard me not. In my frenzy I bit her shoulder. She moved not. I roared aloud like a wild beast; but the storm-wind that drove the murky clouds over the houses roared yet louder. At length I was seized with ungovernable rage. With both hands I lifted up a stone that had served me for a pillow and dashed it against the house that had denied us shelter. It struck against a window-frame with such force that the panes of glass were all shattered to pieces.

An alarm was given in the house. I placed my dead mother upright against the door. It was opened. A man stepped out with a sword in one hand and a light in the other. But when he saw my mother's corpse and I cried out to him, "A dead body asks admittance!" he groaned and staggered back. What afterwards happened during that night I know not, for after that fearful agitation of my sickly constitution a nervous fever came on, which deprived me of all power of thought. I know not even what became of me. I only remember that when my senses returned, I was lying in a clean, warm, soft bed, and that a lovely angel's head with heavenly blue eyes and rich golden hair, which was parted over the forehead, was gazing down upon me, and that a warm little hand was placed upon my brow. Wondering I looked up for a long time in the bright angelic face of the maiden till at last she asked me; "Are you any better? I said it would be all right; and that you would not die like your poor mother whom we buried three weeks ago."

"Where am I," I exclaimed.

"Lie still, answered the damsel. I hear my father coming, who will perhaps scold."

Just then a tall stately man entered the chamber and inquired: "Elizabeth, how fares the lad?"

"Oh, Father, Father, cried the girl, he has again opened his eyes." "Go down to your kitchen," said he, and sat down on the side of the bed. I looked at him for some time, and he at me, till at length he said; "Have you never known any men, youngster? You are a fine fellow to break my windows! But don't be afraid—they are mended again, and I don't mean to punish you for it, for reasons known to myself. When you fancy a beefsteak, Elizabeth shall bring you



up two or three pieces. I shall make such a good doctor that you will soon be upon your legs again. When you are disposed to leave your bed, I have placed some clothes for you, on the pegs against that wall."

I know not what my feelings were, but I stammered out something about thanks and God's blessing and other beggars' phrases that naturally recurred to me. He interrupted me however, by saying: "I shall be very happy if you do not turn out so wicked a beggar boy as I at first thought you to be. You do not look so very bad, but if after a while I find the germs of any bad practices, I know not what course to take." On saying this he laughed and showed the finest set of teeth I had ever seen, at the same time making a curious motion with his hand which I only afterwards rightly understood.

My youth needed no long time to recover. So long as I was confined to my bed, little Elizabeth came to see me almost every hour, for we were both mere children and chattered like children. Although I every now and then asked about my mother and her relationship to Elizabeth's father, I never could learn any thing either from her or from any one else. But I soon got out of my little Betty that her father was a shipbuilder and that she was his only child.

One Sunday I left my chamber quite recovered, dressed in clean linen and in tolerably good clothes. From this moment my real life began. I was like a child of the house and grew up with dear Elizabeth like brother and sister. I was put to school where I learnt as much as I could, and was afterwards apprenticed by my adopted father to a stonemason whose chief business consisted in white-washing the walls of rooms: but I still lived in the house in which I had been brought up. "What a pity it is," the shipbuilder would often say to me, "that you are such a weak fellow. I hoped to have taught you my own trade, but now you are only a house-fly." But I had much rougher usage from my old mason, he was as cross as a snappish pug-dog, day after day, year after year. There are some folk one would like to thrash as soon as one sees them—to this class my master belonged.

By the time I was sixteen years old, I was a famous wall-dauber. Wish! Wash! from one corner to another my chalk-soup splashed about. I could also draw very straight lines with small brushes, black, red, and yellow, according to the fancy of my employers. But if any man of taste wanted

to have nature's green in his room,—vine leaves with a free hand, I was the man for him, for green leaves were my forte.

Now a swallow was the cause of all my misfortunes. She had built her nest under dear Elizabeth's window, and I have many a time watched her by the hour together as she flew in and out, darting up and down, along the gutters, over the neighbour's chimuey, three times round the church-tower, and then hastening back to its young with a whole stock of flies and insects. I never could drive this flighty little thing out of my thoughts; even while daubing the dirtiest walls, I was still thinking of the swallow. It happened about this time that an old Frenchman, who carried on a jeweller's business in Hamburgh and whose house I was white-washing, ordered me to paint some vine leaves in his work-shop, for as I have already said I was famous for this sort of things. As soon as I had made the ground-work all right, I began with my colour-pots and brushes to paint away in *fresco*. I was just at the wreath in the centre of the ceiling, when the accursed swallow came into my head. Before the Pope could thrice say "*vobiscum*" I had painted, in the middle of the wreath, the little creature with its double-pointed tail and red throat, all in Russian black and bole-armenia. I jumped about for very joy. It was the first living thing that I had ever painted, and it was so exactly like the original. I was skipping about the room clapping my hands with delight, when my master entered, but scarcely had he observed the little monster in the ceiling than he stuck himself before me with his arms folded, poking his nose and long projecting chin into my face, and shaking his head and snuffling "What is that thing up there? Is that a vine-leaf?" "That is a swallow from behind," said I pertly "And that is one from the front," he replied, giving me such a box on the ear that I can feel it tingle even now, so warnuly was it laid on. Then the demon of revenge took possession of me. Hardly had I felt the pleasant glow on one side of my face, than my master received the whole wash-tub of Russian black over his head as if he had pulled a cap tightly over it, and there stood the fellow dripping from top to toe like the stone figure in the fountains of Nuremburg. The old Frenchman was standing in the doorway, holding both his sides with laughter, quizzing with his eye glass, and screaming out, "*Il faut voir cela de près.*"

I flew out of the house and ran home to my own room, where I had now time to think of my folly and ill luck. Every thing that could increase my anxiety now rose up before me; the especial friendship of my adopted father for the plasterer whom I had drenched; all the abuse and admonition which I was obliged to listen to, morning, noon, and night, "that such a beggar-boy as I must work hard and put up with my tiling;" ah! and all the cuffs and buffets which I was compelled to accept with gratitude from my adopted father, like little gratuities thrown into the bargain. But all these reflections were like pellucid pearls on the golden thread of my affection for Elizabeth.

At that moment she happened to be passing my chamber, and hearing me sobbing so bitterly within she first thrust in her dear angelic face and then came herself into my little room on the ground floor. She spoke to me so gently that I opened my whole heart to her. Then she too began to weep until we were both sobbing together and somehow between our tears—Heavens knows how it came to pass—we swore eternal love and fidelity to each other, and then kissed and kissed again without cessation, till we sunk upon our knees, and yet continued to weep together, and then we embraced and kissed each other again, and when one said "Ah!" the other sobbed "Oh!" That was my first, my only love. It was the brightest folly of my whole life. During all this time my ideas were so entirely absorbed, that I knew and felt nothing but the beating of the heart of my Elizabeth. Then all at once it seemed to me that a strong hand was entwined in the hair of my head. This lasted some little time, when I felt my head pulled hither and thither with much violence, and Elizabeth with a loud scream disengaged herself and fled out of the room, whilst I was dashed against the wall with such force that I could neither hear nor see any thing. Like the rumbling and growling of a distant thunder-storm, these words at length struck my ear. "You beggar's brat! you accursed of Heaven! Eh! This is a pretty story! You swallow-maker! You wipe your mouth on my daughter, Eh! Look at the Brat. March!" A hearty kick roused me from stupor. I sprang up and stared in the fiery face of the ship-builder. I know not how it happened but his face looked like a boiled crab, and as his fury made his eyes almost start out of their sockets, it appeared to me the most comical thing possible, and I burst into a fit of

laughter. He started back quite frightened and I escaped by the door, quite determined no more to return.

Like a wild horse escaped from its stable, I wandered up and down the city. The following night I passed among the fire-escapes, and the next morning I walked out into the open country. I walked along the banks of the Elbe, as if it were the companion of my travels. Hangered as I was, I gathered elder leaves and eat them. Soon I could go no further from exhaustion. I laid myself down beside the river in the longest grass. One ought to be perfectly miserable to feel how beautiful are the vaulted heavens, the flowing water, the waving trees, nature herself. It is only when sunk in the deepest wretchedness, that one can understand her voice, for she begins to converse little by little, like a good, old, whimsical nurse who only tells her wild forest tales, in the hours of twilight when all is still in the house. In my extremity such a wondrous feeling came over me that I laughed, and wept, and rolled myself over in the long grass, which seemed to play with me, and so did the golden butter-cups—one blade after the other tickling my face with its tiny fingers. The river too smiled upon me so pleasantly and tempted me so irresistibly, that I took off my shoes and stockings and let my naked feet hang down in the water.

Whilst I was thus gazing on the flowing river and on the sky which was reflected in it until I was—how shall I express myself?—quite enchanted by the spirit of the water, all care and grief gradually passed away from my breast. Only one picture remained, for I cannot call it an idea—my Elizabeth! my face, which I saw in the clear stream, began more and more to change into her features. I traced her very look, her lovely brow, her fair locks, and now a snow white shoulder pressed forward. A youthful glowing form presently developed itself before me, two arms were stretched out towards me; and I should certainly have thrown myself into the river, burning with love and desire, had not the old Frenchman aroused me from my dream by bawling out: “Il faut voir cela de prés.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Like a beautiful Roman maiden who has studied *Ovidium Nasonem de Arte Amandi* and the whole of the unpurged *Decamerone*, and concealing in her inmost heart many exciting dark stories of summer-night kisses and sudden poniard-stabs, kneels down in the confessional and with closed eyes confesses herself in riddles to her “Confessore,”

who absolves her in riddles—so lies the Glyptothek before the bigotted *Monaco*, all pious and reverential, but to the lover she readily opens her bright eyes and shows her lovely symmetrical limbs.

As soon as the two friends had come within sight of it, Henry exclaimed ; “ What a glorious life it would be if you could remain here like another Ariosto or Tasso ! ” “ What ! do you mean in prison ? ” answered John. “ The longer I linger here, the more does my courage fail me for my undertaking. ” “ Thy fate and mine, ” interrupted Henry, “ will soon be decided. I hope to-morrow when I send in my painting to the exhibition, to learn whether I am sufficiently master of the art to earn my livelihood in this place ; for if my Water Sprite obtain an unconditional approbation, I shall not only find a purchaser and money, but also orders for other works, perhaps even for the new Palace. ”

“ Oh, ye Gods of Fate ! ” exclaimed John, as they entered the Glyptothek, “ be propitious to two sons of art, and permit them to attain the wished-for goal. ”

They now held their peace, for before them stood the grand frescoes of the great Cornelius. The ancient, glorious ages of Gods and heroes rushed past them almost audibly. The hours of the day glided by unnoticed. In the Glyptothek is also to be seen an antique head of the Medusa in marble. In the countenance there is something so enigmatically horrible, that no one who has seen it can ever forget it. The triumph of sin and sensuality, the inextinguishable, grand, and unforgiving anger, combined with the physical anguish so strongly portrayed on the countenance, as if caused by the cold sword-thrust passing into the agony of death—and yet the peculiar beauty of the entire head—the whole gives life to the legend by its petrified horrors.

John took his stand exactly opposite the Head. He was leaning his brow on his folded hands through which he was examining the features, as if he could read therein the most awful tragedy. “ What is the matter with you, John ? ” asked Henry.

“ Look how, ” murmured the other “ I behold in this countenance the whole human race, with all its torments and despair. It is the evil conscience of the worlds’ history. Oh, I know all that godless face. I hear the rushing of the winged horse of the last day, and I discern a clenched hand and a sword being drawn from the scabbard. Henry, come, let us go out. I must pour oil upon the troubled waves of my

soul ; I mean—a tankard of beer. Give me the beer of indifference that I may come to myself again.”

With these words they left the Glyptothek together.

In Munich one may easily find a public house wherein a pretty bar-maid presides and where a foaming tankard with its burnished coverlid may be had. When one has got so far, he may as well take a good snack at the same time.

“How far imagination may be excited by hunger we can both of us testify,” said John, while he was pouring the third tankard of oil over the troubled waves of his soul. You through hunger and anxiety imagined your Water Sprite while I through thirst, have idealised an ape’s head ; for according to modern commentators such was Medusa’s head, or else an evil conscience, or else anything you please. But now, my dear fellow, there you are still sitting with your love story on the banks of the Elbe, and the old Frenchman shouting out. “Il faut voir cela de près.” Now, get upon your legs, and tell me how you at last became such a capital painter.”

“That is very soon told,” said Henry, as he resumed his narrative. “When I had told my merry patron of the ill luck that had befallen me, he took me laughing to his own house, entertained me that night, and sent me on next morning with a Louis d’or for my travelling expenses, three slices of bread and butter, a small flask of rum, and a letter recommendation to his *tres chér ami*, an old portrait painter at Bremen, who was to find me a situation.

I found him to be a very curious compound. The first thing I had to do was to clean his shoes. When this was finished, he said “Good !” Then I had to brush his coat, and when that was done, he again said “Good !” After that I had to make the coffee. I made it as good as I could, only I put the beans in whole. The old man looked on most attentively, but not a feature changed. But as the water would not turn brown, I at length confessed that I knew nothing about it, when he said with the same indifference, “Bad, very Bad !”

Next day came a nice little Burgher’s wife and asked him to draw her portrait. He made her sit down, turned her this way and that, and giving me a drawing-board and some black chalk, pointed with his hand to the woman, and then sat down again at his own easel, where he had to put the finishing touch to a painting he had otherwise just completed. I looked at the woman and she looked at me, until almost in

despair I began to draw some faint lines upon the paper, which were intended to represent the woman's face. Presently I became more confident and drew away heart and soul, till at last I produced a sort of blackamoor's face, pitted with the small pox, for it was a mass of black and white spots. But when I tried to make the back ground about the mouth, for I had taken her face in profile, and dashed my unseemly strokes, in all directions, to form the boddice and bust, I at last succeeded in drawing a regular baboon's likeness. After a little time when the painter saw me working away so hard, he came up to me and took away my drawing board, which he carried to the window and after examining my drawing a long time, he said in a deep bass tone "Good, very good!" That this good woman never beheld this drawing of her countenance I still regret, for if she were at all vain, it must have worked a perfect cure.

The following day when she sat for her portrait to the old painter himself, he made me take her likeness again in profile, and once more in the afternoon; on the morrow three times and the same for several successive days, always saying "Good!" I should like to have made my escape from it, for it did me no good at the time, as I was still obliged to clean his shoes, brush his clothes, and draw always the same faces that he was painting. It is not surprising that by degrees I learned to be more sparing of my paper and chalk, to draw more slowly and carefully, to observe how the old gentleman made the outlines of a head, how he placed his portrait, made his ground work, brought the proper colours in the face, softened them down, shaded, added and lessened colors—so that in the end I began to form some obscure notions as to what painting really was.

But exactly as my drawings became better, the more frequently did the old man repeat his "Bad very bad!" or "Miserable, very miserable!" Many a time I could have howled with passion, but my bread-master remained silent, serious, and inflexible. At last, I determined in downright despair to force a "Good!" from his lips; but always when I expected praise, he would say "Miserable!" and when I had merely daubed away to pass the time, the coveted "Good!" would come. The devil himself would have been puzzled. But with all this I had great internal respect for the strange old man, for I must, even now, admit that he was an excellent painter and that there was more in him than he ever displayed. One day it came into my head, for I had made some

considerable progress in drawing, that I would carry his approbation by storm after a plan of my own. I made a drawing for memory of the likeness of my never-to-be-forgotten Elizabeth. In my own opinion it was most successful. Full of joyful anticipation, I placed the drawing before him. He looked over his easel at it, pursed up his lips, and muttered so himself; "Ideal! Ideal! very miserable"! I tore the sheet off the board before his eyes, in very passion and crumpled it into a ball. The old man quietly laid down his palette and came, looked at me earnestly, and then burst out into quite a new exclamation. "Bravo! Bravo! Henry, you are a fine noble fellow, and you shall be a painter too. That bread and butter idealism will come back to you again."

Nothing more was said on the subject. He ceased painting, cleaned his palette, and made me put on different colours, according to the shades required. When this was done he sat down at the window and said: "Now paint me, but quickly." After an hour or so he got up, looked at my daub, and said, "Good, very good."

Next morning when I entered the room, another boy was there cleaning the painter's shoes. My old teacher, for so I shall ever call me, walked up to me. With moist eyes he looked at me a long time and then said. "Yesterday afternoon you became a painter, so you must no more clean my shoes—you can therefore be of no use to me. I have taught you to crawl, now learn also to run. Here is some money for your expenses—pack up your things and seek your fortune. You can take that palette and those colour-bladders. Paint portraits as much as you like, but beware of going beyond that. You will get nothing by the ideal. What does the mob understand about it! My dear Henry, may you prosper, and when you come into the world think sometimes of me. Once more listen to me—you must also think very often of God who is so good to us."

At these words the tears gushed from my eyes. I tried to speak, but my sobs prevented me. My master sat down at his easel and muttered; "Miserable, very miserable." "Henry, exclaimed John, long life to the old man!" "With all my heart, though he has been dead many a year," replied the other. He then continued. "I then passed out through the gate of the city with my knapsack on my shoulders. The swallow from my Elizabeth's window, or some other, flew, twittering, before me, for at least a league. As it was a lovely morning in spring time I felt so joyous



that I went along throwing up my cap with one hand and catching it with the other. Like a miller's boy I walked along the river to where the Aller falls into it, and kept on till I came into the neighbourhood of Zell. Ever since my trance on the banks of the Elbe, I had conceived a great affection for running streams and their playful waters. And now I looked down into the Aller, as if my Elizabeth were about to emerge from it, or at least to stretch forth her white arms. Whilst I was thus dreaming, I heard some one singing,

Das Wasser rauscht,  
Das Wasser schwoll,  
Ein Fischer saß daran :

I stood still and said to myself ; "That is truly a wonderful story !" But when he dripping form of a female seemed to rise out of the flood and to utter these words ; "Du stiegst herunter wie du bist und würdest erst gesund !" I could no longer contain myself. So I ran round some bushes where then was a sudden turn in the road, and saw two wandering students sitting on a mound. The one was fair, but the other looked more like a dark, lanky gipsy girl than a civilised being." John laughed aloud and exclaimed : "Do you mean to affront me ? Do you think I don't remember how a stupid looking painter's boy, with his wide Hamburg mouth and his unartistical stump nose, sprang out of the bushes and with sheepish respectfulness inquired who wrote those pretty verses that we had been singing ? And when we answered "Göthe," you asked, like a simpleton, if he were also a painter ?"

"Be quiet," cried Henry in some confusion. "I was indeed at that time a regular clown. But it is very detestable that people always recollect stupid things, better than what is really clever. I shall always remember how we trudged on together to Zell, how I painted your portrait, and how, when I could not manage your long hair, you touched it up with a hard brush." "Yes, and I looked more like a convicted felon than an honourable student."

"Aye," continued Henry, "and you were so reckless that you advertised in the weekly paper, that the celebrated historical and portrait painter Henry H——n had just returned from England and would remain a short time at Zell to afford a specimen of his talents, to the lovers of the art—in return for a reasonable consideration.' Yet this helped, and I found employment. It is true I painted Correggio's very dark and Rembrandt's semi-dark, and now and

then, but not often, a pale, panting Guido Reni. You too soon left me. I often thought of you, until I was appointed drawing master to the public School, where I certainly learnt more than my pupils.

As soon as I had saved three hundred *thalers*, I was constrained to travel into Italy. You know not what it means to have the Italian fever. It is as if every stone in the street were mocking at you, turning up its nose and saying to itself: "Bumpkin! He has not yet been in Italy." Every door creaks out, "Na-ples." Every coach that passes through the streets rattles out, "Rome, Rome, to Rome!" I could not resist it, so I gave up my situation and made a pilgrimage to Italy.

You may easily conceive that that song of Gëthe followed me every where, and was always humming in my soul. It went with me over the Alps, swam with me across the Mediterranean, then over the Appenines, right into the Vatican, high up Vesuvius, and at last overpowered me with a home fever. So homewards I went one evening wrapped in my cloak up to the very eyes, and my head dizzy with sadness, until I once more trod the streets of Hamburg. • What a variety of circumstances intervened between that night when I arrived there for the first time with my mother, when I lost her in the midst of horrors and madness. That beggar's boy whom a rude ship-builder had received into his house, and at a later date so roughly handled by his master's relation, the Mason and Plasterer, until he again took to flight and became a prey to misery—that poor boy was now fairly grown to be a man, but was he any happier?

Whilst I was thus wandering along, unknown to all, an alien in my own country, night had come on. Something tugged at my sleeve. Before me, in the moonlight, stood a ragged, half-starved, repulsive looking woman, and near, a boy not a whit better off. My soul was horrified. It was my mother and myself that I saw standing before me just as we were thirty years before. Instinctively I seized my purse, and asked; "Who are you?" "Ah! Sir," whimpered the poor creature "we were not always such poor people as we now are. My father was a wealthy shipbuilder and I am his only daughter. Now I was in love with my little cousin ——" "Your cous'n!" I exclaimed. "That I only knew some time afterwards" continued the wretched woman, "he was the son of my father's sister who had been seduced by

a foreign gentleman, and then abandoned together with her child in a foreign land. And when she returned, my father would not take her in again. Some years afterwards she came back again with her boy, and died at my father's door. But the child—Henry was his dear name—came into our house. He was so good, but then too, he was so wild that at last my father turned him out again. It was as if our good luck went with him. My father got connected with some smugglers in the time of the French, and fitted out a fine ship ; but it was all discovered, and we were driven out of the house and reduced to poverty. The shock to my father brought on a paralytic attack, and now that he has lost the use of one side, I am obliged to beg for both him and my child. A pilot married me. The very day that this child was christened, the French—I know not for what cause—shot him dead. He was a kind hearted man and would never have let me go about begging. Gracious Sir, take pity on us and bestow a shilling. God will reward you a thousand fold with health and prosperity."

I could scarcely stammer out the words : " How were you called in your father's house ?"

" My name is Elizabeth."

I could not contain myself, for my heart was broken and the tears streamed from my eyes.

" God's mercy, gracious sir ! what is the matter with you ?" she anxiously asked.

It was the voice of my youthful love. I seized her hands and held them so long, that they became quite warm. She tried in the darkness of the night to make out my features. I recognised her still soft eye. It pained me to restrain myself any longer and, with a faltering voice, I exclaimed, " Elizabeth ! My Elizabeth ! Do you not know me ?"

She leaned her head upon my side, and began to sob and groan aloud : " God be with you, Henry ! He has made you great among men, but us he has humbled into the dust, as I know too well. I thank him that he has vouchsafed unto me to see you once again, and to you, Henry, a thousand thanks that you are as kind hearted as ever."

My soul was rent with anguish, but I was obliged to compose myself in order to extricate my youthful love, from the whirlpool in which she was cast at my feet. So I asked her as well as I could ; " Elizabeth, how can I assist you ?"

" Ah !" she replied. " If I had four or five marks, I could begin to deal in vegetables."

“ I happened to have in my purse fifty *Frédéric*s d’or. It was the price of a picture which a banker at Altona, to whom I was under great obligations, had purchased of me. It occurred to me that I had a gold ring with a fine ruby, which I could easily turn into money. Without more thought I placed the purse in her hand, kissed her forehead, gazed once more into her eyes, kissed the child also, and hurried away. Next morning I was seated in a close post-chaise, rattling on towards *Münich*. It was only when bridges and roads again interposed between the dream and the reality, that the old picture of the Water Sprite revived in my soul with fresh colors and life. Without rest or cessation have I labored at it. It is now finished and you have seen it.

The two friends, both narrator and listener, gradually fell into such melancholy musings, that they soon afterwards went home to their own lodgings. Did I dare tell you, gentle readers, in strict confidence, how at the approach of night Henry fixed a lamp between two old books and upon them placed a kettle of water, until it began to boil, how he crushed the sugar and put it in the glasses, slowly pouring upon it the boiling water, and he prepared the delicious *grog*—truly I could wish that, if you have a sympathetic heart you would also go and do likewise. But were I also to relate how the two conversed together, the live-long night vigorous as two tall forest trees, in the secret hour when all else is hushed, and were I moreover to confess that the lamp under the tin-kettle was not extinguished before the morning light was stealing over the roofs of the houses—then might you shake your venerable heads and thank God that that you quietly sleep through every night.

Let it be sufficient then to say, that towards noon of the following day a great crowd was gathered together before the Saloon where the exhibition was held, composed partly of those who wished to get in and partly of those who wished to get out, and of the latter some one would ever be saying : “ The Fisherman and the Undine, did you observe that picture ? ” If an artist or an amateur met one another, the former would ask ; “ Have you seen that splendid painting, the Fisherman and the Undine ? ” John, who had been moving about through the crowd and had hung up his ears everywhere, that he might be certain of his friend’s triumph, was ready to have compelled, pistol in hand, the most simple shopman to go into raptures about the painting. At length he had heard enough to steer straight into port with a full

freight. On his road homewards, he fell in with a girl selling bouquets and wreaths of flower. He flung a 20—Kreuzer bit into her basket, chose the most beautiful chaplet of star-wort, and rushed into the house.

When he opened the chamber-door he saw his friend lying on the straw mattress on the floor, and quickly placed the wreath upon his forehead. Henry sprang up as the other shouted aloud: "Victoria! thy fame blossoms late, but it shall be eternal as the stars!"

"How you frightened me!" said the painter slowly, but smiling like a bridegroom.

John, however exclaimed in his excitement. "Many friends are expecting you at the Finch. A paint-dauber for a paint-dauber. Come, come along."

No time was to be lost. Henry, hurried away by his friend's zeal, flew threw the streets and reached the painters' tavern. They passed through the billiard room into an inner parlour, full of artist faces, with and without whiskers "Gloria! Gloria, in æternum! exclaimed several voices as Henry walked in; others shook him by the hand; but some sat still, envious and disappointed, and seemed not to notice him "Well, that will do," said Henry. "Now then, Joseph, five flasks, one for each finger."

"That will be ten," answered the facetious tapster. Just then, there advanced out of the crowd a very old gentleman with an eye-glass in his hand, who said: "*Il faut voir cela de près, mon cher.* I will give two hundred ducats for the Fisherman." Henry stared at the old man, and then took him by the hand and led him towards the window, where they conversed together for some time. When they came back arm in arm, the old man called out; "Waiter, bring a dozen of Sillery"—A universal shout uprose. Only a few of the very young painters deemed it scandalous to see a Frenchman in their company, but they soon submitted to the champagne and resigned themselves to their fate.

Another artist now walked in. His name I need not mention. The most modern works of sculpture in the Wal-halla, and numerous paintings which adorn the palace, make him sufficiently well known. Turning to Henry he thus addressed him. "A little time ago, Cornelius and myself spoke to His Majesty about you, the king is willing that you should share in designing some new ideas and paintings for the palace."—Henry gratefully pressed his hand. He was so happy that he could scarcely collect his thoughts. But how

was his joy disturbed when he looked round and saw his friend excited with ungovernable rage. He held a newspaper in his hand.

"John, what is the matter with you?" he asked,

"Nothing particular," replied the other. "Here read that." Henry immediately looked in the direction indicated by his friend's finger, and then said with some hesitation, "Don't be vexed. His Majesty is no doubt so overwhelmed with the number of specimens of art that are sent to him that he is obliged to appoint a commission to examine them in the first instance, and report upon their merits."

"No, No," exclaimed John, "Ought a prince to shut himself up. He ought to be like the sun, diffusing light and warmth every where,—over lions and hares, over eagles and mice. Homer well said that kings descend from Jove, but bards from Apollo. If then I am a true poet, I am his equal in birth. Therefore do I protest against the competency of this committee, as earnestly as did Charles Stuart against the tribunal that condemned him. But if instead of the paternal lyre, I hear only the tinkling bells of a fools-cap on my head—adieu to folly."

Henry made no reply. A little while afterwards they stole home to their pallet, where a long sweet sleep refreshed both body and soul. Next morning John packed up his knapsack, and then Henry accompanied him to the Glyptothek which he wished once more to visit. Straight he hastened to the statue of the Medusa, which he had so greatly admired two days before. Kneeling down before it, he prayed with trembling lips.

"Oh! sancta Medusa! behold me prostrate before thee in the dust, doing penance for the foolish error that brought me to Munich. O, thou mighty Deity of Time, thou Destroyer, look down with power, from thy lustreless eyes, upon a sinner who mistook thy office, and approached thee with song and lyre."

Then he embraced his sorrowing friend, and hurrying out, threw himself into a hackney coach that was standing in the street, and which presently was rattling along towards the gate of the city.

The writer of this narrative only knows, in addition, that Henry H—n the painter is still alive and at Munich, that he has turned religious, and paints holy Madonnas and singing Cherubin and Sereplim, things much too pious for this worldly age. But the poet settled down in his own town as an Advocate, he carries on lawsuits and dwells in the Old Market at Dresden.

## MODERN INDIA.

MODERN INDIA,—*a Sketch of the system of Civil Government.*

By G. CAMPBELL, Esq., B. C. S., London: Murray, 1852

This able and well timed work has already met with considerable success in England ; it has been denounced in the House of Commons by Mr. Anstey, and has been very favourably reviewed by the critics of the Spectator—Examiner,—and Athenæum. The notice which it has as yet received in India, is somewhat characteristic, and is due to the few lines, extracted below.\* The opinion of the Indian Press expressed by Mr. Campbell has attracted much more attention and excited a great deal more indignation than it deserved. We have no intention of entering into a defence of the Press, or of attempting to support Mr. Campbell's assertions. If they are unfounded, they are daily disproved : if well founded, all denial would be useless.

We must however say, that the violent language used by some news-papers was at least injudicious :—a charge of being libellous and unscrupulous is not well met by personal abuse, or by the use of such epithets as 'liar', 'slanderer', 'plagiariſt,' &c. &c.

The Indian Press is of great use as a check on abuse of power, and is not unfrequently the means of drawing the attention of Government to useful reforms, which would otherwise be delayed or defeated :—its faults and shortcomings are apparent to every thinking mind, but we are

\*“ It is certain that the Indian press has become unscrupulous beyond all precedent, and extremely false and libellous, and that it is only tolerable because most of the papers have rendered themselves discredited and contemptible. (p. 193)

I am sure that no rational person who knows anything about the matter really suspects the Indian Government of misconduct of this kind. The editors of Indian papers certainly do not, although it has suited them for a consideration to make an interested outcry in Jotee Pershad's behalf. They are always willing enough to side against Government, but, in the instance alluded to, they must undoubtedly have been stimulated by bribes, because the popular opinion in every Indian Cantonment ran very strong against the Commissariat, and they wrote in the teeth of the feeling of the great majority of their subscribers. The accused was rich, in danger and ready with his money.”—(pp. dxx—xxi-Note.)

convinced that its general usefulness and honesty of purpose place it above the generality of the provincial, and a large proportion of the London Press.

So much has been written on this subject with reference to the attack on the Indian Press in Mr. Campbell's book that it seemed impossible to avoid some allusion to it. Not having seen the work itself, when we read the several criticisms on it, we expected to find a pamphlet filled with sarcastic criticism of the acts and sayings of Sir C. Napier and Lord Ellenborough, with objections to a Free Press in India,—to the permission given to Europeans to hold land in India and with unmeasured praise of every existing system administered by Indian Civilians. The reality is, we are happy to say, very different. The book is a goodly thick octavo of some 550 pages, written in a clear condensed style, and containing, in a comparatively small compass, an amazing amount of statistical information regarding the working of the judicial, police, and revenue systems of India, and it is well suited for the object for which it was, almost avowedly, written, namely to serve as a dictionary of facts to ignorant members of Parliament, and writers of leading articles on Indian subjects.

The general and disgraceful ignorance of every thing relating to India, which prevails in England, is unhappily too well known to need much illustration. Lord George Bentinck feared that Free Trade would prevent the poor Indian from having sugar to sweeten his tea : Mr. Anstey accused the Indian Government of having been the cause of cholera in England, by taxing salt in India : and Sir W. Napier, a self styled Historian of India, talks of the anxiety of Civilians to increase the Revenue, in order that the Proprietors of East India stock may draw larger dividends. We can hardly believe that the brother of Sir C. Napier, who must have known the nature of, at least the English part of, the Government of India, could really have been ignorant of the fact that the interest on East India stock is fixed by Parliament, and is in no way affected by the state of the Indian treasuries. But even if Sir William Napier knew that he was insinuating a falsehood, he must have had great confidence in the ignorance of his readers, before he could have ventured to publish so silly a fabrication. If the work before us dispels any part of the prevailing cloud of ignorance, good service will have been done to India. The facts will be made use of by many, who differ wholly from the deductions which Mr. Campbell has drawn from



them. Presuming that in India we are less ignorant of Indian History than English readers, we shall pass, as rapidly as possible, over the five introductory Chapters referred to in the following extract from the Preface.

I could have wished to have confined myself to present facts, but I feel that if I were to require as a preliminary the perusal of the nine volumes of Mill, I should be merely throwing myself into a great gulf without the slightest hope of filling it up; and even those who have studied Mill imbibe a great deal of error. In the absence, then, of any correct or generally read civil history of India, I find that, in order to save constant reference and explanation, the easiest course is to prefix a few chapters descriptive of the people, and explanatory of some parts of our Indian history. But this part of my volume is ancillary to what follows, and I only notice those things in the past which directly affect the present. Elphinstone alone promised to supply what was wanting in our Indian history, but he has most unfortunately stopped short on the threshold. So far as he goes nothing can be wanting, and I have taken his volumes as my text-book, and have frequently referred to them. The well known Fifth report of the Committee of the House of Commons, printed in 1812, is a very admirable account of our early administration, and I regret that it is not in a more convenient form. I am not aware that anything of the kind has been published during the last forty years.—(p.p. vi.—vii.)

The Sketches of the History of India, both before and after the arrival of the English in India, are exceedingly well written, and the account of the several tribes which constitute the bulk of the population is well worthy of perusal, but we have not space to enter on any discussion as to the prevalence of Republican village communities:—of Feudal systems amongst the Rajpoots:—of Talookdars and Zemeeendars and Maafeedars under Musselman Sovereigns. The mere thought of touching on such well argued topics, calls up the phantoms of a long line of thick folios, styled Revenue Selections, backed by more mysterious and more angry looking reams of modern manuscript. Our business is with British India, as it now is. The public transactions of the last ten years are well known to most of our Readers, and so much party spirit is apparent in this portion of Mr. Campbell's quasi Historical Sketch that we almost wish that it had been entirely omitted. The annexation of Scinde is condemned as impolitic, and as having been the cause of all our late financial difficulties. This conquest, it is asserted, has added about 3,400,000.£ to the Indian debt. The accounts on which this statement is founded, if we are not mistaken, debit Scinde with the cost of the entire military establishment cantoned in the country. No argument is required to prove the absurdity of such a mode of compiling the accounts, or the unfairness of using such accounts to shew the inutility of the conquest. Mr. Campbell justifies its morality, and having thus given up what in our

opinion, is the only valid ground of objection, he wastes time in condemning the political expediency of the measure. Such an amount of prejudice was not to have been expected from the Nephew of my dear Uncle—a moment's consideration of the inconvenience which would be felt if the lower Indus were in the hands of a foreign power, must satisfy every unbiassed person, that whatever may be thought of the morality of the conqueror, there can be no doubt of the political expediency, even as a matter of mere expense, of the annexation of Scinde to British India.

Though the preliminary Chapters are, in some respects, the most attractive, we are glad to turn to Chapter VI, which commences the description of the Government, as it now exists, and contains an account of the composition and powers of the Supreme and subordinate Governments, and general remarks on the system in vogue. The following extracts point out, in forcible language, one of the chief evils arising from the system of double Government in England, and the large number of Directors.

Although I do not enter on the subject of the Home Government, it is necessary here to remark that the energy and *progressiveness* of the Indian Government is undoubtedly much lessened by the practice of constantly referring home all important measures, and by the complicated machinery of the Indian administration in England. The division of authority between the board of Control and the Court of Directors, the large number of Directors, and the peculiar system by which measures are originated in the Court, sent for approval to the Board, then back again to the Court, and so on, render all deliverances very slow and difficult. And when a measure is discussed in India, the announcement that it has been referred to the Court of Directors is often regarded as an indefinite postponement. In fact, it is evident that (able and experienced as are many of the individual Directors) 24 Directors in one place and a Board of Control in another, are not likely very speedily to unite in one opinion upon any doubtful point. They are, therefore, slow to move, and there is a considerable disposition to let things rest quietly, till the necessity of a change is very urgent indeed. There is another great impediment to quick and easy inter-communication between the Indian and Home Governments, which may at first seem attributable to the former, but I believe may be eventually traced to the latter: I mean the immensely detailed form in which all correspondence is transmitted from India to England, and the absence of condensed and general reports. For instance, the Madras Government does not even attempt to string together the revenue reports of the different district officers, but sends home a copy of each as it is received. Now too much information is almost a greater evil than too little, and a body of 24 less easily masters that information, than a single individual. Hence the difficulty. The fact probably is, that the Indian Governments, supreme and subordinate, have not a sufficient staff to condense and review reports in addition to their executive duties. The Governor-General has made several attempts to increase the salaries of the under-secretaries and officers similarly situated, but the Court of Directors seem to have made it a rule to disallow and reverse every thing of the kind. It will be found that it is much cheaper as well as better to pay one efficient secretary to condense than 50 clerks to copy a ship-load of papers.—(pp. ccxv. and ccxvi.)

The Madras Government it will be seen, makes good its claim to the epithet "Benighted." To understand the peculiar absurdity of its mode of proceeding, we must remember that the Collector in that Presidency, has the direct management of every separate field in his district and is, in theory, supposed to enter into the minutest detail of cultivation.

Most people have a general idea of the boundaries of and duties attached to, the several Governments; the land revenue of each is as follows:—

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Under Supreme Government, | £ 1,805,213 |
| Ditto ditto Bengal,       | 3,506,070   |
| Ditto ditto N. W. P.,     | 4,122,566   |
| Ditto ditto Madras,       | 3,479,437   |
| Ditto ditto Bombay,       | 2,290,969   |
| Total                     | £15,204,055 |

The cost of each Government will be seen from the annexed extracts.

I may here also compare the cost of the different forms of government, taking those of Agra, Madras, and Bombay, the former under a Lieutenant-Governor and the latter two under Governors and Councils. I exclude from the statement military secretaries, and all charges pertaining to the military branch, and only give the purely civil charges of the members of the Government, Personal staff, and Secretariat.

*Cost of Government of Agra.*

|                                                |          |
|------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Salary of Lieutenant-Governor, .. .. .         | £ 8,400  |
| Personal establishment and house-rent, .. .. . | 1,320    |
| Secretariat, .. .. .                           | 12,810   |
| Total, .. .. .                                 | £ 22,560 |

*Cost of Government of Madras.*

|                                                    |          |
|----------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Salary of Governor and Members of Council, .. .. . | £ 25,600 |
| Personal establishment, .. .. .                    | 7,984    |
| Civil Secretariat, .. .. .                         | 27,340   |
| Total, .. .. .                                     | £ 60,924 |

*Cost of Government of Bombay.*

|                                                    |         |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Salary of Governor and Members of Council, .. .. . | £25,600 |
| Personal establishment, .. .. .                    | 6,328   |
| Civil Secretariat, .. .. .                         | 43,292  |
| Total, .. .. .                                     | £75,220 |

It will be seen how much cheaper is the Agra Government, while that of Bombay, smallest in receipt, is greatest in expenses.—(p.p. ccxxii.—ccxxiii.)

We should far exceed the limits of an article, if we attempted to give an account of the systems of internal administration in the several Presidencies, and as Mr. Campbell's knowledge of the working of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Governments is confessedly imperfect, we shall generally confine ourselves to the North West Provinces, avoiding, as much as possible, all invidious comparison to the disparagement of the other presidencies. There are 31 regulation districts in the North West Provinces, containing a population of 23,199,688 and an area of 71,972 square miles. This territory is administered entirely by Civilians and Uncovenanted officials;—112 judicial and executive district offices are held by Civilians :

20 Judgeships.

30 Magistrate and Collectorships.

31 Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collectorships.

31 Assistants.

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112

In addition to these officers there are 136 Subordinate Civil Judges :

16 Principal Sudder Amceens.

19 Sudder Amceens.

101 Moonsiffs.

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136

The number of Deputy Collectors and Deputy Magistrates, is probably about 50, the total number in Bengal, the N. W. P., and Punjab being 250. Of the officials named above, the highest in rank and salary is the Judge, but in point of influence and power for good or ill, the Magistrate and Collector is by far the most important personage in a district. The various duties of this official are well described by Mr. Campbell.

The magistrate and collector is, then, a sort of local Governor, and has a great advantage in his management, from the combination of powers. He exercises an extended superintendence over his district, a good deal beyond what his simple name implies, and the people look to him as their immediate ruler. As Magistrate his functions may be said to be threefold :—first as magistrate in the scriptural sense of the word, as one set in authority, exercising a general charge, like the body of county magistrates in England ; making local regulations, superintending the application of local funds for roads, bridges, serais, &c. ; the assessment of local imposts for local police ; the establishment and management of dispensaries, schools, &c. ; the prevention of nuisances ; the sale of intoxicating drugs and liquors. Second, as magistrate like a metropolitan com-

missioner of police, he is charged with the whole management of the large police establishment, the keeping of the peace, the prevention of crime, the pursuit and detection of criminals, and the bringing them to justice. Third, as magistrate exercising summary jurisdiction as a judge. Take the London police magistrates, he investigates charges, passes sentence in certain cases within certain limits, and commits others for regular trial. As collector he is not so much in the character of receiver of taxes, as in that of the representative of the great landlord of the country, for, whatever may be the subordinate rights, Government, as possessing the chief beneficial interest in the rent, itself fixing the sum to be paid, and exercising minute superintendence over the affairs of the cultivators, is practically in its relation to the people, as a landlord to hereditary

tenants. The collector registers in minute form all the landed property of the district, and all the rights connected with it, and all transfers as they occur; he estimates the rent of the land, fixes the share thereof to be taken by

Government, and the share to be left to subordinate holders. When it is so fixed, he collects the revenue as it becomes due. If delay or remission is granted, it can only be through him; if there is failure of payment, he investigates the cause, and, if there be no good cause, he exercises the summary power of realising by distraint, imprisonment, and (under the orders of his superiors) annulment of lease. He also receives and manages the miscellaneous revenue derived from several other sources. He has a large summary jurisdiction in everything connected with the rent and with the possession of landed property. He decides all suits by superior against inferior holders for the rent of the season; he hears complaints of the latter against the former regarding alleged exaction, and gives summary remedy for forcible dispossession of land; but he has no power to try regular suits in regard to rights not in possession. He manages the property of Government. All pensions, grants, and exemptions from payment of revenue, come through him. He is charged with the interests of Government in all matters litigated in the civil courts; he takes charge of the landed property of minors and incompetent persons, he procures supplies for troops, and in fact, in all emergencies, and on very many ordinary occasions, the collectors are (from the inefficiency of the Commissariat department) the commissaries of the army. The Commissariat seems to consider itself, for the most part, a mere office of distribution and account, and never provides supplies for the march of a single regiment. On such occasions a requisition is sent to the collectors of districts through which troops are to pass, and all supplies are received through them. In the same way, when an army takes the field, the Commissariat department write to the collectors for supplies, dole them out to the troops, send in the bills, and take the credit of supplying the army. The collector has a treasury, keeps very minute accounts, gives bills on all other treasuries, and manages all cash transactions; in short, he does everything as the agent of Government. The magistrate may be considered the delegate of the ruling powers of Government, the collector its agent in everything that concerns its own interests and the interests of those connected with it in the land; but the two duties are intimately connected, and the functions materially assist and affect one another." (ccxxix. to cclii.)

Such are the duties which are entrusted to the Magistrate and Collector of a district in all parts of India, except Bengal. To perform them efficiently, requires many qualifications rarely united in one man, and it is wonderful that under a seniority system there are not more numerous instances of glaring incapacity. We have no wish to change the system which limits the selection of the local government to the members of civil service appointed by the Government in England, but it is most desirable that greater direction should

be exercised in making the selection. Under the present system, every Joint Magistrate considers it his right, to be appointed to a district in his turn. In a few cases, the promotion of a man of notorious incapacity, is delayed for a year or two, but eventually he becomes a Magistrate and Collector, when he has been soured by disappointment, and long after the little energy he once possessed has left him. We do not maintain that the additional experience of two years, in a subordinate situation, will never, in any case, remove the objection which had prevented the promotion of a Joint Magistrate; but we do assert that such cases must very rarely occur: the man, who, after 12 or 13 years experience as a Joint Magistrate, is not fit to take charge of a district, will not be more fitted, when he is two years older. Many are competent to act as subordinate Police Magistrates, and decide petty summary suits, who are utterly destitute of any administrative talent, and who would be a curse to any district in which they might be placed. In so numerous a body as the Civil Service, there must be some dolts, some indolent, and some morally worthless; the latter should be, and are ejected, when discovered. There are no sinecures for the two first classes, and ruin would be too severe a punishment for involuntary faults; but it is the duty of the Local Governors to be careful to employ such agents in those Offices only, in which their deficiencies will not be the cause of injury to others. We fear that this would sometimes be impossible but there need be no difficulty in refusing to place more extended power in the hands of an incompetent person. The character of every Officer must be well known, and his efficiency tested, before he has served thirteen years in India, and it should then be finally determined, whether he is qualified to be entrusted with the care of a district; if he is considered unfit, he should be fairly told that he cannot expect to hold any but a subordinate situation. We believe that such a course would bring infinitely less personal odium on the members of Government, than the present, apparently, capricious system. The grounds of each decision would be well known in the service, and the justice of the sentence would rarely be questioned when the principle had once been fairly established. Some little moral courage would be at first required to withstand the intercession of friends, and the clamors of those who seem to consider that Offices are made for officials, and who, in practice, deny their servitude to the public and the State, and rest their claim to salary, on a kind of divine covenanted right.

That there are in the civil service, persons to whom the above description applies, is a notorious fact, which it is impossible to deny, but their number is small, and certainly is not on the increase. Want of zeal is a very rare failing in any Civilian of less than 25 years service, and we can, from a tolerably extensive personal acquaintance with members of the service, attest the entire truth of Mr. Campbell's remarks on this subject.

"To return to the progress of the young civilian. Once in the interior, and assistant to the executive officer in charge of a district, he has little further temptation to idleness and extravagance; but, on the contrary, every thing to draw him towards his profession. All his pursuits and amusements become connected with his duties, which are of such a nature that few men can but like them. His duties and pursuits.

He is of little use at first, but his superior gradually initiates him, and, from signing his name to formal papers and making translations and abstracts, he begins to take a practical part in the duties, and generally soon becomes a zealous servant of Government. Indeed, it is wonderful, how this position acts on a man. Whatever may have been his former character, and whatever the inconvenience to him personally of former extravagance, he almost invariably acquires zeal for his work before

he has been long up country. There are very few exceptions to this rule. All the varieties of talent, temper, and of methodical aptitude of course remain, but hardly

any man in the end altogether fails from idleness or dissipation. The common accusation against the service is a too great disposition to "talk shop" in public and private. The effect of official education, in even begetting a sort of talent for business, is very remarkable. It is astonishing,

with what very moderate intellects, men employed exclusively on official duties from their youth upwards, become

very tolerably efficient, and how a tolerable amount of sense is developed into great official skill; for instance, how large a proportion of the service become in time well fitted for the charge of a district and for duties such as I have described. The fact is then, that, with the exception of the few bad bargains, who are quite too stupid to learn, and who ought never to have been sent out, the great majority are, or at some

General efficiency. period of their lives have been, wonderfully efficient.

Commencing, as I have explained, with a material considerably above par, it is improved to the very utmost by constant professional practice; and I think I may without vanity say that the service, as a body, possesses habits of business, a knowledge of its duties, and general official aptitude, such as is excelled by no body of equal numbers in the world. I do not say that it might not be improved, but speak comparatively to any other existing body. To one class of exceptions to the general efficiency (that of men wanting in intellect) I have alluded. Another is that of men once equal to their duties, but worn out in body, mind, or temper. Promotion is so slow now-a-days, and so many men get into debt at the commencement, that they only attain the pleasant places of the service comparatively late, and then can't or won't retire. The most indifferent officers get on the slowest, and yet attain a certain rank in time, the wear and tear of climate must in the end, say in thirty or thirty-five years, tell on a man's powers. And so it happens that some of the higher appointments are for long blocked up by elderly men, never brilliant, and now inefficient, yet not so bad as to be positively ejected."—(cclxxi. to cclxxiii.)

We shall not follow Mr. Campbell through his discussion on the system of appointment, or promotion of Civilians; and his

comparison of their salaries with those of functionaries performing similar duties in England:—his argument appears to us defective, and the postulate on which it is founded, would assuredly be denied by any one who wished to refute it.

There are about 260 Military Officers employed in civil appointments; they perform the same duties as Civilians, and in the average, are neither more or less efficient: the proportion of talent and dulness is about the same, but there are fewer instances among them of incompetency in high places, probably because the number of such appointments is fewer and the field of selection larger.

Adopting, though somewhat irregularly, Mr. Campbell's arrangement, we have now to consider the different revenue systems in force in the four Presidencies. It is obviously impossible to give, in a couple of pages, any details, but we shall attempt to sketch a rough outline of the fundamental differences of the four systems. In Bengal, Lord Cornwallis confiscated and destroyed all existing property and rights in land, and by the same act he limited for ever the land Revenue of Bengal, and created a new class of proprietors, with absolute power over cultivators of the soil. This ill considered measure was passed in haste, before any boundaries were fixed, or surveys made. The results have been most disastrous. The assessment was unequal,—hundreds of the new proprietors were ruined; the land fell into the hands of hangers on of the Courts, and now, with a comparatively small number of ignorant and turbulent, though cowardly landowners, Bengal is cursed with the poorest and most oppressed peasantry in the world.

In the Madras Territories, what is termed the Ryotwar system is in force. All rights in commons and waste lands were disallowed, the culturable and cultivated land was roughly surveyed (but not mapped) by native modes of measurement, and a maximum rate of assessment was fixed, with the understanding that reductions should be made for all failure of crops. Waste ground was also divided, and a gradually ascending rent fixed on each division. Each Ryot may cultivate as much land as he can get, and as long as he pays the rent, has full control over it. The maximum assessment is, in practice, never raised, but as rent is only paid on cultivated land, an annual measurement is necessary, and before the Revenue demand is settled, the following steps have to be taken.

“The mode of managing then is this. Before the commencement of the rains the *tehseldar* takes engagements from the *ryots* as to the quantity of land they



are to cultivate, which of course he promotes to the utmost. Of these he makes "a Dowl Bundobust," or statement preparatory to settlement. But this is by no means the settlement. He makes advances, &c., during the season to the ryots in proportion to their means and necessities. When the crops are nearly ripe, the collector goes out into the district to look at them and to make his annual settlement. The village accountant makes out a statement showing the cultivation of each ryot, his crops and circumstances, "the number of his cattle, sheep, and children." Of the fields which he has undertaken to cultivate, first, he does not pay for those which on account of the season he has not been able to sow; second, he does not pay for those which, being sown, have produced nothing; third, the collector may grant reductions from the maximum or standard jumma on account of inferior crops, unfavourable season, &c., &c. Accordingly at this time all who think that they should not pay full rent, apply for reduction. All these cases are settled, and then, and then only, does the collector make up his "jummabandee" or annual settlement, grant formal leases, and take formal engagements for the crop, which by this time is *past* and generally *paid for*. This is important to note, for it does not seem to be generally understood, and it puzzles those whose ideas of a settlement are of an arrangement made before, not at the end of, the season to which it refers. Sir T. Munro avows extensive remissions as part of the system, and argues that those are wrong who think that the system is bad because in all districts "very many ryots require a remission of a part, or a half, or even the whole of their rent;" for he says that we must "among two or three thousand ryots always expect to find two or three hundred who are unable to pay their rents," and from this disposition to hold land without being able to pay (being inclined to look on the bright side of things) he argues a "spirit of independence" which we ought to "encourage rather than repress" (par. 14). He would have made a capital Irish landlord, and would no doubt have encouraged this "spirit of independence" with perfect success. In all the discussions on the subject all the authorities at all presidencies dwell on these great remissions as a chief evil, and one which is admitted by the Madras revenue officers themselves. Yet on turning to the figured statements of the ryotwar collectors I was surprised to find them exhibiting the most wonderful punctuality of payment, the balances rarely exceeding three per cent, and averaging little more than one. It was only on talking to a Madras official that I discovered the explanation of this discrepancy. "Oh," he said, "all that is before the jummabandee. The jummabandee is not made up till *after* the crop is ripe, in fact generally does not reach the collector's office till *after* most of the money has already got there, and after making all the remissions and reductions of the season from the standard assessment—that is our annual ryotwar settlement." No wonder the recorded assessments are punctually collected in this way; but it is a style of settlement which was altogether new to me."—(ccclvii.)

The abuses under such a system must be enormous. A Collector has to make 150,000 settlements annually, with reference to the number of cattle, sheep, and children; and the state of the crop of each cultivator:—he must be powerless in the hands of the native subordinates, and it would be strange indeed if "the abuses of the system, especially that of remissions, were not something frightful."





The favourite system of Bombay is a modified Ryotwar: we have no knowledge of its working, and extract, at length, the account given by Mr. Campbell.

"Their plan was to make a field settlement, with well defined fields and much reduced rents, fixed for 30 years with no abatement.

In 1847 the different settlement Officers met, and agreed upon a set of rules in exposition of their system—under which the southern part of the Bombay Presidency is now administered. The system then is this:—the assessment is still on fields, but a field is no longer as before the indigenuous field—the undefined little bit of ground heretofore described. It is an artificial field, much larger than before; and wherever so much land belonging to the same owner can be found in one place, it is as much as one man and a pair of bullocks can conveniently cultivate. It is permanently marked off by sinking large stones, &c., and a very accurate survey is made, not strictly scientific, but with the assistance of scientific instruments in marking the main bearings. The rent is fixed on each field for 30 years, and each ryot may, as before, each year cultivate what fields he pleases, and give up what he pleases. Fields which are not taken up for cultivation are let annually by auction as grazing grounds. All cultivators are proprietors of the fields they cultivate, so long as they choose to keep them on the rent fixed; but there is this difference, that, as Meerascedars were always considered proprietors, their rights of inheritance, &c., are not interfered with; whereas, other cultivators receiving the proprietary right as a gift from Government, there is this condition attached, that their fields cannot be divided, and a single field, or land under a certain quantity, must go to the eldest son or single heir in order to prevent subdivision. The rent rates are very much reduced. But the rent of a field once fixed will never, under any circumstances, be altered during the settlement whether it is taken or not. Fields will be sold for balances. All joint tenures and common responsibilities of every kind are utterly done away with, and it is stated to be the great object to get rid of the Meeras tenure altogether, so that the Government may deal with the whole land under its own rules. In fixing the assessment on each field, a most minute and artificial system is to be followed; there are nine good qualities of soil, according to depth, colour, &c., and seven defects, which are set forth in a strange looking diagram, and, the defects, being subtracted from the good qualities, the relative values are expressed in fractions of a rupee. A field is thus valued in a number of compartments and the sum of the whole is the assessment of the field.

Here is a field as surveyed in Bombay. The figures are the good qualities of each compartment, the hieroglyphics the bad.”

## East

|               |                                                                                       |                                                                                       |                                                                                                    |                                                                                       |
|---------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7             | 4  | 3                                                                                     | 1                                                                                                  | 2 .                                                                                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ | $1\frac{1}{2}$                                                                        | $1\frac{1}{2}$                                                                        | $1\frac{1}{2}$  | $1\frac{1}{2}$                                                                        |
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| ...           | ..                                                                                    | ..                                                                                    | ..                                                                                                 | .                                                                                     |

(ccclxviii. and cclxix.)

We cannot conceive that it will answer better than the Cottier system of Ireland, or the Crofter system in the Scottish Islands. The N. W. P. system has been so often and so well described, that we shall only point out the main features

in which it differs from those of the other presidencies, without entering into any detail of the various tenures which have been recognised.

The boundaries of each village were carefully ascertained by Professional surveyors;—the interior of each village was mapped, and each field numbered and the name of the cultivator and proprietor recorded; an accurate record was made, after careful enquiry, of all who had any rights in the soil, and, in the administration paper, full details are given of the interest and responsibility of each proprietor, and of the conditions under which different classes of tenants are to be admitted. The assessment was fixed for 30 years, and for its punctual payment the proprietors are jointly and severally responsible. The record of rights is the great triumph of this system. Except perhaps in France, such a register nowhere exists, and as its value and importance are now appreciated by the people, its errors and omissions are daily becoming fewer. The settlement now progressing in the Punjab is, we believe, conducted on substantially the same principles as in the N. W. P., the mode of procedure differs only in detail. The interior measurements are made and the khusrahs are prepared by the villagers themselves, instead of by a hired Ameen. The preparation of the field map and the index to the khusrah is left for some future day, when Putwarees shall have learnt how to draw maps. It was found almost impossible to make a field map in some hill districts, and a year's experience shewed, that in a country where nature had established clear boundary marks, the want of the map was not greatly felt, and it was, therefore, assumed that they might be dispensed with in the plains. In an open unenclosed plain there are few natural boundaries, and, for any judicial purpose, it appears to us, that a khusrah, that is a list of fields with their occupants and owners, must be useless without an index map to point out exactly the position of any individual patch of ground. Of the Revenue systems mentioned above, those of Bengal and Madras have without doubt been unsuccessful, the improved Bombay plan has not been tested. In the N. W. P. only, has the settlement fully answered the expectations of those who planned it. Litigation has been greatly diminished. Affrays formerly so common are now almost unknown, the value of property in land has been greatly enhanced, and the general wealth of the country has increased, though no class has benefited at the expense of another. The Revenue being more equally distributed, is collected with, probably,

greater facility and punctuality than in Madras or Bombay, though the rate per acre of total area is much higher. There are 80,883 town-ships under assessment, of these in 1849-50 only 74 were sold for default in payment of Revenue. Of the 74 sales, 41 occurred in one district of Banda, and were rendered necessary by peculiar local circumstances, which had little connexion with the amount of the Revenue demand. There are 1253 town-ships in the Banda district, if therefore, we leave this district out of consideration, we find that only 30 estates, out of 79,630, or about .0003 per cent. were sold for arrears of Revenue. We believe that in France the per centage of estates annually sold for this reason, is about two per cent. Those who are curious about the cost of collection must refer to the work itself, we can only notice the arrangements, in Bombay where Rs. 2,29,09,690 collected at a cost of Rs. 1,26,26810. Under such a system, one is not surprised to hear, that, notwithstanding the annexation of Sattara, resumptions, and lapses, the net Revenue of Bombay has diminished by 18,92,919 per annum, since 1835-36. The following table will conclude our remarks on this subject.

## GENERAL STATEMENT of Land Revenue of different Provinces of British India for 1849—50.

| DIVISION.                                                   | Area<br>in Square<br>Miles. | Population. | Gross<br>Land Rev. | Charges.         | Net<br>Land Rev.   | Rates<br>of Revenue<br>per Square<br>Mile |                    | Per-<br>centage<br>Charges. | REMARKS.                                                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                                                             |                             |             |                    |                  |                    | Gross                                     | Net<br>on<br>Area. |                             |                                                                                                                    |
| Bengal, Behar, & Orissa                                     | 113,702                     | 36,848,981  | Rs.<br>3,50,60,700 | Rs.<br>32,57,300 | Rs.<br>3,18,03,400 | 310                                       | 280                | 9½                          | Area, population, &c., from actual survey and census.                                                              |
| Agra Regulation Provin-<br>ces                              | 71,972                      | 23,199,688  | 4,04,77,661        | 35,00,000        | 3,79,77,661        | 561                                       | 514                | 8½                          | Includes the Saugor and Narbudda territories, at present under the Supreme Government.                             |
| Non-Regulation Provin-<br>ces of Agra                       | 18,000                      | 3,000,000   | 37,47,339          | 3,20,000         | 34,27,339          | 207                                       | 130                | 8½                          | About 47,00,000 rupees land revenue of Julana and Cis-Sutlej territory, hitherto included in North-West Provinces. |
| Punjab, with Cis-Sutlej<br>and Trans-Indus ter-<br>ritories | 75,000                      | 7,500,000   | 1,47,97,000        | 13,00,000        | 1,34,97,000        | 197                                       | 130                | 9                           | Population probably un-der-estimated.                                                                              |
| Madras .. ..                                                | 144,829                     | 16,339,426  | 3,47,94,373        | 47,80,000        | 3,00,14,373        | 240                                       | 208                | 13½                         | Ditto.                                                                                                             |
| Bombay .. ..                                                | 67,945                      | 9,210,273   | 2,29,09,690        | 1,26,26,810      | 1,02,82,880        | 337                                       | 151                | 55                          |                                                                                                                    |
| Total .. ..                                                 | 491,448                     | 96,098,368  | 15,17,86,743       | 2,57,84,140      | 12,60,02,603       | ..                                        | ..                 | ..                          |                                                                                                                    |

We must pass by, almost without remark, the chapter on Customs, Salt, Opium, and Post office Revenue: the following table shews the gross, and net collections under each head for 1849-50:—

|               | SALT.    |          | CUSTOMS. |         | OPIUM.   |          | POST OFFICE. |              |                                    |
|---------------|----------|----------|----------|---------|----------|----------|--------------|--------------|------------------------------------|
|               | Gross.   | Net.     | Gross.   | Net.    | Gross.   | Net.     | Gross.       | Net.         |                                    |
| Bengal, ..... | 19138000 | 15971784 | 3927500  | 3452700 | 37546569 | 25590304 | ..           | —            | Bengal                             |
| Agra, .....   | 4750000  | 4053000  | 1216000  | 1016000 | —        | —        | 480500       | —            | 56300                              |
| Punjab, ..... | 1000000  | 1000000  | 556000   | 550000  | —        | —        | 800000       | 213000       | Agra<br>Punjab<br>Madras<br>Bombay |
| Madras, ..... | 4645926  | 3833312  | 1027100  | 811667  | —        | —        | 178000       | —            |                                    |
| Bombay, ..... | 2358220  | 2179420  | 2739010  | 2330370 | 8079300  | 7996540  | 403773       | —            | 30130                              |
|               |          |          |          |         |          |          | 243000       | —            | 149110                             |
| Total, ....   | 31892146 | 27037516 | 9465610  | 8160747 | 45625869 | 33586884 | 2105273      | 213000       | 235540                             |
|               |          |          |          |         |          |          |              | 213000       | 213000                             |
|               |          |          |          |         |          |          |              |              | 22540                              |
|               |          |          |          |         |          |          |              | Net Deficit, |                                    |

In the next chapter, the Financial state of India is discussed: Mr. Campbell considers its position to be most unfavourable. It appears that in 1849-50 there was a surplus of £ 64,846—the debt, including proprietors stock, amounted to £ 59,571,701, to meet which, there was a cash balance in India and England, amounting to £ 13,931,682, leaving £ 45,640,023, as actual debt. The annual amount of interest on debt and dividend is £ 3,039,970.

There is a considerable disproportion in the Military charges, in the different presidencies. In Bengal with the N. W. P. and Punjab, and including Punjab corps, they amount to 42 per cent. of the net Revenue; the per centage in Bombay is 75—and Madras 66½. The charges, other than Military, amount to 24 per cent. in Bengal and Agra, and to 28 per cent. in the Punjab, the surplus in the three presidencies being stated at 33\* per cent. or 5,038,000. After adding the Madras surplus, and deducting the Bombay deficit, which is a little more than the Marine charges, a sum of about £ 5,350,000 remains to pay the interest of the debt and charges in England. The following extract gives a general account of the Financial state of each Presidency.

Statement C. shows how far each Presidency has improved or deteriorated since 1835-6. The Bengal revenue has increased immensely, principally from opium and salt; and that of the North West Provinces has increased by about half a million, the salt revenue making up for the abolished transit duties, and the ordinary revenues having improved. But the Bengal army has increased so much as to make the Bengal charge bear a much larger proportion than formerly. The net revenues of Madras have suffered a very slight decrease. The abolition of internal customs caused a loss, which is scarcely made up by improvement in other sources of revenue. On the other hand there has been an increase in military charges of about 280,000*l.*, and in other charges of about 60,000*l.* So that altogether the result shows a deterioration at Madras of about 400,000*l.* It seems strange that the Madras army, already so large, should have been farther increased. It is true that, the Bengal and Bombay armies having been pushed forward, it has occupied some stations which hitherto did not fall to it; but one would think that, with nothing to do at home, and so large a force, it might have done this without an increase. The Bombay gross revenue is made to show a great increase, but the nominal additions being written off, the difference in the net revenue is much less considerable. There is a net increase, something above 400,000*l.* But then the late opium arrangements have added 615,000*l.*, to the net revenue of Bombay, without reference to internal management, and without expense; and the ordinary sources of receipt have in reality diminished by about 200,000*l.* The salt duty (though smaller than any where else) has made up for the transit duties; but the land and other revenues have deteriorated. On the other hand, the Bombay charges have increased (exclusive of Scinde) by nearly 600,000*l.*, of which about 520,000*l.*, is in the Military department, and the remainder in other departments. The military increase is principally attributed

\* This appears incorrect, the actual surplus being 27 per cent.

to the supply of Bombay troops to Scinde, but still the opium would pay for that and Bombay does not, from its ordinary revenues, defray its own mere local expenses. Such a drag on the finances of India really should not be permitted. ccccxvii. to ccccxviii.

We now come to the consideration of the Police, and Judicial system of India. Mr. Campbell while admitting, to a certain extent, the insufficiency of the police, appears inclined to deny its extreme corruption: we differ from him, but have not space to enter into any argument on the subject. It will be admitted, that in Upper India the police have been successful in repressing crimes of open violence, such as highway robbery, and dacoity; but, it cannot be denied that men of family and character, have the strongest objection to enter the Police, even as Thannadars, and are generally glad to find employment of equal emolument, in any other branch of the service. A Thannadar feels that he is presumed to be a rogue, and often becomes one in consequence of this feeling. Many Magistrates, when entering a new district, seem to consider that every person appointed by their predecessor, must be a fool, or corrupt; and proceed at once to detect irregularities, and appoint new men. These nominees, if commonly prudent, have a chance of remaining in Office until another Magistrate arrives:—they are considered as favoured by the man in power, and no complaints are made, but the irregularities, which led to the dismissal of their predecessors, are still practised. In fact a Thannadar cannot live and keep up appearances, on the pay which he receives, and until their salaries are raised and some measure adopted to render the tenure of Office more secure, it is absurd to expect improvement. The following account of the mode in which a Police enquiry is conducted, will amuse our readers.

Jeelall, shopkeeper, gets up in the morning, finds a hole in his wall, and all his moveables gone, whereat, he laments exceedingly, and, raising a great outcry, summons the watchman and the Punch. The watchman declares that it is most extraordinary; he kept watch all night, but saw no thief. The Punch observe that they are very sorry,—by all means send for the police; so the watchman is dispatched to the inspector. Meantime, Jeelall, seeing that he is not likely to get much satisfaction if he trusts to other people, himself sets to work in earnest. He has probably influence and connection in the village, and, knowing the right person to apply to, pays something handsome for information, acting on which, with the assistance of the Punch, he secures a small boy, supposed to be mixed up in the affair, and lays an embargo on two or three suspected houses. By this time arrives Mahommed Khan, the police Darogah, a handsome burly Mahomedan, mounted on a comfortable looking pony, with a distinguished looking turban of extravagant proportions, several daggers in his belt, and a posse



of followers. Now if (as very frequently happens) no clue had been found, and the case had seemed a hopeless one, Mahommed Khan would have set forth in his report a dozen excellent reasons to show that Jeelall never was robbed at all, but made a hole in his own wall, in order to defraud his creditors; and would have varied the barrenness of his statement with many excellent Persian and Arabic aphorisms and pertinent observations on the faithlessness of shopkeepers in general, and of Jeelall in particular. In this instance, however, finding that a clue has been obtained, he probably goes about the case actively. The suspected houses are searched and the "Khan jee" has a private interview with the small boy, the result of which is that some of the property is found, and the boy consents to name his associates. "Dours" or flying parties, are sent off to pounce on the distant rendezvous of the principal burglars; they are apprehended, and the whole affair comes to light. Mahommed Khan probably takes this opportunity of despatching by express to the magistrate the following report, or "petition," as it is called in oriental phraseology:—"Cherisher of the poor, your good fortune is great. You will have learnt from yesterday's diary, that upon hearing of the burglary in the house of Jeelall, shopkeeper, your slave, girding up his loins, set off determined to discover the criminals or return with his face blackened for ever. Not through any merit of this humble one, but solely through the favour of God and the overpowering good fortune of your worship, the efforts of the lowest of your slaves have been crowned with success, and 'Inshallattallah' (please God) the thieves shall be rooted out from the face of the earth. Your slave, immediately on his arrival, adopted a thousand devices and deep stratagems, and expended a large sum from his own pocket in bribing informers, and with intense difficulty insinuated himself into their confidence, so great was his desire to gain your approval. But not to these persevering efforts of your slave, simply to your fortunate star, is due the discovery of a clue to the perpetrators of the crime. Your slave, being thoroughly acquainted with all the bad characters, apprehended a desperate burglar, and so managed him that through your good fortune he gave a further clue, and eventually (the efforts of your slave being unremitting) six burglars and two receivers have been seized and the whole of the property recovered, except some few articles, which Jeelall doubtless inserted in the list from a mere spirit of exaggeration. It is impossible at this moment to furnish a detailed report, therefore I despatch this preliminary petition for your information. The regular report, with the parties, the prisoners, and the property, will be sent in tomorrow morning. Your fortune is invincible. The petition of your humble slave.

MAHOMMED KHAN, "*Thanadar*."

Doubtless the magistrate is duly impressed with the belief that his good fortune, so often referred to, consists in the possession of so invaluable a treasure as Mahommed Khan. cccclii. and ccccliii.

Mr. Campbell does not approve of the mode in which criminal trials are conducted by Sessions Judges.

Some judges are old and nervous; some are old, disappointed, and captious; and cases are brought before them under the most unfavourable circumstances. Some weigh straws, and, unable to make up their minds, think acquittal the safest course; some, considering themselves charged with the interests of the prisoner as opposed to the magistrate, seek for every argument for acquittal, substantial or technical; and none have any direct interest in the success or failure of the executive administration." cccclxix.

The complaint is one made by every young and zealous Magistrate, but the fault is on the right side, and we should

he sorry to see a race of less scrupulous Judges. It is easy to see that Mr. C. has felt, as Magistrate, the inconvenience of finding a criminal let loose after he has, with much difficulty, been caught, and committed to the Sessions; and from a Police point of view, we must admit the truth of his observations. But when we remember that the Magistrate, from having been the agent in tracing and apprehending the prisoner, often has, insensibly, a bias against him,—when we consider the frightful prevalence of perjury—the known corruption of the Police—and the ingenuity with which false charges are framed and supported; it cannot be a matter of surprize, nor is it to be regretted that the Officers, by whom all heinous offences are tried, should often disbelieve the evidence which has satisfied the Police Magistrate, and should be inclined to give the prisoners the full benefit of any doubts, as to the truth of the charge against them.

The chapter on the Administration of Civil Justice is perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the work. Mr. C. confesses his inability to treat the question at large, and confines himself to a general description of the systems in force, and he has added some statistical tables, comparing the results of the Courts in England, and India. We believe that, in these provinces at least, there is no part of our administration which is so defective as the system of Civil Courts. They have demoralized the people;—encouraged the spread of perjury and forgery—have ruined thousands by the facilities which they offer to fraudulent claims, and have created a race of false witnesses who are the terror of every large town. The lower class of Judges are monstrously corrupt—the Vakeels sell their clients; even an honest suitor is often compelled either to allow falsehoods to be stated or to lose his cause. We have never been able to find a single native, even among those connected with the civil courts, who did not condemn them, and declare that they were a fertile source of oppression. The evils, of the present system undoubtedly arise from the inadequate pay of the native judges, and the complicated system of procedure, which renders it necessary to employ the ill-paid rascals who act as vakeels in the lower courts. The plaintiff and defendant are not permitted to tell their own story, and are not subject to any punishment if the statements in the pleadings are proved to be false. The salary allowed to the Moonsiffs is not sufficient to raise them above temptation; a Moonsiff is expected to rank, in point of respectability, above

a Tehsildar, and receives about half the amount of salary. We cannot wonder at the universal cry against the civil courts; it is to be regretted that the cry has as yet been raised in vain.

A reform of the subordinate judicial establishment need not add to its expence, if the proceedings were simplified, and assimilated to those of the County Courts of England. The average number of cases decided in 1849, of each County Court judge is 3628. The average number *decided* by each subordinate judge in the N. W. P., in the same year, is about 830,—the number of cases decided being, 43,910. The number of Judges 136. If 60 County Court Judges can decide 217,713 cases we see no reason why 136 Judges should be required to decide 43,910 cases. Allowing the native judge to do two thirds the work of the English county Judge, and supposing, that the number of suits would be increased by one-third, if the system were improved, we should require (taking the number of suits instituted at 60,000,) thirty-three Judges to decide 80,000 suits—even if the number of suits were 1,00,000, less than 40 would be required.

So great a reduction in the number of subordinate Judges, is not, however, necessary. There are 31 districts in the N. W. P., and on an average, two subordinate Judges might be allowed to each district, the number required would then be 62, or adding six extra Judges for larger districts, half the present number: the salary of those discharged, would be available to increase the allowances of those who were retained. We have not space, nor indeed, the information necessary to follow out into detail, the changes that would be necessary. One evil of the present system is, the great number of courts, with ill-paid Judges, oppressed with cumbrous forms,—we wished to shew, that with a more simple mode of procedure, the Judges could decide more cases, and the necessary funds would be available, to increase the salaries of the Judges who would remain.

The system of justice, in the non Regulation provinces, is infinitely better adapted to this country, than that in force in the Regulation Provinces. It is, unincumbered by form, and easily administered; we have, however, already exceeded our limits and must conclude with a strong recommendation of Mr. Campbell's work to all who wish to possess, in a small compass, the latest information regarding the civil administration of India. We have extracted copiously, but have necessarily been compelled to leave many subjects altogether untouched, and to treat all very superficially.

## MINIATURES.

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### III.

Like the woodland pheasant,  
Her hair is brown and bright ;  
And her smile is pleasant,  
With its rosy light.

L. E. L.

---

I know two flowerets growing on one stem,  
Which by their loveliness the sight arrest  
Of all who see, who, seeing, covet them  
Scarce knowing why, but find the heart opprest  
With that strange feeling, which is neither love,  
(For love is ever of a slower growth)  
Nor simple admiration, but doth move  
The life blood tingling in the veins, and sooth  
I know not if 'tis pain or pleasure—may be both.  
Emblem of innocence, thou little one  
Life opening to thee, gentle fairy bud !  
Looks bright, for thy young fancy is a sun  
Each object gilding with its genial flood.  
Nor, seen amidst the gaudy flowers that spread  
Their full bloom glories to the wanton air,  
Seemest thou less lovely when, as if afraid,  
Thou fain wouldst hide those beauties they lay bare.  
Sweet little floweret, pride of the parterre !  
A child of nature with bright hazel eyes,  
And flowing tresses of rich auburn hair,  
Around a spotless brow,—an envied prize  
That one alone may win, but many idolize.

## THE KUTUB MINAR.

Perhaps there is nothing more to be deplored in the historians of semi-civilized nations, than the absence of all detail in their delineations. In the pictures sketched by them, the faintest outline of things, only is discernible. Of those matters, which are now-a-days considered in Europe, of the greatest importance, they took no note whatever. They ignored, entirely, the revolutions in manners and customs, the execution of public works, the progress in the arts and sciences, the progress in education, that is, in civilization. And those things, which they chose to include in the picture, very frequently, shape and form have none distinguishable. It is impossible to distinguish between a tree and a shrub, a mountain and a hill, a lake and a tank. That something is there in the shape of water, of plants, of elevations, is clearly discernible ; but of what shape, height, or dimension, cannot possibly be discovered. Of this mode of depicting history we have no where more deplorable instances than in Indian Mahomedan writers. We leave the Hindoos altogether out of the question, for, although these were in every other respect, superior to their successors in science and literature, they failed entirely in the historic department. From them, we have crude collections of the most incongruous materials, but not even the semblance of history. The Indian Mahomedan has certainly attempted history, but, with one or two exceptions, he has omitted all statistical information, and every thing in the way of detail. And most frequently, when he does condescend to furnish you with particulars, he frightens you with his extravagance. Suppose him to take notice of the public works executed in any particular reign, he erects you in a breath, 40 mosques, 30 colleges, 100 caravanseries, 30 reservoirs, 30 dams, 100 hospitals, 100 public baths, 150 bridges &c. &c.—a list of public works that would have eaten up fifty times the spare revenue of any Emperor that ever sat on the throne of Delhi. The history, as written of Mahomedan India, might serve for the history of any other Mahomedan country under the canopy of the sky, with the trifling alteration of a few names and dates. The contemplative Spectator was astonished, that the epitaphs on most of the tombs in Westminster Abbey, recorded nothing more of the inmates than that they were born on one day and died

on another ; but what would he have said of the works of the Mahomedan historians, most of which might be very correctly and serviceably abridged, so as to make the same set of words stand for the history of nearly every prince ? As thus :—Prince Jahan Soz, the lord of felicity, the master of this world and the world to come, the heir to the kingdom of Solomon &c. &c., ascended the throne on such a date ; enacted, or suffered, the necessary and customary intrigues and villainies ; made, or endured, a few unjust invasions ; and, lastly, on such a date was stabbed, poisoned, or perpetually imprisoned with his eyes put out.

These thoughts have been strongly impressed upon us, in our endeavours to obtain something like a clue, to the erection of the Kutub Minar, in the neighbourhood of Delhi. This pillar has been pronounced by tourists, and travellers, from Bishop Heber downwards, to be the finest single pillar in the world, but it is still a disputed point amongst the most ancient native inhabitants, and the oldest English residents whether it was built by the Hindus or Mahomedans. Of course it is hard to say what may be discovered in time, but it is at present, our deliberate opinion that scarcely the least allusion to the erection of that stupendous column exists in any book of purely Indian History. If you ask the most intelligent Mahomedan, that cometh within the sphere of your acquaintance, if it be a Mahomedan erection, the answer is ready :—Without doubt, it is so written, in History. If you further interrogate him as to the History, in which it appears, the answer is just as ready :—Just now I forget, but I will make enquiries and let you know to-morrow. To-morrow arrives, and you gently jog the memory of your friend, and are surprised to find that he had forgotten to institute the promised enquiries. This forgetfulness continues from day to day, but as it cannot last for ever, some other excuse is finally invented. One of the most learned Mahomedans of Delhi sent, in reply to the last of a series of letters we wrote him on the subject, a verbal message to the effect that he had been prevented making enquiries, on account of a swollen hand. Well, if, being disappointed by your Mussulman friends, you turn to the Pundits, the answers obtained are precisely to the same effect. Both parties claim the pillar to be an erection of kings of their own faith ; but neither can adduce the least particle of historic evidence in support of such a claim. We will endeavour in some measure to clear up the mystery, as well as to give a brief description of the column itself.

The Kutub Minar stands in a nearly south westernly direction from Delhi, and at a road distance of 11 miles from the Cashmere gate. The distance from the Jumma Musjid, as the crow flies, can differ very little from  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It is a round tower standing on a polygonal base of twenty-seven sides, exclusive of the door way. The diameter at the base is about 35 feet, and gradually contracts as the pillar ascends, in 5 stages, to the height, as nearly as could be determined, of 240 feet. The spiral staircase leading to the top, consists of 378 steps. The lowest stage is 90 feet in height, and fluted, in a manner peculiar to itself, into 28 semicylindrical and angular divisions. There are inscriptions on it in the most ancient Arabic character, the Mukkalu, from which the Cufic characters were principally derived. The second stage rises to the height of 50 feet, and the fluting here is simply semicylindrical. The third stage rises to about 40 feet, and here the fluting is entirely angular. In the fourth and fifth stages of the pillar there is no fluting whatever. At the termination of each of the stages, a balcony, supported on large stone brackets, goes quite round the pillar, and battlements are erected on each, to prevent any person, adventurous enough to go on them, from falling. The upper story of the pillar, had been injured, either by lightning or an earthquake; but was repaired by Major Smith, late superintending Engineer of Delhi. The work has not been very well done, and the portion of the stair case repaired, is somewhat difficult of access. To give it, what Major Smith deemed a finish, a cupola was placed on the top, which was described thus by an English writer. "A majestic cupola crowns the whole, springing from four arcades of red granite:" a description altogether wrong. This majestic cupola was ordered to be taken down by Lord Hardinge, and now stands at a little distance from the Minar, scarcely attracting the attention of a single observer. It has been asserted over and over again, from the days of Bishop Heber downwards, that the three lower stages of the Kutab were built of red granite, and the assertion has, to this day we believe, passed uncontradicted. This certainly speaks little for the geological science of those who have visited the neighbourhood of Delhi, and who have deemed themselves qualified to write books of tours, full of wonders seen, heard, and invented. The Bishop himself was a good natured gossip, fond of telling amusing stories, and some times giving utterance to happy sentences. There is not a single stone of granite in the whole composition of

the Kutub. It is built of that indurated sand-stone commonly called, in the neighbourhood of Delhi, *Sung-khar*. It is apparently faced with that other kind of sand-stone commonly called *Sung-surkh*. We say *apparently*, as there is some reason to believe that much of the red tinge of the external surface of the Minar is owing to the exposure to the atmosphere through so many centuries. This we can vouch for, that we have examined the stones most carefully, and very many of those which had assumed a decidedly red tinge on the external surface, gradually change into the bluish gray colour of the *Sung khar*. There is reason to believe, that in a more advanced stage of the decomposition of the *Sung khar*, the reddish tinge changes into a white. It is likewise a mistake to say that the two upper stories are entirely composed of white marble, there are some layers of white marble, but there can be little doubt, for reasons to be stated immediately, that the marble was not originally employed in the erection of the pillar, but was inserted afterwards, at some one of the times when it underwent repair. It has been repaired thrice at least, once by Feiroz Toghlagh, again by Sekundur Lodi, and lastly by the British government. A late writer on India has the following. "The Kutub was the effect of bigotry and fanaticism, the invariable associates of Moslem invasion and power. The Hindu temples were destroyed, for many of their relics were perceptible in parts of the Kutub. "This fact alone," says Archer, "decides the controversy as to the people by whom the pillar was built." In the three lower stages of the pillar, it is quite certain there is not a single Hindu stone. Some of the marble blocks in the upper stories would appear to have been, in the first instance, employed in Hindu buildings. There are some inscriptions on the marble blocks, many of which are evidently modern; but there are two which afford unmistakable marks of antiquity. They are in the Sanscrit character, and all we have yet been able to make out is, that these blocks were dug out of the quarry in 1416 Sambat by a man of the name of Sen. Now this was 24 years after the death of Feiroz, and consequently posterior to the first known repair of the pillar. It is by no means improbable, then, that these marble blocks were inserted by Sekundur, especially as it is an historical fact that he demolished numerous Hindu temples and appropriated the materials to other uses. However this may be, it is certain that the upper stories, in their present condition, are an entirely different work from



the three lower stories. Before the repairs by Major Smith, it might have been determined whether the two upper stories were entirely a later addition to the more ancient pillar, but now it seems almost impossible.\* It may appear somewhat extraordinary that in the midst of such a field of ruins, and such a demolition of Hindu architecture, no Hindu stones should appear in the three lower stages of the pillar; but their absence is very easily explained. Most of the stones employed in the temple of Prithi Raj are of a geological character different from that of the stones of the pillar. Not only is this so, but they are of a form unsuited to such a structure. Some of these, round pillars, about two and a half feet high, are elaborately carved, and could manifestly have no place in such a building. The only stones that could possibly have been employed, were long narrow slabs, that, among other uses, frequently formed the lintels in the doorways, and the upper part of the frame work—so to speak—of the windows of the temple, but it is obvious that neither could these prove of service to the architect of a round pillar. Be the Kutub a Hindu or a Mussulman structure; no use whatever could have been made of the materials of the former Hindu buildings that were scattered about.

Before entering on the question of the Hindu or Mahomedan origin of the Kutub, it may be necessary to refer to another error, into which many persons have fallen. The opinion has been pretty generally entertained, that the pillar was designed for the minar, or one of the minars, of a mosque. In olden times, they say, mosques had sometimes only one minar. This *may* have been the case in other countries, but there is not the least authority for saying that such a custom ever prevailed in India. Besides, the great mosque at the Kutub never was finished. That this is a fact any one with half an eye can see. On the site of what was intended to be a mosque, there was standing a magnificent Hindu temple. The greater part of this was pulled down; but the walls of the

*Note.*—Since writing the above, a sketch of the Kutub, drawn by Lieut.-Col. Hutchinson, before it was repaired by Major Smith, has been kindly placed at our disposal. This sketch at once shows, that the two upper stories must have existed in a damaged state for a long time. Certainly, they were not taken down and built again by Major Smith; and they must have been taken down and rebuilt at an earlier period, or the two upper stages must have been originally erected at a later date than the three lower. As far as we can judge from the drawing, it gives no countenance to the opinion that the external coating, if external coating there be—was an after work of the Mahomedans, added to deceive posterity; it appears to us fully to bear out the reasoning of a future page.

mosque never were completed, the roof was never put on, the interior never was cleared out. In what was intended to be the interior, to this day, stand Hindu pillars elaborately carved and covered with figures illustrative of the Hindu Mythology. Now this could never have been tolerated for a moment had the mosque been completed, and it is not likely that such a stupendous minar would have been erected, before the mosque was well begun. But what renders all further dispute about the matter unnecessary, is that no such thing has ever been known as an inscription on the minar of a masjid, at least in the neighbourhood of Delhi. Why the column was erected, it is now, perhaps, impossible to discover. The Hindu says it was erected by Prithi Raj, that his daughter might ascend and pooja to the Jumna. Others that it is a column, monumental of the complete overthrow of the Hindu Kings of Delhi by Shahâb-u-deen of Ghoree, while there are some who say that it was merely built as a watch tower. Of these opinions, the second appears to us to be the most probable. That the Mahommedans did, sometimes, erect monumental pillars, we know from the authority of Ferishta, who ascribes ten such to Feroze, the very King who is said, in the inscription, to have repaired the Kutub. Nor must we say, that the last reason, assigned for its erection, is an absurd one. It is our belief, that a person well acquainted with the local histories of Delhi and Coel, could make out a strong case in favour of the opinion that the towers erected at both of these places, were built for the purpose of acquiring early intelligence of hostile movements in the immediate neighbourhood of those towns. We know that the confines of the seat of Government were frequently laid waste by the incursion of Hindu Rajas, bands of hostile Mahommedans, and plundering hordes of unsubdued tribes. The following extract is from Brigg's Ferishta :— " In the course of the year (A. D., 1265) an army was ordered to extirpate a plundering banditti of Mewatties, who had occupied an extensive tract, about eighty miles, south east of the capital, toward the hills, from whence, in former reigns, they used to make incursions even to the gates of Delhi. It is said, that in this expedition, 100,000 Mewatties were put to the sword ; and the army being supplied with hatchets and other implements, cleared away the wood for the circumference of 100 miles. The tract thus cleared, afterwards proved excellent arable land, and became well cultivated."

The question whether the Kutub is a Hindu or a Mahomedan structure, is one that has occupied considerable attention,

and has not yet been fairly disposed of. The oldest residents about Delhi take different sides, some contending that it was really built by Prithi Raj, although they can shew no authority for it whatever. Could the works of the Poet Chund be recovered, they might throw some light on the subject; but it is difficult to say whether these works exist. The copy in the Delhi College, is confessed on all hands to be spurious. It abounds in Arabic and Persian terms and allusions, which dispose of the matter at once. The pundits universally acknowledge them forgeries. No aid then can be derived from the great historical bard of the Rajpoots; but perhaps such aid is unnecessary.

We have heard three arguments adduced in favour of its being a Hindu building, but none of them, it appears to us, of much force. One is the absence of all Hindu materials in the pillar, which it is imagined, would have been employed by the Mahomedans from the neighbouring Hindu ruins. This we have already disposed of. Another is that some persons, most competent to judge and amongst whom Dr. Duff was named, who had had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Hindu Architecture of the Deccan, immediately on seeing the Kutub, pronounced it Hindu. Now as we never have had an opportunity of examining the celebrated temples and pagodas of the south, it may seem presumptuous to question the capacity of these men for correct observation; but except description lies, in a manner that beggars all description, there is scarcely a single point of agreement between the styles of architecture displayed in the Kutub, and in the pagodas of the south. We believe we are correct in stating, that no solid stone circular pillar, with a winding stair case, is certainly known to be a Hindu structure, just as such a thing as a Hindu solid pyramid is unknown. Many of the Hindu pyramidal temples, both north and south of the Godavery, were unquestionably built at a date not far distant from that of the erection of the Kutub, but the styles of architecture are utterly at variance. South of the Godavery, the temples are very lofty, some of them rising to 180 or 200 feet; but they do not slope gradually. They are merely a succession of stories, each narrower, than the one immediately lower, and the walls of all rigidly perpendicular to the horizon. North of the Godavery the same character prevails, and there are also round pagodas which bulge in the middle, so that at some distance from the ground, the circumference of the temple is greater than at either extremi-

ty. According to the description of Colonel Todd, Bishop Heber, and all writers who have visited Rajpootana, neither has the Rajpoot style of architecture any thing in common with that of the Kutub. The celebrated pillar of Chittore, which Tod considers superior to the Kutub in design and richness of effect, is—according to description—one hundred and twenty feet high, consists of a succession of stories, resting on pillars, and is covered with ornamental carving of every description—very different from the simple majesty of the Kutub. Besides, it is square. Many of the pillars in Rajpootana, according to Heber, stand on their smaller ends. They consist of a succession of stories, each being narrower than the one resting upon it; a style of column, both dangerous and devoid of ornament. Moreover, there is no Hindu pillar, setting the Kutub aside for a moment, in the world, abounding in arches scientifically designed and beautifully executed—a consideration, we think, sufficient to decide the matter at once. The fact is, the odds are a thousand to one against a Hindu acquaintance with the principle of the arch. Had they known the arch, either scientifically or practically, is it possible that they would never have employed it but in one or two solitary instances, where the balance of evidence, on other grounds, is against their claim, of original erection. In the temple of Prithi Raj, adjoining the pillar, the arch is never attempted, but the dome is, of course, in the rudest possible way. It may be described thus. The circumference of the base of the dome is a regular polygon, formed of the long narrow slabs of stone, formerly alluded to. Over every angular point of this polygon, another slab of stone is laid, with its inner edge considerably advanced towards the center, but not so as to bisect the stones on which it rests. The new polygon formed in this way, is proceeded with in the same manner, till at last the whole comes to an apex. This it will be acknowledged, is a very rude way of attempting the dome.

The argument, then, stands thus:—immediately before the Patan invasion the Hindus were entirely unacquainted with the arch. It is certain, that just about that time, there were architects in India, who thoroughly understood it; it is certain, that the arch was very rarely, if indeed at all, employed in purely Hindu buildings, till within a very recent date; it is observable that the Patan arches and domes, are, in almost every respect, superior to those executed by the Moguls; can it be supposed, then, that the Hindus, just at the time of the Patan invasion, jumped at once, from

ignorance and rudeness, to perfection and finish, and that they lost this scientific and practical knowledge as quickly as they found it? Did their whole acquaintance with the principle of the arch, like Jonah's gourd spring up and wither in a night?

Another argument adduced is, that in Architecture, the Hindus were in a far more advanced state than their Affghan conquerors. In some respects this must, we think, be conceded. As far as carving, moulding, ornamental work, and something approaching to orders of architecture is concerned, the Hindus undoubtedly had the superiority. They were exceedingly ingenious in some little things, as they are at the present day. None could exceed them in ornamental carving and stone cutting. If we listen to eastern hyperbole, nothing could surpass the extent and magnificence of their towns. The walls of Lucknow were thirty miles round; it had thirty thousand shops for the sale of pân. Mahmood Ghuznavce saw there a town, which through pride, raised its head to the skies, and in beauty and strength was unrivalled. At Muttra, Mahmood could not destroy the public buildings, either deterred by their great strength, or seduced by their surpassing beauty:—"There are here a thousand edifices, as firm as the faith of the faithful, most of them of marble, besides innumerable temples; nor is it likely this city has attained to its present condition, but at the expence of many millions of deenars, nor could such another be constructed under a period of two centuries." We are told that this King, on his return to Ghuznee, instructed by the magnificence of the edifices of the Hindu towns, built the mosque called the Celestial bride, founded a university, &c., and that the nobles, spurred on by the example of their King, endeavoured to vie with one another, in the magnificence of their public places, and in the erection of public buildings for the embellishment of the city, so that in a short time, "the capital was ornamented with mosques, porches, fountains, reservoirs, aqueducts, and cisterns, beyond any city in the east." This is all very creditable, no doubt, both to Mahmood, and his teachers the Hindus; but in all this there is no mention of columns like the Kutub, and we more than suspect the description exaggerates as much as the saying of the Samarkand poet detracts:—"Notwithstanding the numerous palaces built by Mahmood, who vaunted of their beauty and magnificence, yet we see not one stone in its proper place." Admiration of Indian carving and stone-

cutting is frequently to be found, from the time of Sultan Mahmood to that of Teimour Lane, and in every instance, there can be little doubt, that Hindu workmen were referred to. To the present day, we believe, whoever may be the designers, whoever may be the architects, the artisans are all Hindus. There is a passage in Ferishta which is calculated to lead astray, we copy the whole to prevent mistakes, from Colonel Brigg's translation. "Teimour now entered the city, and seized for himself 120 elephants, 12 Rhinoceroses, and a number of curious animals that had been collected by Feiroz Toghlugh. The fine mosque built by that prince, on the stones of which he had inscribed the history of his reign, was so much admired by Teimour, that he carried the same architects and masons from Delhi to Samarkand, to build one on a similar plan. After having halted 15 days at Delhi, Teimour commenced his retreat to his own country, and marched out to Feirozabad &c. &c." Of course, what we have principally to do with, is, the word 'architect,' but it may be as well to correct the whole passage. In those days there were in the neighbourhood of modern Delhi, three towns situated further to the south west than Feirozabad, and in the order we recite viz., Seerec, Jahanpunnah, and Delhi. These towns were connected in a very peculiar manner, which it is unnecessary to note just at present. But it was near these three towns that Teimour remained for 15 days; it was thence he selected, not architects, but stone-cutters, and he then marched to Feirozabad, where he entered the mosque built by Feiroz, and there went through all the form of Mahomedan prayer. Before leaving this passage, we should wish to make one observation with respect to free translations, and that is, that in general, they do incalculable evil. An author, to shew his reading, must use a learned word for what he thinks an unlearned one. A Saxon compound will not serve, there must be an elegant *classical* one, and the sense is completely changed. Nor does this happen only with translators of an inferior stamp, it is frequently the case with the very best. The attention of the most patient and laborious will sometimes flag; the acumen of the ablest mind will sometimes be unable to discover idioms in one language, entirely equivalent to those of another; and as an inelegant translation will not take with the public, a false representation of facts must in many cases be conveyed.

There is only one other statement of those who contend that it was originally built by the Hindus, that it is neces-

sary to notice. To account for the Arabic inscriptions, these gentlemen—for whose opinion we have the highest respect—say, that the external Hindu facing was cut away by the Mohammedans, and a new one supplied. Now we submit that, if such were the case, it would have been detected long since by the clearest evidence. No external coating on such a lofty pillar, and superadded at a date posterior to the erection of the pillar, could have stood the wear and tear of more than ten centuries, without manifesting unmistakable signs of separating itself from the main body of the pillar. Now we repeat that we have examined it most carefully, and can discover nothing of the kind. This, however, could be completely determined, if in addition to the drawing by Colonel Hutchinson, so kindly placed at our disposal, a description of the condition of the pillar could be obtained, before the repairs by Major Smith. From the parts that were in a dilapidated state, the question ought to have been set at rest. If a breach, through time and decay, had been made in any part of the pillar, the after external coating must have manifested symptoms of peeling off in a lump. Besides, it is difficult to conceive however the Mohammedans would have gone to the trouble of cutting away the Hind external facing, and refacing it themselves, only that their posterity might be able to claim it as their own.

We will now give the translation of the inscriptions\* on the pillar, and then whoever has any doubt remaining about the matter must we think be hard to satisfy:—

*This pillar was injured by lightning during the year seven hundred and seventy, and Feiroz Sultan, by the grace of God, caused it to be repaired. May the high God grant that it may never more be affected with injury.*

*This building was erected by the order of the great king, the honored monarch, the master of the lives of the people, the lord of the inhabitants of the lands of Arabia and Persia, the son of this world and the world to come, the most honored of Islam and its professors, the heir of the country of Solomon, the victorious Altamsh Sultan Nasir, the chief of the faithful of his time.*

*This building was completed in the time of the slave and sinner, Mohummed Davood. King Altamsh Taratune Nasre,*

\* For these inscriptions we are chiefly indebted to Alee Ahmud, Sudder Ameen of Delhi, Moulvee Syud Mahommed, Moulvee Subhan Buksh, and Master Ram Kishen, teachers in the Delhi college. The inscriptions are taken in order from the top downwards.

*the son of right and religion, gave orders that the building should be completed.*

*The prophet, on whom be peace and safety, has declared, that whosoever shall build a mosque for the high God, for him will God build as good a house in Paradise.*

*Damage had accrued to that auspicious pillar which was built by his former majesty the Sultan of Sultans, the son of this world and the world to come (Shems-ul-dunya-ul-deen), may God make paradise his resting place, and that damage was repaired by the great, honored, and revered king, Badshah Secunder, son of Behlol Lodi, may God perpetuate his empire and Government.*

*In the month of Rabi-ul-awal, seven hundred and seventy.*

Upon the above inscriptions a few remarks are necessary. In the first place, the name of Davood, who appears to have been the architect, cannot be clearly made out. Again, the reference to the declaration of the prophet, appears to militate strongly against our own opinion that the pillar is not the Minar of a mosque. Every one, acquainted with the quotations from, or references to, the Koran, which so much abound in eastern books and inscriptions, but from which, that on the Kutub is so free, knows that very frequently the said quotations or references have very little relation to the subject they are intended to illustrate. They are far-fetched and convey only very distant allusions. In the present case, such a reference might be inscribed on any building, for any Mahomedan purposes. Moreover, we are certain that the pillar and the mosque at Coel (Allyghur), are of very different dates, as will be seen presently. The mosque is far more modern than the pillar. Could it be clearly shown that on the site where the mosque at Coel now stands, a more ancient mosque formerly existed, we confess it would be a strong case against us. But as far as we are aware, there is no reason to suspect this. A third observation we should wish to make on the inscription is, that the date on the base of the pillar, is that of the repair thereof, by Feiroze Sultan. It appears that Feiroze caused his inscription to be made above that ascribing the completion of the pillar to Altamsh; and then he wrote the date on the base. When it was again repaired, Secunder Lodi, of course, not being able to write his inscription below the date of that of Feiroze, wrote it immediately above it. These irregularities of inscription are a strong proof that it was originally a Mahomedan erection. Had they been conscious of any defect in their title, they would



have taken care that all the inscriptions would have been written regularly, and in order. The final remark we will make is that, without doubt, the Kutub Minar was begun by Kutub ul-deen Ibbuk, and in all probability, the construction of the three lower stages was completed by him, about the end of the year 592. We have the authority of Ferishta—unfortunately we have lost the reference—for saying that a stop was put to the erection of the adjoining mosque in that year. This is not at all improbable, as in that year he was defeated near Ajmere by the Hindus, and besieged during a part of that year and the next, in that very town; and there is a great reason to believe that, for a short time, the Hindoos re-acquired the ascendancy in Delhi. During the remainder of his life he was immersed in war, and what was less to his credit, for a few years in debauchery, so that he could give but little attention to public buildings.

We will now give portions of the inscriptions on the Pillar and Mosque at Allyghur; but we desire they may be taken *cum grano*. We have not yet had the opportunity, personally, to inspect them. We have been furnished with them by a native correspondent, who has certainly very indefinite notions of dimensions. If we give him implicit credit, the frustum of the pillar yet standing, is seventy yards in height, and was at one time three hundred—a circumstance that would completely throw the Kutub and all other pillars into the shade. The passages below, however, may be considered as correct, and we promise our readers a short note on the subject, in the next Ledlie. Over the doorway of the Minar is an Arabic inscription, the translation of which is something like the following:—

*The foundation stone of this pillar was laid during the reign of the Emperor, the protector of the universe, king of kings, defender of the faith, and heir to the dominion and signet of Solomon, Aboul Mozuffer Mahmood, son of Sultan—may God make his Empire and Government perpetual,—and according to the directions of the learned Auzam Kootlagh Khan, the mirror of truth and religion, Chief of the Chief of Sirv und China, otherwise called Bulhune Shumsee, on the 10th of Rajub 652.*

The Mahmood here mentioned, was the youngest son of Altamsh, and Kootlagh Khan was one of the most influential Chiefs about Delhi, who married the mother of Mahmood, after the death of Altamsh. He, through his wife, fell into disgrace, the very year after the date mentioned in the

inscription. The following *Persian* inscription is on an arch of the Mosque :—

*In the name of God who is merciful to all in this world, and particularly to Moslems, and to them alone in the world to come. Loud praises and continual thanks be to God, that I, the servant of the house which is the asylum of all people, Sabit Khan Bahadoor, Sabit Jung, son of Mohammed Beg, by caste a Moghul Turkman, inhabitant of Coel, have been enabled, out of the charity fund of the holy prophet, to lay the foundation of the great mosque and the well, in the year 1134 (or 1137) Hira ul to get it completed in the year 1141, corresponding to the 11th year of the accession to the throne of Mohammed Shah Badshah Ghazee. No one has hands and tongue, so as to be able to thank God, as he ought to be thanked.*

We have only to draw attention to the different dates of their inscriptions and to add, that our opinion of the pillar at Delhi, being unconnected with the Musjid, will not be shaken until it can be satisfactorily shewn, that on the site of this modern Musjid at Coel, a former Musjid stood, the date of whose erection corresponded to that of the pillar.

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## I.

There are moments when the gayest  
 Feel unbidden terror near,  
 Like the guests of Czar Domitian  
 At his ghastly board of cheer.

## II.

Moments — when the best and bravest  
 Find a shadow on the soul—  
 Find a weariness in striving,  
 And a longing for the goal.

M.

## L' ORDENE DE CHEVALERIE.

Among the French Knights, who accompanied Godfrey of Bouillon to the Holy Land was Hugh, Castellain or Lord of St. Omer. As soon as Baldwin had ascended the throne of Jerusalem, he lost no time in recompensing those warriors who had raised himself to this proud station, and on Hugh he bestowed the principality of Galilee and the Lordship of Tiberias. Hence, by corruption, he was generally styled Hues de Tabarie. It would appear that Hugh was taken prisoner by the Sultan Saladin, who demanded at his hands a full initiation into all the forms and observances of the institution of Knighthood. In compliance with this request or command, the captive Knight composed a poem, entitled in the original manuscript: "*Chi commenche l'ordene de Chevalerie, ensi ke li Quens Hues de Tabarie l'ensigna au Soudan Salehadin.*"—This poem we have now attempted to render into literal English prose.

— It is good to converse with a man of sense, because one may thus acquire knowledge, prudence, and courtesy. An excellent thing is it to frequent such company. Whoever takes heed unto his deeds will never fall into folly. For we find it in Solomon (Prov. xxviii. 13) that every wise man does all his works openly and honestly, and if ever perchance he err through ignorance, he may be pardoned as soon as he is willing to forsake his errors. It now behoves me to relate in rhymes, a tale that I heard told of a certain King, who formerly possessed great sway in pagan lands, and was a most loyal Saracen. His name was Salehadin. Cruel he was and often times much did he trouble our faith. To our people also he wrought much evil through his pride and violence. And thus it happened on a time that a prince came to the battle, whose name was Hues of Tabarie. With him there was a great company of the Knights of Galilee, for he was Lord of that country. Many feats of arms they performed that day, but it pleased not the Creator, whom we style the King of Glory, that ours should have the victory, for in the end Prince Hues was taken prisoner. Then he was led down the street to the presence of Salehadin, who addressed him in his Latin, for he knew him right well.\*

\* By this word was simply intended the peculiar language of any one. It was even applied to the fabulous speech of birds. *Latinier*, signified an interpreter, or man of many tongues.

"Hues, well pleased am I by Mahomet, that I hold you fast, and of one thing I assure you—you must prepare to die or pay a heavy ransom." To this Prince Hues replied: "Since you have given me the alternative, I take the choice of redeeming myself, if I have means to do so."—"Yea," quoth the King, "you shall count over to me a hundred thousand Besants."\* "Ha, Sire, I could not attain to that sum, were I to sell all my lands." "Easily you will do it." "How, Sire?" "You are of great hardihood and full of all chivalry, so that men will not refuse to pay your ransom if you ask it of them; at least, they will give you great gifts and thus you will be able to acquit yourself towards me." "But let me ask, how can I go from hence?" Salehadin answered, and said, "Hues, you shall pledge me your word that you will return, and that in two years without fail, you shall discharge your ransom or render yourself a prisoner; on this condition you may go hence." "Sire, I thank you, and to all this do I agree."

Then he demanded permission to depart for his own country, but the king took him by the hand and led him into his chamber, and gently besought him, and said, "Hues, by the faith you owe to the God of your law, instruct me, for much do I wish to attain unto a perfect understanding, and fain would I know how they make knights." "Fair Sire," he replied, "I will not do so, and I will tell you why. The holy order of knighthood would be badly employed in you, for you have neither baptism nor faith, and you belong to an evil law. Great folly should I work were I to clothe and cover a dunghcap in linen cloths to prevent it from being offensive. Never should I so succeed. In like manner I should equally err, did I admit you into such an order. I dare not attempt it, for much should I be blamed." "That you will not be, Hues," said he, "and you cannot be to blame for you are in my prison, and must do my will, even though it displease you." "Sire, since I must submit, and have no power to say you nay, I will do it without more delay."

Then he began to teach him all that it behoved him to do.

He made him trim his hair and his beard and beautify his countenance, as becomes a new Knight, after which he put him into a bath. And when the Soldan demanded

\* The Besant was a coin current at Byzantium, and was worth about ten sols,—so that the ransom demanded by the Sultan would amount to 50,000 livres, or one-tenth of the sum exacted from Louis ix,

what that signified, Hues Tabarie replied, "Sire, this bath in which you bathe yourself has this signification. Like as the infant born in sin comes forth from the font after being baptised, so must you, Sire, come forth without any villainy and be full of courtesy; you must bathe yourself in all good and honourable and courteous doings, and make yourself beloved by all." "Truly this is a right fair commandment," exclaimed the King.

When he had taken him out of the bath he laid him in a fine bed, that was made for great delight.

"Hues tell me without deceit what is the meaning of this." "Sire, this bed signifies to you, that we must by our chivalry strive to gain a bed in Paradise, such as God vouchsafes to those who love him, for this is the bed of repose."

When he had laid a short time in the bed, he made him get up, and clothed him in white linnen garments.

Then Hues said to him in his Latin: "Sire, deem it not a mockery—these pure white garments next your flesh, give you to understand that Knights should always strive to keep themselves clean if they would attain unto Heaven."

After that, he put on him a scarlet robe.

And Salehadin greatly marvelled, why the Prince should do this. "Hues," quoth he, "what signifies this robe?"

Hues of Tabarie made answer: "Sire, this robe gives you to understand that you must be ready to shed your blood for the service and honour of God, and in defence of the Holy Church, that no one may attempt aught against her, for all this must a Knight do, if he would do what is pleasing before God. 'This is the meaning of the scarlet robe.'"

Then he placed his feet in shoes of brown stuff, and said to him.

"Sire, without fail all this reminds us by means of these dark shoes, that you ever keep in thought death and the earth wherein you will lie, whence you came, and whither you will return. Therefore take heed to your eyes that you fall not into pride, for pride must never exist, nor remain, in a Knight. To singleness of mind he should ever tend." "All this is good to understand," said the king, "and I am well pleased to hear it."

After that he stood up, and the other girded him with a fair white belt of little width.

"Sire, by this belt is understood that you must preserve your flesh, your loins, and your body, in the cleanness and pu-

rit of virginity, and despise and avoid luxury. For Knights should ever love to keep their bodies pure, that they in no way dishonour them." "It is good to be upright" observed the King.

Then he fastened two spurs on his feet, and said to him, Sire, even as you would wish that your charger should be swift of foot, and prompt to go hither, and thither at your will, when you strike him with the spur, so do these spurs, which are gilt all over, signify that you should ever be fully minded to serve God, all your life, for so do all Knights who live in with a perfect and pure heart." Much did this please Salihadin.

After which his sword was girded on his side, and he demanded the meaning of the brand.\* "Sire, said he, this is a guarantee against the assaults of the enemy. The two edges of the blade are to let you know that a Knight should ever be loyal and upright,—that is to say, he ought ever to protect the poor man so that the rich do not oppress him, and to sustain the feeble so that the strong do not insult him. This is a work of charity." To this Salchadin readily assented, after he had heard his words.

Then the Knight put on his head a pure white cap, and told him the meaning of it.

"Sire, you behold how that this cap is without stain, fair, white, and pure. So, in like manner, at the day of judgment we must deliver up our soul to God, free from all sin and folly such as the flesh is ever committing, in order to obtain a share of the joys of paradise: for tongue cannot relate, nor ear hear, nor heart imagine, the loveliness of that paradise reserved for the faithful servants of God." The King listened to all this, and then asked, if there was yet more to do.

"Yes, Sire, but I dare not do it." "What is it then?"

"It is the Accolade."†

"Why have you not given it me, and declared the meaning of it?"

"Sire, it is in order to remind you of him who has dubbed and ordained you Knight. But I will not give it you, for I am your prisoner, and I will do nothing wrong for any thing that may be said or done. Therefore I will not strike

\* In the original, the word is *branc*, "derived" either from the Latin *brachium* or more probably from a corruption of *fractum* the letter *f* being frequently changed into *b*.

† *Chest li colée*. This word, afterwards corrupted into *colps* and the modern *coup*, is derived from the Latin *colaphus*, a blow.

you, and you must not be dissatisfied as it is. But nevertheless, I will, show and teach you, and explain four special things that a new Knight must hold unto, all his life, if he could come unto honor. In the first place he must have nought to do with false judgment, nor must he rest in any place where there is treason, but at once depart, if he cannot turn aside the wrong. The second thing is passing fair. He must never withhold his counsel from dame or damsel, but if they have need of him, he must aid them to the utmost of his power, if he would earn praise and esteem. For he must honour women, and to maintain their right, endure great fatigues. The third matter, of a truth, is that he must observe abstinence, and must fast on Friday to keep in mind that Jesus Christ was pierced with a lance for our redemption, and that pardon was granted to Longis.† All his life he should fast on this day, for the sake of our Lord, unless he be prevented by sickness or some other sufficient cause. And if he cannot, for such reasons fast, he ought to make it up with Heaven by giving alms or by other good works. The fourth matter is the last, and every day he ought to hear Mass, and if he have the wherewithal, to make an offering. For it is good to offer unto God, and oftentimes it brings down a blessing.”

The king understood right well all that Hues recounted unto him, and much pleasure did he take therein. After that he arose and, when he was fully arrayed, entered straight into his chamber.

There he found fifty Admirals,\* who, all belonged to his sway. Then he seated himself on his throne, and Hues placed himself at his feet, but forthwith the king raised him up and caused him to sit on high, and said,

“ Know, of a truth, that because you are a prudent and good man, I will bestow on you a most worthy favour. For I freely promise, that if any of your people be taken in battle, and you come to require him of me, for the love I bear you, he shall be set at liberty. Now ride through my land fairly and peaceably. Of your men that may hereafter be taken, I will give you up ten, if you will bear them off hence.”

\* Such is the name assigned to the soldier, who pierced the side of our Saviour. It has been likewise handed down to us, on equally good authority, that this man suffered from a malady of the eyes, and having rubbed them with the blood and water which issued from the wound, was restored to perfect sight.

\* Admiral was originally an Arabian title for the Governor of a Province, or the Commander of sea and land forces.

"Sire," he replied, "your goodness merits my best thanks. But I do not forget, that you told me whenever I met with good and sensible men, to ask of them to aid me in my ransom. Now I can no where find a better or more sensible man than yourself, fair sire. Therefore give it unto me, as is right, since you have taught me to ask."

At this Salehadin laughed, and made answer,

"You have indeed begun well, and I will give you without guile fifty thousand good besants, for it is not my will that you should fail through me."

He then stood up and said to Prince Hues,

"You shall go to each Baron, and I will go with you." Sirs, continued the King, give each of you something to this great Prince to make up his ransom."

And the Admirals all round began to give him something, until he had fully made up his ransom and had thirteen thousand besants over and above—so much did they promise and bestow.

Then Hues demanded permission to return home for much he desired to quit the paynim land.

"You shall not go hence," quoth the King, "until you have received the 13,000 besants, they promised to give you." And he turned to his treasurer and commanded him to pay the money, and afterwards recover it from those who had promised to give it. So the Besants were weighed out and given to Count Hues, who was constrained to take them, whether he would or not. For rather would he have employed them to redeem his people, who were in prison and captivity in the hands of the Saracens.

When Salehadin heard this, he sware by Mahomet that they should never be redeemed.

On learning this, Hues had great sorrow of heart, but he dared not further entreat the king, in as much as he had sworn by Mahomet, and he feared to anger him. Then he commanded his ten companions, whom he had chosen, to make ready, for that he was about to conduct them back to their own country. But he remained there yet eight full days, being feasted with much merriment, after that, he demanded a safe conduct through the Paynim lands. And Salehadin granted it to him together with fifty guards to escort them in safety, without pride or fraud, beyond his territory.

So they set out to return to their own country and the Prince of Galilee went with them, though much he grieved for the comrades he was constrained to leave there, but he



could not do otherwise, however he might regret it. Thus he came back to his own lands—himself the eleventh—and he shared amongst his friends the wealth he had brought with him, so that many a man was enriched.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Here follow nearly a hundred lines of moral reflections, and the poem concludes in the following manner.—)

Et si truis, lisant en latin,  
 De bones œuvres, bone fin.  
 Or prions au definement  
 Chelui qui est sans finement,  
 Quant nous venrons au definer,  
 Que nous puissions si finer  
 Que nous aions la joie fine  
 Ki as bons mie ne definc,  
 Et por celui qui chou escrist,  
 Que il soit avec Jhesu-Crist,  
 Et en l'onnour Sainte Marie  
*Amen, Amen*, chascuns en die,—  
*Explicit li Ordres de Chevalerie.*

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# LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER, 1852.

## SHAKSPERE'S COWARDS.

### PAROLLES.

A few evenings ago we were sitting in our own arm chair ; between our lips the fragrant cheroot was merrily wasting into thin air ; by our side the tumbler of favorite beverage (its name we conceal) was gradually diminishing ; we were reading the play of " All's well that ends well," or " Love's labor won," when our eyes fell upon the following passage.

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my Lord calls for you. (*exit*)

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

*Helen.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star,

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Pur.* Why under Mars ?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so ?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* THAT'S FOR ADVANTAGE.

Good ! what a Parthian the rascal was !

Our next reflection was that Parolles and his brother cowards in Shakspeare, though deserving well of posterity, have not received their proper mite of approbation, their crown of laurel which they so well merit. We may except Falstaff perhaps ; but the others have been neglected, have been slighted, or at least damned with faint praise—and why, said we, is this unmerited neglect ? Because they were cowards, men who shrunk from seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth ? Surely not ! If they were cowards, blame nature, don't blame them. Poor creatures perhaps, but as they came from the great workshop ! Then we further reflected that the Duke of Wellington had stated

his belief that all men were brave, i. e. physically so; though there are some exceptions to the contrary. Well then, said we, if His Grace be right, an arrant coward is something out of nature, a thing in himself, something to be admired at, rather than despised—an exception to a general rule, a *lusus nature*; an object of pity perhaps but not of contempt; charity forbids that. Besides he may possess some qualities which call for approval; for instance, he may be slow to take offence, display singular good-nature, patience, and great meekness under persecution, and if to these admirable qualities, he adds a fund of never ceasing humour, moving our risible faculties to their proper exercise, verily, we think that he is not worse than other freaks of nature in the animal formation. He is better than a dwarf any day. A dwarf has only one joke to offer, that of being less than other people. And as he is only as little one hour as he was the preceding, there is of course a sameness about him. But a Coward has a thousand Phases of windy pretension, of verbiage pomposity: and he must be prepared with ever varying shifts to support his assumed, or conceal his real character. We wout say that we are partial to Cowards; but we will confess that we are more than partial to Shaksperes men of words, to Falstaff, to Pym, Pistol, Bardolph, *et hoc genus omne*. We love them.

After all, we are human, great and small, faint and stout-hearted; and what boast is there in a man's being brave? He may be physically brave, and yet fear ghosts—and shrink from walking in a dark forest by night at the very witching hour. Or suppose he is physically brave and morally brave too; what does it profit him? It is all vanity and vexation of spirit. He dies, and there's an end o' it.

“Expende Hannibalem, quot libras in duce summo Invenies?”

Not one! not a quarter of a lb. not an ounce!

Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my Lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! (throws down the skull.)

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Of course he did, and so did Horatius, so did Joshua and Epaminondas, not to speak of every body who fought at Troy, and thousands before them.

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemmona  
Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte.”

To this pass they must come ; they have all stopped a bung-hole by this time.

Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to-clay,  
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away :  
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw ?

Aye, and more than that—man eats man, cowards and brave men alike—Shakspeare did not know that : perhaps he does now !

Again, in these days when the Peace Society are going to put a stop to war altogether, the coward will be able to hold up his head, and the merrier and pleasanter he is, the better for society at large.

But to Shakspeare's Cowards. There is “a” *bonhomme* about them, which renders the whole fraternity very delightful companions, for an hour or so, and if for no other reason than that they possess a certain amount of good fellowship, and a *carpe diem* sort of philosophy for rainy weather, we should esteem them and cultivate their acquaintance. They have another great merit ; they are egregious liars ; they lie with a circumstance, nay, with many circumstances. They give you a narrative, a book, volumes of lies, they injure however no one, by design. They are not perhaps the best companions for young men. Consort with them and you shall not avoid a certain taint of pitch, but you shall wash it off like Prince Hal and Poins. Their lies are not uncharitable, they are simply told for self aggrandizement. For instance Parolles, whose life and character we shall presently describe, was an out and out liar, in the true sense of the word, *splendide mendax*—though Horace did not use it exactly in that meaning. There is virtue in this—a down-right liar is better than a mere story-teller. It is his vocation to lie ; he makes his path straight in the world by doing so, and conceals from the general public his want of a mere physical quality, animal courage. Parolles does this for a long time ; above all from his patron and friend Bertram—though not from the shrewd yet honest old man of the world, Lafew, or from the pure and unsophisticated nature of the young mediciner Helen. She knew him right well, and why ? We will tell you, fair readers ! Because she was in love with the obstinate patrician Bertram, Parolles' master, and the poet very naturally makes the eye of love keen-sight-

ed, and Helen narrowly observes all those persons who follow the man to whom she in secret has pledged her young heart.

"I love him for his sake,

And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind; withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly."

Of course we do—motley is your only wear. There is Parolles, liar, fool and coward, yet these attributes so fitted him, that, mark you, he takes the wall of virtue, aye, and of the saints too for that matter,—but nevertheless, gentle Helen, you did not quite know Parolles, he was more knave than fool, as we shall see presently, though morally, a fool, we grant you.

Parolles, we find, about to set forth with Bertram, Count of Rousillon, to join the Court of the King of France. He has the smart dialogue with Helen, which we have quoted, is worsted, but promises, though he is too full of business to "answer her acutely," at some future time to come back a courtier, with instruction that shall serve to naturalize her, and make her understand whatever advice shall be thrust upon her.

After this we do not see our Coward for some time, or rather we do not *hear* him, though he does appear as a dumb waiter in the presence of Majesty on his Lord's introduction at Court. But in the opening scene of the 2nd act, he is very great, affects a martial bearing, a knowledge of camps and men, and lies magnificently and with a circumstance in order to increase his reputation for courage; he next takes upon himself the duties of Mentor and reads the Count a lecture upon good manners. He is rather hard upon Bertram for

"Home keeping youth have ever homely wits."

And this is his first appearance in the fashionable world. He soon however improves in *savoir faire*, and delicacy under the exquisite training of "sweet" Monsieur Parolles. The young Count had been forbidden to join the party setting out for the Italian wars; at this order of the king's, the fiery noble is very impatient, and justly so; for he has heard that a campaign in that beautiful country is a most delightful expedition, and then "those girls of Italy," are so very fond of handsome young men and dote on a French warrior. The king by the bye has done all he could, by warning

'Ts young Lords against these Ladies, to produce in their hearts a violent disposition to know more of them.

"Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;

They say, our French lack language to deny,

If they demand :"

but to Parolles—one of the young Lords expresses his regret that Bertram must not accompany them, Parolles immediately answers for him.

" 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

*2nd Lord.*

O' tis brave wars !

Parolles lies at once.

"Most admirable ; I have seen those wars."

Bertram determines to steal away from court, and the young Lords take leave of them.

*1st Lord.* "Farewell Captain.

*2nd Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles."

Then our Captain is excellent, full of big words, but terse, curt and military.

*Par.* "Noble heroes my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, in a word, good metals :—You shall find in the Regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here, on his sinister check ; it was this very sword entrenched it, say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

*2nd. Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices."

And well Monsieur Parolles knows they are novices, fine game for him : pigeons to be remembered, worth plucking hereafter. He then proceeds to reprove Bertram.

"Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords : you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time ; there, do muster true gait ; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star : and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed : after them and take a more dilated farewell."

If Helen had heard these sentiments, we fancy that even she would be disposed to admit that there was more of the knave than the fool about this "notorious liar."

They shortly afterwards find the old and honest Lafeu amusing himself with giving worthy Captain Parolles a bit of his mind : he takes exception at being called the Count's man, "such language may not be understood without bloody succeeding"—but Lafeu is too old for the wrath of such a man as our Captain.

*Lafeu.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee."

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do."

But Lafeu, before deceived for a short time during "two ordinaries," (that is at the same table on two different occasions) into thinking him a pretty wise fellow, has now found out Parolles, and cares not when he loses him. He is "a good window of lattice—a casement which need not be opened, for a man looks through him."

*Par.* "My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Aye, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my Lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it ; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Par.* My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal."

Poor Parolles ! what not a word ? no, discretion is the better part of valour—but, "I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again." The merry old Lord enters immediately, and Parolles receives "hard and undeserved measure" of abuse : but determines to let such conduct "be-concealed awhile." Lafeu hints to Bertram that his companion is not the great soul that he takes him for.

*"Bert.* It may be, you have mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is in his clothes ; trust him not in matters of heavy consequence : I have kept of them tame, and know their natures."

Then comes a capital answer from Parolles to the green-horn his master.

*"Par.* An idle Lord, I swear.

*Bert.* I think so."

But evil days are coming upon our worthy friend Parolles. Even the young Lords are beginning to find out the coward. A drum has been lost in an engagement and Parolles is above all others the man who has lamented the loss of national honor in the absence of the drum from the regiment, and he will not be comforted ; he therefore is to be the noble spirit who shall recover it. This is his trial, though he knows it not. If he recover it, then Bertram will know that

he does not deserve the following character drawn by the first Lord "Believe it my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward; an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment." We will pass on to the trial.

"*Bert.* How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition."

*2nd Lord.* Let it go, 't is but a drum.

*Par.* BUT A DRUM: Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!"

Excellent Captain—lowly placed indeed, but a Cæsar, if thou didst but command. But what do these boys know of war, what do they reck of dishonor incurred thus by the loss of a drum?

"*Par.* It might have been recovered—

*Bert.* It might, but it is not now—

*Par.* It is to be recovered—but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the proper and exact performer, I would have that drum or another—or "*hic jacet.*"

Better and better—cunning and experienced soldier, he knows well what garbled things dispatches are, and that envy and detraction rob the true man of his laurels.

"*Par.* By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it."

No sooner sworn, than set about. He merely "pens down his dilemmas, encourages himself in his certainty," and, careful man, "puts himself into his mortal preparation," and by mid-night his friends are to look to hear further from him. He loves not many words, as the first Lord says, "no more than a fish loves water"—and at once is off to accomplish the glorious undertaking.

It is ten at night, without the Florentine camp and Parolles has come forth to conquer or to die—ah

*Fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint*

Why did you, Parolles, volunteer in this dangerous business. Thou hadst the ear, purse and love of Bertram, why court the applause of kings and valiant Princes? rest satisfied with the goods the Gods provide thee! but what says he.

"*Par.* "Ten o'clock: within these three hours it will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done! It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me: my disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool hardy—but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue."



This is truly the first truth that his tongue has uttered during the whole play, and fully justifies the Lord's remark that it was the first his tongue was ever guilty of. Before he is able to fix upon any plausible invention, the ambuscade opens upon him—and he fancies himself in the power of the opposing force. In a moment all disguise of character is thrown off, and unsolicited he offers to

“ Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.”

“ He will speak that which they shall wonder at.

*1st Sol.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

*Par.* If I do not, D—n me !”

Shortly after in the presence of Bertram, he prepares to confess, without constraint, for “if you pinch him like a pasty, he can say no more.” He tells off hand the whole strength of the army, and true to himself and his character, speaks but vilely of them. The four or six thousand horse, or thereabouts, for he will speak truth, are but poor rogues, and as for the foot, “the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll : half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces”

But worse and worse—he is found “on both sides rogue” and has written an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very wild.

“*Par.* My meaning, I protest, was very honest in behalf of the maid, for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.”

Shark ! he might have said—and called himself the Pilot-fish with all propriety.

They then tell him that he must suffer death, upon which without any visible trepidation he begs for his life, as a matter of charity, and because one sinner ought to regard the failings of another,—“not that I am afraid to die ; but that my offences being many I should repent out the remainder of nature.” Then comes a capital piece of retribution. Dumain the first Lord, has drawn Parolles's character, who unknowingly thus revenges himself. “He will steal, Sir, an egg, out of the cloister ; for rapes and ravishments, he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths—in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool—drunkenness is his best virtue.

I have but little more to say of his honesty ; he has every thing that an honest man, should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing."

He is unmuffled and the two Lords, Bertram, and his own Soldiers confront him. Is he dismayed ? not so ! He rises greater than ever as shame seems about to confound him. Human nature, Human nature ! and man after all is but weak.

"Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?"

That is his excuse, and it is very powerful, and well-timed, though perhaps it will not bear examination—but it is just the excuse which we should expect him to make. It is royally impudent. He does not despond ; until the world grows better, there's food enough for men who live by foolery. There's place and means for every man alive ! This is his consolation. To be simply the thing he is shall make him live—Pandar, liar, knave, Coward,—what want of employment when a man has such requisites at the disposal of the young, thoughtless, and wealthy ? But Parolles has fallen—even the clown pities him, and bespeaks mercy and compassion for his sunken fortunes. "Pray you Sir, use the carp, as you may : for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship." Still there is much in the man. Lafeu first "smoked" him. It is therefore his duty, in common charity, as the cause of misfortune, to "bring him into some grace, for he brought him out."—and so Lafeu takes him under his protection and promises though "you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat : go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you."

Liar and rascal to the last ? No his punishment is to come, and how does it end with this "equivocal companion, this good drum, but naughty orator ;" only in truth rather badly for Parolles, but as he richly deserved. He has nearly ruined Bertram with his profligacy, has lost his own good name, has become the laughing stock of all honest men, and has to live out his days, the jest of Lafeu, the sagacious but somewhat coarse old Lord, who first found him out and now thoroughly despises him. "Good Tom drum, lend me an handkerchief ; so, I thank thee : wait on me home. I'll make sport with thee. Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones."

Unfortunate Parolles ! Poor Tom's a' cold !

CEYLON.  

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## I.

Like a sunset fancy,  
Like a dreamlight notion,  
Beautiful Lunka  
Rose from the ocean.

## II.

In the pale red dawn,  
With hill and with tree,  
Beautiful Lunka  
Rose from the sea.

## III.

It must be thine isle  
Good Philip Quarles,  
With the choir of rocks  
And the rainbow falls.

## IV.

Or that happiest place •  
The Philosopher feigned,  
Where the good and the right  
For ever reigned.

## V.

Thus spoke men on the deck,  
In glad surprise,  
When Lunka arose  
In the new sunrise.

SIGMA.

## THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

How popular is error ! Let but the sanction of some great or learned name be given to doctrines, no matter how absurd or far from truth, and years,—nay ages, will not suffice to eradicate the evil from the minds of men ! Onwards it will pass from the father to the son, from son to grandson ; until at length an Angel from Heaven would find it no easy task to restore the question to its pristine state of purity and truth.

Thus is it in regard to the preference given by the modern world, to the corrupt Chronology of the "*Hebrew verity* !" Misled by the great authority of Archbishop Usher, who endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to fix and determine the true epoch of the birth of Christ from that text alone, it soon became the fashion among those, who, too indolent to seek and determine for themselves, are ever ready to be guided by the views and opinions of others who will reason for them,—to regard the modern Hebrew Scriptures as the only authentic record of the word of God ; and notwithstanding that the extraordinary and multiplied collations of Hebrew MSS., and editions of the Old Testament, accomplished by the indefatigable labours of Kennicott and DeRossi, have brought to light such a host of variations in the original text, as completely to put to flight the antiquated notion of the "immaculate purity," and "miraculous preservation of the *Hebrew verity*,"\* the error still continues to be fondly cherished, and as obstinately preserved !

Among the earlier writers who defended the Septuagint version of the Holy Scriptures, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Epiphanius, Ephrem Syrus, Eusebius, Syncellus and Abulfarajius, have all imputed to the Jews of the Second Century, great alterations in the Hebrew copies of the Sacred Writings, not only in passages which applied to Christ, but also in the numbers relating to the Ante and Post Diluvian genealogies, so as altogether to have expunged from the true chronology of History, a period amounting to little short, of fifteen hundred years !

That this is an undoubted fact, is proved to demonstration by the researches of many modern chronologers, among the more recent of whom may be noticed Mr. Cuninghame and

\* Wallace's True Age of the World, p. 13.

Professor Wallace; and it is likewise certain from various sources that "the Greek version of the whole of the Hebrew Scriptures, now called the Septuagint, was in public use at least a century before the Christian era; and that the Evangelists and Apostles made citations from this version in the New Testament in preference to the original text."\* Yet although the Greek and the Hebrew versions must both necessarily at one period have been alike, it is nevertheless quite true that they now differ very widely in many important particulars, especially in those which relate to the Messiah; and that the Hebrew chronology of the whole period from the creation to the first advent is completely at variance with that of the Greek version; and that this has been the work of some wickedly designing persons, is the concurrent opinion of all chronologers.†

The great points, then, to be determined are "Which of the two has been corrupted, and what were the motives which could induce so grievous a vitiation of the truth?" For this purpose we must appeal somewhat largely to the writings of eminent Biblical critics.

In regard then to the first question, it is to be observed that in the "*Cours Complet de Theologie*" of M. L'Abbé Migne, the writer of an article entitled "*Chronographiæ LXX. Interpretum Defensio*,"—"enters fully into the critical history of the Septuagint version and investigates the causes of the existing discrepancies between it and the Hebrew text. He powerfully vindicates the authenticity and authority of the Septuagint; he proves that the Samaritan Pentateuch, as well as the Hebrew, originally contained the same numerical statements as the Septuagint; he clearly elicits the undeniable fact that the numbers of Josephus,"—who wrote but remembered in the first century,— "originally agreed with those of the Septuagint both before and after the flood; but he avows that they have been so vitiated by careless or designing copyists, that it is impossible to establish a perfect coincidence."‡ So far indeed were the dates and numbers used by Josephus from agreeing with the shortened Hebrew Chronology of more recent times, that in Whiston's translation of his works from the Original Greek, in 1734, we find that they actually exceed the long Chronology of the Septuagint; a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the latter!

\* *True Age of the World*, p. 4.

† *Ibid*, 5.

‡ *Ibid*, 29.

The author of the "Chronographi" above alluded to, then proceeds to show that the Septuagint version having received the stamp of genuineness from our Saviour and his apostles, continued from that time to be received by the whole Christian Church as the authentic version even down to the ninth century ; and he concludes by showing "that the early fathers were generally of opinion that the Jews had violated and mystified the numbers of the sacred text, in order to disturb and confuse the times which related to the advent, and thereby to confute the Christians, by pretending to prove from that text, that Jesus Christ could not be the true Messiah, because he had appeared before the period predicted by the prophets, namely the MIDDLE of the SIXTH MILLENNARY from Creation !"\*

Turning now to other sources, we find that the Septuagint Chronology has been followed by Mitchell in his "Records of Events connected with the History of the Jews"—because "it more strongly supports the weight of the Mosiac narrative than the existing short Chronology of the Hebrew : at the same time that it coincides with dates universally agreed on by authentic writers of profane history. Without hesitation therefore, the Septuagint dates are adopted as those best calculated to enunciate truth. It may however, be right to notice that the Hebrew and Septuagint synchronized at the time when Josephus wrote ; that is, shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem. But on that fatal catastrophe, and the misery which it involved, the Hebrew within two centuries assumed its present diminished dates. This is an irrefragable fact, supported by a weight of evidence that no modern will impugn. Among these witnesses is the testimony of Justin Martyr A. D. 165. Indeed the Septuagint Chronology was regarded as veritable until the Reformation, when the Hebrew dates were adopted, because *they were opposed to the Romish Calendar* ! Subsequently, that Church also admitted its numbers."†

Potent reasons, truly, for discarding *the true*, and adopting *a false* chronology ! "*Because they were opposed to the Romish Calendar* !" Which church, not to be behind hand in the evil, subsequently followed a similar course ! And what is the result ? Precisely what might have been expected,—

\* True Age of the World, p. 31.

† Mitchells Records of the World, p. 3. Some years after, when the Roman Missionaries penetrated into China, they met with considerable difficulty by employing the short chronology, and returned again to Europe to obtain permission to use the Septuagint dates.

that Jew and Gentile have fallen together into the same pit, and are alike, unable to calculate the times !

Mr. Elliott, while admitting that the Scripture Chronology has been grossly mutilated and tampered with, seems wholly inclined to consider the Septuagint version as the incorrect one, and to pin his faith upon the shorter Hebrew text. But then, he has a *theory* to support ! He gives the following as his reasons, namely,—“considering first,”—he says, “the superior reverence and almost superstitious care with which the Hebrew text was watched over, as compared with the Septuagint ; *next*, the wonderful uniformity of the numerals of the Hebrew text, in all its multitudes of manuscripts existing in different parts of the world, contrasted with the varieties and uncertainty of the numerals in the Septuagint and Samaritan ;—considering, *moreover* the better agreement of historical fact with the Hebrew than with the Septuagint ; and the more easily supposable object with the Septuagint translators, than with the keepers of the Hebrew text, as well as better opportunity for falsifying in the matter.”\*

Now the erroneous idea that the Hebrew Scriptures were so reverently and superstitiously watched over, has been most thoroughly exposed by Kennicott, DeRossi, L'Abbé Migne, Hales, Russell, Horsley, Clinton, Cuninghame, Wallace and a host of other learned men both ancient and modern, whose recondite biblical researches have determined otherwise ; while with regard to the alleged “wonderful uniformity of the numerals of the Hebrew text,” which Mr. Elliott adduces as a reason for his preferring the Hebrew to the Septuagint, “it is acknowledged”—says Professor Wallace,—“by biblical critics that *all the copies of the present Hebrew text* were taken from manuscripts of date *later than the ninth century* ; [the corruption be it observed having been effected within the *second century* !] and that the striking uniformity which all the printed editions exhibit, is to be attributed to the fact that *they were all copied from the same codex*.† As to the alleged better agreement of historical fact with the Hebrew than with the Septuagint,—“it is manifest,”—says the same writer,—“that the citations from the Old Testament, which are to be found in the New, are in general not only in more perfect accordance with the *Septuagint version* than with the Hebrew text, but they are more consistent with the general tenor of the sacred writings. There is,

\* Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, vol. 4. 259.

† True Age of the World, p. 26.

on that account therefore, an *a priori* presumption in favour of the accuracy of the numerical statements of the Septuagint. The presumption is strongly confirmed by a reference to several passages not at all connected with Chronology, of which the following are striking instances. Thus, the day on which God *ended*, that is finished, or completed the work of Creation, is said to be the seventh in the Hebrew and the sixth in the Septuagint; but the latter statement is plainly the correct one, being confirmed by the context; see Gen. II. 2 and I, 31. Again, the number of persons present at the Exodus of Israel into Egypt is said to be 70 in the Hebrew, and 75 in the Septuagint; but the latter number is unquestionably the true one, because it is confirmed by the New Testament: see Gen. xlv. 27, and Acts vii. 14. In general it may be observed, that the numerical statements of the Hebrew text, in many places differ materially from those of the Septuagint, and even from those of other places in that text, where we are certain from the nature of the context that they ought to be precisely the same.\* He then goes on to cite various passages, all of which confirm the accuracy of the Septuagint.

Here then, are Mr. Elliott's arguments refuted by a simple reference to facts, and indeed the well known circumstance of our Saviour and the Apostles having referred to the Septuagint in preference to the Hebrew text, clearly shows which of the two was even then regarded as the most authentic version.

And now having clearly shown that both Chronologies were once the same and that it is the Hebrew text that has been altered, (a fact, indeed, to which Justin Martyr bore testimony in about A. D., 150, in his controversy with Trypho the Jew,) we have yet to enquire into the reason which could induce the Jews designedly to vitiate their Scriptures.

On this head both Clinton and Jackson appear to think that "it is difficult to imagine what adequate motive the Jews could have had for shortening the *genealogies*;" and Mr. Elliott, in allusion to their opinion, observes that "on the other hand the Septuagint translators had an obvious motive for *enlarging* the Chronology, in the fact that, the Chaldeans and Egyptians (whose histories were about this time published by Berosus and Manetho) laid claim to a remote antiquity. Hence, he thinks,—“ these translators of the Pentateuch *might have been led* in a spirit of rivalry to augment the

\* True Age of the World, p. 10.



amount of the generations of their ancestors alike by the centenary additions and by the interpolation of the second Cainan." This, truly, is endeavouring with a vengeance, to carry the war into the enemy's country ! But unfortunately for our theorist, instead of there being the very faintest proof of centenary additions to the genealogies of the Septuagint, the evidence all tends the other way and conclusively establishes the fact of the *abstraction* of fifteen centuries from the Chronology of the Hebrew text ; for Dr. Kennicott has plainly asserted, after the most laborious research and the collection of a multitude of MSS. that "it has been proved from Eusebius that some Hebrew copies of the Old Testament having the *larger* numbers, existed in the fourth Century ; and others on the authority of Jacob Edessenus, as late as the year 700 ; whilst others much later are mentioned in the Chronicle of Ecchellensis."\*— And indeed, as Professor Wallace well remarks, if the object were to enable the Seventy to compete with the Chaldeans and Egyptians in point of ancestral antiquity, how very paltry and inadequate was the fraud resorted to ; for Berosus claimed no less than 470,000 years of the first Chaldean Kings, and Manetho 36,525 years for the first Egyptian Kings ! How puerile and useless then, on the part of the Seventy would have been a claim to fifteen centuries when compared with numbers such as these ; and how fully therefore does Mr. Elliott's argument refute itself ! But after all, the accusation thus unscrupulously brought against them, rests upon nothing more tangible than a mere empty surmise that those pious and learned men might by possibility have been influenced to commit a gross fraud out of sheer vanity ; for the authors above quoted dare not venture to assert that they *were so influenced*, but only that "they might have been led to do so in a spirit of rivalry !" Not only however was "the Septuagint version carefully made by pious Jews, at the request of a people fully competent to have detected any flagrant error in Chronology,"† but it afterwards received the sanction of our Lord and His Apostles !

As to the alleged impropriety of inserting the name of the second Cainan into the genealogies of the Septuagint, we have Scriptural proof of the correctness of the insertion in the mention of him, by St. Luke, as one of the ancestors of our Lord, and Professor Wallace has well remarked, when

\* "Remarks on Select passages of the Old Testament," p. 16.

† Mitchell's "Records of Events" &c., p. 3.

commenting on the objections of modern writers—who have not scrupled to assert that as St. Luke wrote for those Christians who read the Greek version more than the original Hebrew, and consequently preferred their version which adds the name of Cainan to the genealogy of Shem,—that “the desire to humour the prejudices of any set of readers by adding a spurious generation to the genealogy of Shem,—is too serious a charge to bring against the Evangelist; but when we consider that this would be, in fact, adding a spurious generation to the genealogy of Christ, the charge becomes infinitely more serious. The attempt of Chronologers to mutilate this authentic document by the exclusion of one of the ancestors of our Lord, is so great an injury to the *Christian verity* that we do not wonder at the pointed question put by Mr. Cunninghame in his “Fullness of the Times” p. 200.—“Did St. Luke prefer a lie to the truth, to please men?” The second Cainan is moreover found in all the Greek MSS, of the Old Testament, both in Gen. x. 24, and xi. 13; and also in many copies in 1st Chron. i. 18 and 24, this chapter being imperfect in the Vatican Codex, but complete in the Codex Alexandrinus.”\* The author then goes on to show that in the “Codex Cottonianus” a fragment far older than any of the others, and of immense critical value, the passages relating to the second Cainan are confirmed, while “in the collation of this fragment ‘*cum editione Romanâ*’, that is, with the Vatican edition, by Dr. Grabe, there are two *fac simile* engravings of a portion of the MSS, exhibiting the old uncial Greek letters, unaccented and uninspired like the codex Alexandrinus (and curious to relate) exhibiting also the effigies of four of the Post diluvian Patriarchs, spoken of in the adjacent text, one being the very identical personage, whose existence is not recognised by the Masorete and Samaritan texts, and is therefore so stoutly denied by the defenders of the *Hebrew verity*.” The explanation given of these figures is—“*Figurarum Explicatio. Tabula prima, Fig. ii. Arphaxadus, Semi filius, cum uxore sua et filio CAINANE, Gen. xi. 12. 13.*”†

Thus is the Septuagint Chronology at all points vindicated, and the Hebrew proved to be the vitiated and corrupted one; while with regard to the actual reasons which led to this corruption of the text and numbers in the latter, it is to be observed that “the Jews did not attempt to shorten the

\* True Age of the World, p. 36.

† True Age of the World, p. 39. et Collatio Codicis Cottoniani Geneseos &c., Lond. 1778. p. xiii.

genealogies, that is, to corrupt the Chronology of the Scriptures, till all the witnesses were dead who knew Jesus, and who had "compared with them that were witnesses of his resurrection!" But when they found afterwards that the Christians constantly proved out of the Septuagint, that Jesus was the Messiah, they had then a sufficient motive for "shortening the genealogies," if they could make it appear, from the Hebrew text, that our Lord had come about *fifteen centuries* earlier than the time fixed by tradition; and that, as the Chronology of that text did not agree with the Chronology of the Septuagint, the epoch of the true Messiah's advent had not yet arrived! They have accordingly continued to assert, in contradiction even of their own Scriptures, and up to the present day, that Jesus of Nazareth was not their Messiah!"\*

But now granting even that the more modern Jews have been taught to regard the shortened genealogy as the correct one, and that the coming of our Saviour was made by the Septuagint to have been fifteen centuries too soon, how is it that those fifteen centuries and more have since passed by without producing in their minds a conviction of their error? For since they hold the Scriptures to be true, if theirs is the *correct* chronology how could it have been falsified, not only in this particular, but in another equally remarkable, namely in regard to the prophecy of the dying Jacob, that this promised king was to appear for the redemption of the world, at the precise time when the Sceptre and the Law-giver had just departed from the house of Judah? and if that Sceptre was wrested from their grasp, as their fathers acknowledged that it was, by the decree of Augustus which deprived them of all power to manage their temporal affairs,† then and then only was the proper time for the Messiah to appear!

\* True Age of the World, p. 61.

† Mitchell's Records of events &c. p. 404. 406.

(To be continued.)

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## THE BEAUTIFUL APOSTLE.

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‘ Beauty, if it light well, maketh virtues shine and vices blush.’

LORD BACON.

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Long he wandered, wandered long  
Mid the gay and giddy throng,  
Seeking sadly, many a day,  
From his weary self to stray,  
Seeking with his mantling glass,  
To compel the hours to pass,  
Seeking with a hireling’s smile  
Love’s pure pantings to beguile,  
Seeking through the feverish hours  
To rob conscience of its powers ;  
Where the halls were full of laughter,  
Where no care was for hereafter,  
Where dejecting poverty  
Taught pale lips to smile a lie,  
There to fight the fight he goes,  
God and self his awful foes.

But a change came over that breast  
And the weary found his rest,  
Found at last that calm repose  
Which religion only knows.

How did heaven recall that heart  
Teaching it the better part ?

Seated at his burning head  
Did the Fever haunt his bed ?  
Did some comrade full of mirth  
Suddenly depart from earth ?  
Midst his madness disappear  
Pass in laughter to the Bier ?

Did some girl whose pallid face  
Showed decay's unfailing trace,  
On her faded death-bed lying,  
Dimly prophecy in dying  
Something of the coming woe,  
Told in accents faint and low?  
Did the lightning winged with death  
Blast the tree he stood beneath?  
Did some visitation grim  
Fall on every one save him?  
When the Plague was in the land  
Did he like priest Aaron stand,  
With exemption on his head  
'Twixt the living and the dead?

No; he learnt from none of these  
How his troubled soul to ease.

In a simple garden bower  
Near a time-discolored tower,  
Dwelt a Maiden fair to see  
And of gentlest courtesy;  
Marble brow and chesnut tress,  
Oh! a dream of loveliness!  
Tearful was her hazel eye  
With the sight of misery,  
Eager, how it seemed to shine  
With the thoughts of things divine!  
Eloquently did she press  
Wisdom's ways as pleasantness,  
Bringing all the charms of youth  
To commend the rule of truth,  
Hither then the wanderer roved,  
Saw the Maiden, saw and lov'd.  
Piety, now hear him say,  
Thought I suited for the grey,

Thought that when grew dim the eye  
Man should learn the way to die,  
Little deeming gifts of grace  
Lent new lustre to the face.

Nothing here is cold or dull,  
'Tis a power I did not know,  
Sweetly gifted to bestow  
Beauty on the beautiful.

Further now we may not tell  
What deep reveries befell,  
How from mournings o'er the past  
Gentle hope arose at last.  
Rather let us in the grove  
Hear the plighted words of love,  
Rather from the sacred aisle  
Watch the Pastor's happy smile,  
As he gave his daughter's beauty  
To the new-found son of duty.

Thus the Maid of love-lit eyes  
Bore commission from the skies,  
Bore a message full of rest  
To the over burdened breast.  
Angels touched their lyres of light,  
When they viewed the Proselyte,  
Full of praise and holy pleasure  
Touched a sphere-delighting measure.

Think not that to all is given  
Thus to be beguiled to heaven,  
Wait not, lest such winning call  
Come too late, or not at all.

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## THE LONDON TAVERN AND 'THE INDIAN POOR.

There cannot, we think, now be two opinions of the Indian Government. However people may disagree as to existing institutions, or as to the policy of particular measures, we do not believe that any person can candidly doubt that the desire of the Court of Directors is that their administration should promote the welfare of India and the happiness of its inhabitants. No man who had not been in the habit of addressing people who applauded not his words but himself, would be led into speaking of the "rascally" Government. That species of rhetoric is now confined solely to Generals who are feverish about their prize money, Lords who have made a very lamentable failure of their political career, the lower orders of Indigo Planters,\* Mr. Anstey and the leading Calcutta Journal.

But it is this very fact that all good men are agreed about the integrity of the Government, that makes it so deplorable, that with evils existing in the country acknowledged to be most disastrous, and with a Home Government acknowledged to be willing to redress them, that still such a calm acquiescence in their existence prevails. Surely we ought never, the humblest of us, to consent to remain tongue-tied, as long as any possibility of expression remains within our reach. Yet it is astonishing how anxious we are to toss the task from one to another. The young feel that if they speak, there cannot fail to be a certain crudeness in their representations which must detract from the value of what they would advance. And the old (contemptuously irritated by the young venturing to have opinions of any kind) begin to think that Clapham and Hampstead are getting so near now, that it does not much matter about India one way or the other.

There are some Institutions in this country about which, we do not say there are some suspicions of their efficiency, but a general knowledge of their utter inefficiency, and yet a profound silence broods over the fact. Why there is not a single Commissariat officer in India, who is not perfectly ready to produce a string of instances of large sums of money having been lost to the Government through the operations of the Military Board, and there is not one department over whom the influence of that Board extends, which would not testify to the tedious delays, frivolous interference and troublesome misunderstandings, so harassing to public business, occasioned by that Institution. Every one who has ever been in India must

\* Now happily silenced by failure on the Hustings.

know this, much more those who have been connected with Military administration. And yet the gentlemen examined before the Committee of the House of Commons do not ever seem to have heard of such a Board, or else surely they would not have missed the opportunity of recommending its abolition.

Now the immediate object of this paper is a local one, it is an appeal to all who are acquainted with facts to come forward and testify to the state of the Civil Courts in these Provinces, and to the characters of the Moonsiffs. A peculiar occasion is now flapping the ear of our Laputan philosopher, the English public, and we cannot but think that if his attention could be attracted, he would materially assist us in effecting something in this matter. We confine the subject to these Provinces simply because we only profess to be a Journal for the North West. Our appeal is founded upon our belief that the Civil Courts work badly, that the administration of Justice by the Moonsiffs is indifferent, and that the evils of these Courts and this administration fall mainly upon the agricultural poor. We shall state the grounds of our belief with as great impartiality as we can, and shall attempt to trace some causes which seem to operate unfavourably against the purity of the Courts. There is one preliminary observation which it seems necessary to make, because it contains a fact, the overlooking of which has led, we think, to some false arguments on the subject. Public morality at home, founded upon Christian ethics, makes no distinction between the giver and the receiver of a bribe. The suitor who would offer and the Judge who would receive, are alike stigmatized as dastardly conspirators against justice. It is not the case in this country. A native tradesman of irreproachable integrity in the common transactions of business, would think no more of offering a bribe to a native judge and *entering it in his account book*, than he would of giving charity to a beggar in the street. The bad reputation attaches to the receiver not to the giver, and therefore it is quite absurd to look for the same amount of positive proof of corruption which might be expected in similar circumstances elsewhere, because the very persons who are able to give the best evidence on the subject, are silenced by their own delinquencies. For though the briber need not blush in his own community, he dare not own the soft impeachment to us.

But if from this obliquity in public morals, we are denied the advantage in forming an opinion of the Courts, of the testimony of native suitors, still there are a large body of the uncovenanted



Service, of Indigo Planters and others whose occupations have led them into connexion with these Courts and what say they? We will almost venture to assert that their opinion is unanimous, and that it is unfavorable. Now some of these persons may be bad characters, they may possibly have wished to commit frauds, they may have been worsted by the vigilance of the Moonsiff, they may have determined to pay him out by vilifying his character for integrity. But this cannot apply to all—there must be honest men amongst them and surely when such doubts have been thrown upon the Civil Courts, common justice would demand that they should bear favorable testimony, if they were able. But has any one reading this paper, ever heard once in his life, a good word for the Civil Courts, from any person wearing the European dress, who has been driven to transact business there? We think not. Now of course when this opinion of the Courts is advanced by these persons who have had experience of them, it must not lead to the preposterous supposition that there is nothing but injustice transacted there, that every case has to be bribed to decision, that every Moonsiff is a bad character. This is utter nonsense. All that the testimony indicates, amounts to there being no security that rights will be respected, no certainty that the decision will be the best the Judge can honestly come to, as a general rule. Now we have said before that the fact that social odium does not attach to the giving of bribes, would account for the small amount of positive evidence from native suitors, supposing it is true that the Courts are corrupt. But persons have many ways of signifying what they think and what they know, without positive and direct statements. And we ask those who are much in the habit of mixing with the native population, if many of the rich have not a curious passion for suits, and if all of the poor have not a peculiar and pervading dread of them. We ask them whether they have not ever met with suitmongers, with men who play upon the Civil Law, as upon an instrument, who have as great a furore for the Courts as any Wasp in Aristophanes' play. And we would bring also Collectors of districts into the witness box as to two points. First, whether they have not over and over again known instances of the laboring poor bringing quite impracticable petitions before them, in the blind hope of transferring some matter of dispute from the Civil Court to the Collector's Office, and whether it is not a most common attempt to trim up a matter which ought to go to the Civil Court, in a little adventitious falsehood to make it pass for a point, the Collec-

tor might decide. And secondly we ask from Collectors, whether in their professional researches into the records of village rights, they have not been able often to trace the history of some poor man who has fallen into the clutches of a designing one and has been ruined, and whether the machinery used for that purpose has not always been the Civil Courts.

But a person fond of figures and fond of the sort of arguments founded upon statistical statements may say, if the condition of the courts is really so bad, the appeals would be far more. Even taking this objector on his own ground, he would not stand strongly. The appeals are not extravagantly numerous certainly, but 16 per cent. of the appealable decisions are appealed, and out of that per centage again 35 per cent. are reversed, which is very bad indeed. But we do not allow the argument, because if, as we believe, the miseries of these courts fall on the laboring poor, many, many deeply injured persons may have no means for further litigation, and may in despair set themselves down rather to bear the ills they have, than fly to others which they know not of. Nor do we think the reasoning sound, that if a Moonsiff was notoriously corrupt, it would not be every body's interest to screen him and that his character would soon be known to his European superior. There are direct facts in opposition to this: Moonsiffs have been discovered to be corrupt, and it then became known for the first time to the Judge, what was common bazar talk amongst the Natives, that this corruption had been going on for years. Under the belief that the general impression abroad, amongst European settlers; amongst the natives, amongst Civilians and others who have opportunities of witnessing our administration, is an unfavorable one as to the purity of Civil Justice, and under the belief also, that general impressions are very seldom erroneous, we certainly think there are few countervailing reasons to make us doubt the correctness of this one.

Now if it is true that the Civil Courts are not what they should be, we do not think that the fact is very surprising. Their imperfections seem to be partly owing to the system, and partly to the administrators. First of all it is very sad that the Civil Courts have such power to interfere with landed rights, which have been judicially defined and registered by the Collector. Imagine in these Provinces, where so much pride is very justly taken in the Settlement, nearly 10,000 causes are heard yearly having reference to land! Then the mass of false documents abroad owing to the absence of a

proper Registration Act is a crying evil. However, as this matter is now in hand, more need not be said, than that it is devoutly to be trusted the new Registration Act will be much simplified from the hopelessly obscure draft published some months since in the Gazette. But it is much to be feared, that most of the evils caused by the Courts proceed from the dishonesty of the administrators. This must not be taken in a sweeping sense—there may be honorable exceptions—but as a body—we cannot think the Moonsiffs stand high for integrity. We would not say this harshly—they have but a poor system of ethics to guide them, and above all, they are infamously under-paid. Now it really is of the last importance that we should secure an honorable set of men, for the Civil bench. Exertions should not be relaxed at the same time to improve the system, but no system under heaven can be made to work well, unless it is worked by honest men. The subject of salary seems to us a far more serious one, than it is generally considered. We know from the history of this country, that the policy once favored by the Court of Directors, of giving their Civil Servants insufficient salaries, led to most distressing abuses and corruption. Clive discerned the evils of such a system and determined to abolish it. “He saw, clearly” to quote Mr. Macaulay’s words “that it was absurd to give men power, and to require them to live in penury. He justly concluded that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for liberally remunerating the Civil Servants of the Company.” We are trying the plan on again; we are giving the Moonsiffs power, and requiring them to live in penury, and we think, it may be justly concluded in the present case, that no reform will be effectual which is not coupled with their liberal remuneration. There are two grades or classes of Moonsiffs, one receiving 150 Rupees, and the other 100 Rupees per mensem. We are really quite ashamed to write this down. And a Sudder Ameen gets only 200 a month! Now we shall not rest satisfied that a fair experiment for procuring proper men has been tried till every Moonsiff receives 500 Rs. a month and every Principal Sudder Ameen 800 Rs. a month. But as we perhaps cannot expect such an improvement all at once, let us hope at any rate the Moonsiff’s salary may be raised to 300 Rs. (the grades are no use whatever) and the office of Sudder Ameen be raised to the salary of Principal Sudder Ameen as now constituted, and the distinction abolished, for the two offices are not required. This will be giving honesty something like a better trial. As matters are now, an upright

Moonsiff must be poorer than most of the Vakeels in his Court, and sometimes than his Amlah. But it may be thought that there is nothing new in this paper, and that the heading "The London Tavern and the Indian Poor" was merely a clap-trap title to mislead people to a very threadbare topic. Not exactly so. If refers to a report, which we have every reason to believe, that the subject of the inadequate remuneration of the subordinate Civil Judges, has been very prominently brought before the Supreme Government, that that Government has acquiesced in the extreme importance of the measure and expressed itself as desirous of carrying it out, but postpones doing so till a more convenient season, on account of the expense it would occasion. Now there are about 100 Moonsiffs in these Provinces and 20,000£ annually would effect the improvement proposed. This is really a most paltry sum to stand in the way of a great reform.

We are not of Chartist temperament, we do not wish to see the Queen go to open Parliament in a cab, we are not even for putting down the beefeaters, we admit that a Government must have some external demonstrations of pomp and magnificence. But this is always supposing that Government to be solvent. And in good truth a Government can hardly be considered solvent, which has not a spare 20,000£ for an experiment calculated to alleviate the burden of a great evil, pressing upon the poor. In public societies as in private families, false pretensions should surely be avoided. Now a splendid Banquet at the New London Tavern, given by our Honorable Court to the great, the eminent, the noble of the land; two members of the Royal family present; the table groaning with the lavish if not very elegant luxury of the civic end of the metropolis; the buffet of a deceased Queen glittering on the side tables; post prandial eloquence satisfying the reason and delighting the ear; all this various and splendid scene is calculated to convey the impression that the company has vast financial resources at command. But we behind the scenes know it is not so. We know that 20,000£ are most urgently required and cannot be afforded.

We wish to avoid anything like declamation, to view the subject with perfect impartiality. Civil Justice is considered to be badly administered in the country. This is a terrible evil, it paralyses the good effects of our Settlement. The cause of this bad administration is thought to be at least partially attributable to the administrators. It is desirable to give these administrators a better chance of displaying more honourable conduct, by improving their social

position. A by no means large sum of money is required to effect that object. The Government approves of the proposed measure, but has not got any money to give. In such circumstances, is or is not a rigid public economy necessary? We of course only mention the London Tavern festivity, as a type of the hundred useless expences daily occurring, of the many ways of getting rid of that money which is so urgently required for public measures. All that this paper aims at, is to rouse those who are acquainted with the state of the Civil Courts, to some forward, not with idle and frothy invective but with FACTS. It aims at showing that as the case at present stands, it is highly *probable* that Civil Justice is maladministered. And lastly, firmly but respectfully at remonstrating against expence being an adequate or appropriate excuse for the postponement of an important measure, when that excuse proceeds from a Government which is not economising in many trifling and unnecessary matters.

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## PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.—No. IV.

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“ Quæ mala quæ bona sunt spectes.”

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We have been studying some reports of the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut in the North West Provinces on the administration of Criminal Justice, embracing a period of several years. These reports are not pleasant reading; we do not think indeed that they would even entertain the most enthusiastic lover of statistical matter, or algebraical figures; but they are suggestive, perhaps more so than the members of the Court dream of.

These reports place beyond the shadow of a doubt the melancholy fact that crime of all kinds is steadily on the increase. It may seem strange perhaps that the Highest Court in these provinces, responsible to the public for the due administration of criminal justice, should offer no explanation of this increase, and no suggestions how the evil may be remedied. The reports contain a mass of all but inexplicable figures and information of which the following would be a fair precis. “So many persons have been convicted this year in excess of the number convicted last year, so many bad characters are confined in the North West Jails on default of giving security for their future good behaviour. The Sessions Judge of — is satisfied that the commitments made by the Magistrate and his subordinates evince a sound discretion. The Magistrate of — reports well of himself and his joint Magistrates and deputies, and the assistant magistrate is a zealous and promising young officer. The conduct of criminal cases has been more rapid than during the last year, for which we are thankful.” Without exaggeration we consider that the above fairly condenses the annual criminal reports of the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut. Now we should have been disposed to think, in common perhaps with many other persons, that the Court ought occasionally to advise Government on the practical working of our Criminal laws, as a means of deterring men from the commission of offences. It might also reasonably be supposed to form a part of the Court's duty to obtain from and promulgate the opinions of the best officers employed under them, on the efficiency or inefficiency of the Code which they administer, and the entire alteration or modi-

fied changes in the Laws which their experience would recommend. We say that people might have expected to read reports drawn up after this fashion, but whoever looks for such a desirable result, will look in vain. The members of the Court very rarely offer any advice, and the number of officers who volunteer their opinions is exceedingly limited, yet Government servants are invited by public notification to report on the efficiency of Regulations and Acts; we cannot therefore imagine that the introduction of their opinions in the Sudder Nizamut reports could be considered impertinent or foreign to the subject of Criminal Justice, still less as deficient in practical utility. But perhaps the Court has experienced the folly of suggesting advice gratis, or of interfering with the duties of those whose peculiar property it is to legislate for India. If this is so, there is some excuse for the poverty of the reports which issue annually from the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut, and we must be content with what we can get. Until the coming of the long expected Millenium or Penal Code, we must work the Criminal Coach with its present battered and ill-patched body and worn out horses, as best we may. The present system is unchangeable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians—*Littera scripta manet et manebit*,

But allowing in common fairness some excuse for the Court's hesitation to bring to the notice of Government the defects in our Criminal Laws, we must nevertheless not conceal from ourselves that the steady increase of crime may be in a great measure attributed to the administration of the law as it now stands, by the Judges of the Sudder Court. We mean that the Court is to a great extent answerable for the increase of heinous crime such as murder and felony attended with murder. We fear that it must be allowed after the perusal of this article, that the Sudder Judges for some years have shrunk from the responsibility, which their high and important office necessarily imposes on them. We have nothing to do with, nor do we allude to the opinions of any particular individuals, who have been honored with a seat in the Sudder Court, we simply assert what we shall endeavour satisfactorily to prove, that the Members of the Nizamut Adawlut have for years shown a disposition to adjudge secondary punishments in the greater number of cases which imperatively required the extreme penalty sanctioned by law. They have pursued this course, in spite of the undeniable fact, strikingly illustrated by the pages of their own reports, that crime generally was increasing rather than diminishing. We believe

that there is no security for life or property felt by the people of these Provinces in the laws which have been made for the purpose of protecting both, or in the Courts of Justice which administer those laws.

We shall now consider the causes to which this sense of insecurity regarding both life and property is to be attributed, and we shall commence with the former in the first place. We have stated our belief that the Sudder Nizamut have for some years hesitated to administer the law in its fullest integrity, and to this hesitation we partly attribute the increase of crime and the consequent feeling of security with regard to life, which this leniency must produce. It is well known that the majority of cases referred by the Mofussil Sessions Courts to the Sudder Nizamut are those in which the extreme penalty of death might be legally awarded. The Judges themselves admit this in their report on the administration of Criminal Justice for the year 1847.\* "It should be borne in mind," say they "that in the great majority of cases "that are regularly referred to the Court for final orders, the "offence is MURDER OR FELONY attended with MURDER, in "all of which capital sentence might be legally adjudged; "the secondary punishment of transportation for life is FRE- "QUENTLY substituted for reasons which are briefly reported "as before on the proceedings of the Court in all instances." This very curt notice of what we are disposed to consider extraordinary leniency, is not very satisfactory to those who regard the prevalence of murder, and felony attended with murder, as one great proof of the folly of applying English prejudices and laws to a people who as far advanced to-day in moral government and progress as they were a thousand years ago.

The following statement bears out our assertion that the Court has failed to carry out the provisions of the law regarding murder.

|                          | 1839 | 1840 | 1841 | 1842 | 1843  | 1844  | 1845  | 1846  | 1847  |
|--------------------------|------|------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| No. of persons punished. | 394  | 325  | 423  | 515  | 422   | 546   | 426   | 441   | 518   |
| Capitally sentenced.     | 20   | 31   | 37   | 67   | 54    | 102   | 75    | 95    | 105   |
| AVERAGE.                 | 5.2  | 9.53 | 8.74 | 13.  | 12.79 | 18.68 | 17.60 | 21.54 | 20.27 |

\* Vide Criminal Report for 1847, page 167.



This table is not perhaps sufficiently explanatory, and fails to exhibit the number of cases in which the Court adjudged secondary punishments. After a determined struggle with the mass of figures which mystify the reports, we have succeeded in mastering the detail of punishments during a period of three years, that is from 1845 to 1847 inclusive.

| <i>Years from<br/>1845 to 1847.</i> | <i>No. of persons<br/>sentenced to<br/>death.</i> | <i>Years from<br/>1845 to 1847.</i> | <i>No. of persons<br/>ported or im-<br/>prisoned for life.</i> |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
|                                     | 275                                               |                                     | 562                                                            |

Now we have the Court's warrant for the assertion that these cases must have represented offences of the deepest dye, such as murder, and felony attended with murder, and yet we find that in more than half the number of murders committed during a period of three years, the murderers escaped the full penalty of their crimes, through the timidity or mistaken leniency of the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut or as the Court would remark "for reasons which are briefly reported on the proceedings of the Court in all instances." Far be it from us to hint that the Court's exercise of the very desirable privilege of mercy should be restricted, but in using their prerogative, the Judges should remember that caution is necessary lest ill-advised clemency should diminish that sense of security, which springs from a firm administration of the laws, without which no community can be peaceful, prosperous or happy. We know and feel that

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven  
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice bless'd,  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

but one thing should be remembered, which seems to have been forgotten by the Sudder Court, that mercy is only to season justice ; it is not intended that the flavour of justice should be altogether lost in the seasoning.

The crime of murder is so generally prevalent in these Provinces that every means which the laws admit of, should be enforced to check its increase. We fear however, that many persons are disposed to view murder in this country in a different light from which they would regard it in their own or any other European country. They look upon the shed-

ding of blood in India, as the custom of the country and people who never could and never would brook the loss of conjugal honor, and who punish with death the sacrilege of domestic privacy. They admit that such a custom is deplorable, but they are weak enough to palliate it by the miserable quibble, that men here do not generally commit murder when engaged in dishonorable and felonious pursuits, but from a mistaken sense of pride, and from a feeling that necessity imposes upon them vengeance for the loss of family honor. Such people will tell us that in most instances, the murderer having satisfied the demands of honor, voluntarily surrenders himself to justice, and then, poor soul, we suppose he becomes a martyr! We think the prevalence of this crime is but too slightly regarded. Even the management of a district is not called in question if the crime most rife in it takes the form of murder. Highway robberies, affrays, increase of thefts are offences which throw discredit on the administration of a district. An increase in the number of these crimes calls down a strong remonstrance from superior authority; these offences are visited with a full measure of requital. On the other hand mercy is extended to the murderer of a wife or mistress, or the felon who robs an helpless child of its life for the sake of the silver ornaments on its person. Who can wonder, after this, that there is little security for life in the supposed protection afforded by the laws, or who can be surprised at learning that the people have lost faith in Courts of Justice which dishearten men by their tedious processes, and alarm them by awarding inadequate punishment for the worst of crimes? The following statement must strengthen our position and corroborate our assertion that there has been too much clemency for the good of the country from 1845 until the present time.

| <i>From 1845 to 1850 inclusive.</i> | <i>Total number of persons whose cases were referred to the Nizamut Adawlut.</i> | <i>Total number of persons sentenced by the Court to death.</i> | <i>Total number of persons sentenced by the Court to transportation or imprisonment for life.</i> |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                                     | 3481                                                                             | 561                                                             | 1623                                                                                              |

The remainder were either sentenced to various limited terms of imprisonment, or were fortunate enough to secure an acquittal. The result then is this, that during a period of six years, out of 2184 criminals who had either committed murder, or felony attended with murder, no less a number than one thousand two hundred and twenty-three were suffered to escape the full measure of punishment which the Government of this, and of nearly every country under the sun, have adjudged as the fitting penalty for wilfully taking human life. What reason had the Court for extending mercy so plentifully? Was crime happily on the decrease? Not at all! The very reverse was the case. We shall now give the number of persons committed to the Sessions Courts during six years. We will only observe that the return includes the trials held in the Courts in Saugor, the Ceded districts and Kumaon, in order to show that the increase is not owing to their subjection to the controul of the Nizamut Adawlut.

| <i>Years.</i> | <i>Committed.</i> | <i>Saugor.</i> | <i>Ceded District.</i> | <i>Kumaon</i> |
|---------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------------|---------------|
| 1845          | 3783              | 328            | —                      | 9             |
| 1846          | 3814              | 407            | 35                     | 30            |
| 1847          | 3660              | 415            | 20                     | 30            |
|               | Inclusive<br>of   |                |                        |               |
| 1848          | 3733              | 452            | 56                     | 35            |
| 1849          | 4703              | 473            | 153                    | 28            |
| 1850          | 4318              | 560            | 69                     | 46            |
|               | <hr/>             | <hr/>          | <hr/>                  | <hr/>         |
| TOTAL,        | 24011             | 2635           | 333                    | 178           |

of the 24,011 committed by the Magistrates to the Sessions, 6848 were acquitted by the Judges, 421 being released by the Nizamut Adawlut. Thus more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the whole number committed after careful investigation in the Magistrate's Courts, were turned loose again to practise upon society every villainy which human nature is capable of.

We are disposed to attribute the marked vitality of heinous crime in India to several other causes besides that which we have already stated, the leniency of sentences passed by the Sudder Court. We allude now to the favorable chances of escape, which a prisoner enjoys, in the senseless English prejudice of giving a criminal at the bar the benefit of every doubt, and the disposition of Mofussil Judges to look upon the Magistrate as the enemy of the party to be tried, and themselves as his advocate. The idea, that a man is to be deemed innocent

until he has been tried by a judge and found guilty, is an absurdity in this country, where for a serious crime there are two separate and equally careful examinations of the prisoner's guilt. After the first trial, if the Magistrate determines on a committal to the Sessions, the fair presumption is that the party committed is guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and he deserves no particular tenderness when put upon his trial before the Judge. Again, few of our Judges will convict a prisoner upon circumstantial evidence, which opens another door of escape to him.

They invariably distrust the depositions made by witnesses in their own Courts, and are disposed to place very little confidence on those made before the Magistrate. This general distrust of proceedings is common to all the courts. The Sudder Judges distrust the Zillah Judges, who in turn distrust the Magistrates, they again have a tenderness of conscience regarding the record made in the presence of their subordinates, and each and all disbelieve the natives. They have not the slightest regard for the solemn affirmation on oaths which our Law requires them to make before giving their evidence, and we have done away with the only oaths which they themselves were likely to consider obligatory, the Koran and Ganges-water. But we will give our readers the benefit of a native's opinion on this very subject of oaths; the person who gave it was a most intelligent Mahomedan Gentleman and a Law-Officer to boot.\*

"I have practised," said he, "in the Courts for thirty years, and during the time I have found only three kinds of witnesses, two of whom would by such an act (the substitution of the present for the former oaths) be left precisely where they were, while the third would be released by it from a very salutary check."

"And pray which are the three classes into which you divide the witnesses in our Courts?"

"First, Sir, are those who will always tell the truth whether they are required to state what they know in the form of an oath or not?"

"Do you think this is a large class?"

"Yes, I think it is; \* \* \* The second are those who will not hesitate to tell a lie when they have a motive for it, and are yet restrained by an oath. In taking an oath they are afraid of two things, the anger of God and the odium of men. Only three days ago, continued my friend, I required a power of attorney from a lady of rank, to enable me to

\* Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.

“act for her in a case pending before the Court in this town. “It was given to me by her brother : and two witnesses came “to declare that she had given it. “Now” said I, “this lady “is known to live under the curtain ; and you will be asked “by the Judge whether you saw her give this paper : what “will you say ?” They both replied—“If the Judge asks us “the question without an oath, we will say yes—it will save “much trouble, and we know that she did give the paper “though we did not really see her give it ; but if he puts the “Koran into our hands, we must say No, for we should otherwise be pointed at by all the town as perjured wretches, our “enemies would soon tell every body that we had taken a “false oath.” Now” my friend went on “the form of an oath is “a great check upon this sort of persons. The third class “consists of men who will tell lies whenever they have a sufficient motive, whether they have the Koran or Ganges-water in their hands or not. Nothing will ever prevent their “doing so ; and the declaration which you propose would be “just as well as any other for them.

“Which class do you consider the most numerous of the “three ?”

“I consider the second the most numerous and wish the “oath to be retained for them.”

There is a great deal of good sense and observation in these remarks ; and we have now the experience of many years, showing the effect produced by the substitution of a solemn declaration in the presence of God for the customary oaths on the Koran and Ganges-water. We have made both Mahomedans and Hindoos greater liars than ever they were. We believe that every Magistrate in these Provinces will admit this fact, and also that the witnesses who come into Court, are in no way restrained by a solemn declaration from perjuring themselves whenever it suits their interest or convenience to do so, nor do they entertain any fear of the penalties which are attached to falsehood, and they have reason too for their boldness, since convictions in cases of perjury form a most insignificant proportion of the criminal returns. Being Mahomedans and Hindoos they have no respect for a Christian’s oath, and being wise men and acquainted with the art of lying, they contrive to tell as many lies as they please in the course of a deposition, without committing the fancifully defined crime which the law denominates perjury.

Here then are several causes which produce an increase of heinous offences, first, leniency on the part of the highest Court towards convicted offenders, secondly, the general distrust of

all native evidence, thirdly the number of acquittals, fourthly the general inefficiency of the police, and lastly the facility with which after the commission of a crime the offenders can escape into foreign territories, in which it is difficult to apprehend them. We confess to very little present hope that any remedy will be provided for the first three defects. As long as the Sudder Judges continue as a general rule to distrust evidence, so long will secondary punishments be adjudged in lieu of the extreme penalty. It is easy to condemn and order a man to be hung; but it is not within the Court's power to effect his return to this upper world, after he has been hanged, if subsequent events should prove his innocence. To this feeling we must ascribe that timidity and hesitation which marks the administration of the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut, and which in our opinion is attended with the worst possible results, that of rendering the law inefficient as a means of repressing crime. It is difficult to suggest how the general distrust of native evidence may be combated and overcome, but common sense seems to require a return to those oaths which the people whom we govern, consider binding on their consciences in a court of justice, and also for the very reason given by Col. Sleeman's native friend, the Law-officer, that the most numerous class of witnesses in this country will not speak the truth unless compelled to do so by an obligation involving the fear of God, and the dread of shame and disgrace amongst their neighbours. It may be disagreeable to the Legislature to repeal the present Act which has substituted a solemn declaration in the presence of God for the Koran and Ganges-water, but it is more honorable to own a fault and endeavour to repair it. We may be told in some quarters, that none but a heathen government would administer a heathen oath, in its courts of justice, but we shall not fare the worse for that, if we can arrive at truth, and diminish the amount of perjury daily committed from Calcutta to Peshawur. We speak with all reverence when we say that the temptation, now afforded by solemn declaration, to Mahomedans and Hindoos to utter falsehoods in our cutcheries, can hardly be acceptable to the Creator, and certainly is not fair to them. If they will not speak the truth upon what we consider a sufficient obligation, it is surely wiser to suffer them to do so, according to their own lights, and upon the Koran and Ganges water, after touching which, the fear of future evil will deter the greater number from perjuring themselves. We have no right to lead them into temptation, or to perpetuate an evil of our own making. Our only course is to compound for the

difficulty which we have created by making a suitable sacrifice to truth in the restitution of these oaths, which the greatest offenders against her alone recognise. The legislative Councillor mocked at a leek and is now desired to eat it. The retribution is only fair. He must be addressed therefore in the words of Fluellin. "I peseech you heartily, at my desires and my requests, and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat.

*Pist*: Must I bite?

*Fluel*: Yes certainly; and out of doubt and out of questions too, and ambiguities."

So think we. He is answerable for the sins of omission and commission on the part of his predecessors, and must therefore—eat his leek, though Saint Davy's day is past.

There is one other course open, "*spes altera*," which might be of some avail in assisting natives to speak the truth in Criminal trials before the Sessions Courts, and that is the extension of the jury system, which as at present constituted does not answer the end we have in view. Juries since the passing of Reg. VI. of 1832 have been more frequently summoned than those unacquainted with our Courts would imagine, and they have so far served the purpose for which they were called upon to attend, that during a period of five years, of 3774 cases in which they gave a verdict, the Judges only disagreed in 89 cases, as the following statement will show.

| <i>Years.</i> | <i>No. of cases in which the sentence passed was in accordance with the verdict of the jury.</i> | <i>* No. of cases in which the sentenced passed was not in accordance with the verdict of the jury.</i> |
|---------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1846          | 838 $\frac{1}{4}$                                                                                | 115 $\frac{3}{4}$                                                                                       |
| 1847          | 752                                                                                              | 150                                                                                                     |
| 1848          | 674                                                                                              | 166                                                                                                     |
| 1849          | 670                                                                                              | 149                                                                                                     |
| 1850          | 840                                                                                              | 229                                                                                                     |
| <b>TOTAL</b>  | <b>3774<math>\frac{1}{4}</math></b>                                                              | <b>809</b>                                                                                              |

Now we do not intend that juries should henceforth have the power of conviction or acquittal. The persons who now constitute a jury are chosen from the most respectable inhabi-

tants of the town in which the Sessions are held, we would extend the present system to the country, and make the presence of the jury a check upon the tongues of the witnesses. The jury should belong to the same district as the witnesses, and those only should be summoned, with whose names and persons they are familiar and whose good name they respect—before whom in short they would be unwilling to appear in the character of liars. We believe that natives in their own villages are very much in the habit of speaking the truth, especially upon all public occasions when village affairs are discussed in open assembly. In this belief we have reason to know that the opinions of the ablest Officer in the country coincide with ours. The interest of a village community is bound up in the truth and honor of the individuals composing it. Self-Government in temporal affairs would cease to exist, if no confidence could be reposed in the private worth and character of the elder members of a brotherhood, who manage the interests of all. Any one deliberately lying in the presence of village Patriarchs would be punished by the contempt of all good men. He would be a reproach to his neighbours and an honest name would be lost to his children. It would appear then advisable in all Criminal cases, to summon a jury of respectable persons before whom the witnesses would hesitate to perjure themselves, lest they should incur public contempt in their villages. This result can only be obtained by extending the jury list to every pergunnah in a district. Thus, supposing that a crime occurred in pergunnah Bah-Pinahut of Zillah Agra, the jury should be summoned from that pergunnah, and from the villages nearest to the spot where the offence was committed. They would be the most honorable men of all respectable castes, and would also be persons in some degree acquainted with the general facts of the case. In this they would not be the less useful, for juries in England seldom, indeed we may say never, go into the box, without any information regarding the case which they are called upon to try, but in this country it would be rather an advantage, for their knowledge of the facts would operate as an additional check upon the witnesses who depose to them.

We cannot but think that a jury thus constituted, might be found of real use in making the witnesses speak truth, and if the former oaths, upon the Koran and Ganges-water, were again enforced, we believe that a few years experience of the plan would exhibit a satisfactory return in the decrease of perjury, and the general distrust of native depositions common to every Court in the country, and only let the distrust of



evidence be overcome, and we shall not have to complain that the number of acquittals is too large when compared with that of convictions. We cannot here consider the other causes which increase crime, the inefficiency of the police and the concealment of offenders in foreign territories, which may with greater propriety be discussed in a separate paper on police. We must now endeavour to show why there should be a feeling of insecurity regarding property; the consideration of this will sufficiently extend these pages.

"Are you not," said the author of *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, to some iron carriers encamped on the banks of the Chumbul, "are you not afraid to remain so near the ravines of the Chumbul where thieves are said to be so numerous?" "Not at all" replied they. "I suppose thieves do not think it worth while to steal crude iron?" "Thieves, Sir, think it worth while to steal anything that they can get, but we do not fear them much HERE." "Where do you fear them so much?" "We fear them when we get into the *Company's territories*." "And how is this when we have good police establishments, and the Dholepore people have none?" "When the Dholepore people get hold of a thief, they make him disgorge all that he has got of our property for us, and they confiscate all the rest that he has for themselves, and cut off his nose and his hands and turn him adrift to deter others. You on the contrary when you get hold of a thief worry us to death in the prosecution of your Courts, and when we have proved the robbery to your satisfaction, you leave all his ill-gotten wealth to his family, and provide him with good food and clothing yourselves, while he works for you a couple of years on the roads, the consequence is that here fellows are afraid to rob a traveller if they find him at all on his guard, as we generally are; while in your districts, they rob us where and when they like." Comparisons are odious, we shall not pretend to say which system is best—we will only remark that there can be no security for property, when Bankers, Merchants, and all persons who have anything to lose are compelled to provide for the proper protection of their wealth, by keeping at their own expense and within their own houses lusty fellows for its safeguard. They do this because the police and the Chowkeydar force is unable as well as unwilling to protect them. Again, if our high roads are free from thieves, why do the travellers invariably carry arms? We think that the iron carriers were in the right of it, and moreover we are of opinion that they uttered the thoughts of the greater part of the community, when they preferred the vigo-

rous proceedings of the Dholepore authorities to the tedious forms and unsatisfactory result of a prosecution in the Company's Courts. We are inclined to attribute the insecurity regarding property to the inefficiency of an ill-paid and generally corrupt police establishment, to the leniency displayed by Magistrates in punishing thefts, owing to which the laws cannot operate as a check on crime, to the disinclination of the people to prosecute in our Courts, to the difficulties which the legislature itself has thrown in the way of successfully detecting crime by the enactment of Reg. II. of 1832, and lastly to the very large number of acquittals in proportion to convictions, which must be appreciated by every rogue acquainted with our Magisterial authorities.

We must leave over to another paper the question of police.

Without wishing to return to those days when thieves were mutilated and branded in these Provinces, we may nevertheless fairly question the propriety of the general disposition to leniency on the part of our Magistrates. They have extensive judicial power and yet will not adjudge the full punishment allowed by law in cases of felony—that is 3 years imprisonment : again an act has been passed by Government (Act XVI. of 1850) with a view to encourage prosecutions for theft, by which they are authorized to inflict a fine on the prisoner in addition to other legal punishment, for the benefit of the prosecutor, but we are sure that little use has as yet been made of the Act. The Magistrates are obliged to credit the prosecutor's sworn deposition as to the value of the property supposed to be stolen, and they fear that when the provisions of Act XVI. of 1850 are extensively known and acted upon, the number of perjuries and false accusations will increase : that the Act in short will be taken advantage of with a view to extort money from innocent persons. We are under no apprehension of this sort, and think that the tenderness is misplaced. The Magistrates in convicting a prisoner, need not inflict upon him a fine to the full extent of the property claimed, and no officer should adjudge a fine at all, unless fully satisfied by diligent enquiries during the conduct of the case, that the prosecutors have fairly stated the amount. Great caution will be required in using the Act, but there is no cause for apprehending an earthquake of misfortune from its effects.

The charge of leniency at a time when crime was increasing, is susceptible of proof as the following table will show, exhibiting the number of persons punished by the Magistrates and Joint Magistrates during 1849 and 1850. We may

reasonably assume that a large proportion of these cases were felonies involving liability to imprisonment for the full term of three years, within the power of the Magistrates to adjudge, for it must be remembered that the lesser offences and misdemeanours might be tried by their Assistants of all kinds, including the Deputy Magistrates, Principal Sudder Ameens, Sudder Ameens and Moonsiffs. The aggregate number of persons punished during the two years, by the Magistrates and their Assistants amounted to 92,033, and the number of those convicted by the Magistrates and Joint Magistrates to 60,849, leaving 31,184 cases to be disposed of by the Assistants.

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| <i>Years.</i> | <i>Persons punished<br/>by Magistrates.</i> | <i>By Joint<br/>Magistrates.</i> | <i>Grand total.</i> |
|---------------|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1849          | 12559                                       | 19029                            | 23891               |
| 1850          | 11332                                       | 17929                            | 36958               |
|               | <hr/>                                       | <hr/>                            | <hr/>               |
| TOTAL,        | 23,891                                      | 36,958                           | 60,849              |

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Out of this large number of persons punished by officers vested with the full powers of a Magistrate, only 3,817 in two years, were sentenced to a term of from 2 to 3 years imprisonment and only 3,793 to 1 year and upwards—23,280 being sentenced to confinement for six months and upwards. It is well known that there are more cases of theft of property exceeding 50 Rs. and not more than 300 Rs. in value, more simple burglaries, and cattle thefts, which annually occur and can be punished by a Magistrate, than there are serious offences which must be committed to the Sessions Courts. Yet we find that the Magistrates in the North West Provinces during 1849 and 1850 punished only 7,610 persons for heinous offences, punishable by themselves with any severity, whilst the number of persons committed to the Sessions during the same two years amounted to 9,021 ! We think that we have made out our charge of leniency against the Magistrates, and that they have punished with lesser terms of imprisonment, many persons who should have been sentenced to 3 years confinement. This leniency has been exercised for years with the most injurious result, as the statement here given will show.

| <i>Years.</i> | <i>No. of persons<br/>under examina-<br/>tion yearly.</i> | <i>By<br/>transfer.</i> | <i>Apprehended.</i> | <i>Total.</i> |
|---------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|---------------|
| 1845          | 1,267                                                     | 1,213                   | 62,311              | 64,791        |
| —46           | 1,050                                                     | 1,384                   | 66,430              | 68,829        |
| —47           | 949                                                       | 1,086                   | 68,201              | 70,235        |
| —48           | 1,104                                                     | 1,266                   | 75,884              | 78,254        |
| —49           | 1,433                                                     | 1,071                   | 82,957              | 85,463        |
| —50           | 1,356                                                     | 758                     | 83,059              | 85,173        |

We may be told that the increase in the number of persons apprehended is very satisfactory, in as much as it argues greater efficiency on the part of the Police, and less concealment of crime. Perhaps so. But it does not argue less actual crime. If the returns in 1845-46-47 were suspicious, we may fairly allow that these figures in 1848-49-50, may still be far from representing the actual amount of crime committed, since the greater zeal of the Magistrates and their subordinates only more strongly establishes the fact, that the police have been and still are in the habit of trading in crime and concealing it from their superiors.

The disinclination on the part of the people to prosecute cases of theft and robbery in our Courts, arises from several defects in our system of law. The greatest of these defects is the extreme tediousness of the proceedings from first to last, before any satisfactory result can be arrived at by the punishment of the robber, and the restitution of the stolen property to its owners. The evil commences in the Thana, when after reporting his loss and demanding an enquiry, the prosecutor has to await the favorable moment at which the Police Officer, in his caprice, shall choose to enter upon an investigation of the circumstances attending the robbery. If the property stolen amounts to any considerable sum in value, the myrmidons of justice, with their chief in person, travel with becoming dignity to the prosecutor's house where they expect the same luxuries which an Inn affords,—good entertainment for man and beast. Here the enquiry is pushed on with oriental gravity and insolence. The Magistrate in the interval is amused with a report of the burglary or theft, as the case may be, and promised in a few days time the result of the Police investigation, and a speedy apprehension of the parties suspected. If the prosecutor is a man of substance the preliminary enquiries last a little longer than usual; the village becoming for the time the Police Head-Quarters, until the

search for the suspected authors of the robbery has been brought to a successful issue, by their apprehension. After this happy end has been attained, the result of course of his highness; the police officer's extreme good fortune, that functionary takes his departure to the Thana, probably at a distance of ten miles from the village. Thither in duty bound, the prosecutor and his witnesses, leaving their wives and families, attend the great map. We will suppose that four days have elapsed, and the police investigation has been completed; are the parties sent off at once to the Magistrate? Not at all, the police officer's Kyfeyut, or abstract of his enquiries must be prepared, and written out fairly for the Magistrate's edification—and the law allows the detention of the prisoners for 48 hours in the Thana—at the expiration of this prescribed period, the account of the Thana proceedings is dispatched by dāk to the Sudder Station, and the prosecutor, witnesses and prisoners, under charge of sundry policemen, are ordered to the same place, which is perhaps thirty or forty miles off. They arrive in two days; the Court is occupied with other business, and a week passes before the new case is entered upon. The Magistrate is not satisfied with the evidence, requires more—another delay of at least a week ensues, and after that, of another week, in order to hear the witnesses on behalf of the defence. Twenty-seven days have now run by, and the prosecutor begins to pine for his home and little ones, or perhaps the sowing time is at hand, or certain instalments have become due and there is no one whom he can trust to collect them. The Magistrate commits the case to the Sessions Court, because the charge is burglary attended with theft of one hundred and one rupces eight annas three pie; and the odd rupee, annas and pie take the case out of his cognizance. The prosecutor and witnesses are bound over to attend at the Sessions, whenever they may be required, and hearing that there are several cases before the judge, trudge away home. After being a week in their own village, a Burkundauze suddenly makes his appearance and carries them off without an hour's delay to the Thana, where they pass probably thirty-six hours, and are again sent off to the Magistrate's Cutcherry and consigned to the Nazir, attend his levee for about four days, and are then conducted by his Chuprassies to the Sessions Court, where they are told to go back again to the Nazir, as the Sessions Judge has discovered that the Calendar drawn up in the English language differs from that written in Urdoo—and the error must therefore be amended. After patient investigation the Magistrate discovers that

"and" in English has been translated into "or" in Urdu. The mistake is rectified, up goes the Calendar to the Sessions, but the next two days are native holidays and the Court is closed. Finally after being eight or ten days in the Sudder Station, the case is heard, the prisoners are condemned, and the Judge orders the property to be made over to the prosecutor. A week passes on, and the Magistrate directs the property to be given up, as ordered by the Sessions Judge. If the prosecutor has not realized the truth of Sir R. Walpole's saying that "all men have their price," he finds no friend in the Nazir, who reports to the Magistrate that the prosecutor has disappeared. The Magistrate either directs that he should be summoned again, or makes over the property to the Thanadar. Prosecutor, who has been present at Cutcherry every day, is told of this order, and sets off for the Thana, where the last state of that man is worse than the first,—he has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, it would have been better to have feed the Nazir than a whole Police Office. Ten per cent has already been paid on the recovered property for the benefit of the Police by order of the Judge, and now he has to pay something besides for its restoration. He returns to his home a sadder but a wiser man and calculates his losses—Imprimis 101 rupees 8 annas 3 pie by burglary—at least 20 rupees in food for himself and witnesses and procuring good will in the Thana and the Sudder Station, probably some present to be relieved of the presence of the Burkundauze, on the journey from the Thana to the Magistrate's Cutcherry,—Loss of time, and loss of sundry sums by absence from home for upwards of six weeks—per contra he has gained by recovery of a portion of the stolen property fifty rupees, from which ten per cent. must be deducted for the recovery, and something more for the restitution of his goods. Altogether he has fully ascertained that the Company's Courts mean very well, may be very good in point of theory, but very bad in practice, and that he would have saved much time, future trouble, annoyance, and expense, if he had put up with the first loss, and had simply reported the burglary, and declined to prosecute.

We believe that the above description is not at all coloured; we believe it to be generally true. Let those who doubt, gain a native's confidence and ascertain for themselves its truth or falsehood. It only remains for us to consider how the evil should be remedied. We despair of any alteration in the present voluminous proceedings, which protract the conduct of a case, unless indeed the language of the Courts were altered, and then the Magistrate or some English writer

should record in as short a form as possible, the evidence of each witness as it fell from his lips in the presence of the Magistrate. This would save time, as under the present system, the witnesses are examined first by the Mohurrirs, and then over again by the Magistrate. We confess to a belief that if English were adopted as the language of our Courts, there would be less knavery and perjury in them than there is at present, but we entertain no hopes of the change taking place, at least for some time to come. The only other plan which suggests itself is to extend the powers of the most deserving Deputy Magistrates, to create dependent Joint Magistracies, and to settle European Officers in the heart of the country as is done in Bengal. The Deputy Magistrates should have full power to dispose of all thefts and simple burglaries under 100 rupees, unattended by aggravating circumstances. The Joint Magistrates would of course exercise full powers, and the cases committed by them should be tried by the Judge on circuit, once in every two months.

The hardship to the prisoner would be nothing when compared to the gain secured by the prosecutor and witnesses from the change. The present Deputy Magistrates are all but useless, in consequence of their revenue duties and very limited powers. They should not be Tehseeldars, as at present, but Magistrates only. Their powers should be increased as we have suggested, and in deserving instances they should be vested with the powers of a Joint Magistrate, with a power to commit to the Sessions, if their proceedings were sanctioned by the Zillah Magistrate. There should be Deputy Magistrates for every Pergunnah, and Joint Magistrates should reside at every town in which a Civil Judge resided. The Zillah Magistrate should be Chief Magistrate, and dispose of all cases in his own immediate neighbourhood, but would visit and repeatedly try cases in the Cutcherries throughout the district, all of which would be subordinate to him. These visits would be compulsory at stated times throughout the year—and would improve the efficiency of his Police ; at the same time his constant presence would stimulate the Deputy Magistrates to exertion. Under this plan the Judge's circuits to the different Cutcherries would be of great service to the people, for he would then personally observe the administration of Civil Justice in his district, and by nearer intercourse with the natives would become acquainted with the character of his subordinate Judges. We believe that if justice were brought nearer to the people's homes, a speedier

prosecution of their cases secured, and the worry and annoyance of the Thana proceedings removed, that the present disinclination to prosecute would no longer exist. In order to assist in arriving at so desirable a result, Reg. II. of 1832 should be repealed, which prohibits all interference on the part of the Police, in cases of simple burglary and theft, unless the party robbed prefers a petition in the Thana on plain paper, and demands an investigation. The Sudder Court a few years ago repeatedly remonstrated against this Regulation, which absolutely provides for the triumph of villainy and increase of crime, by leaving it optional with the parties to prosecute or not, as they please. We shall now show that they have mostly declined to prosecute in cases of theft, preferring the first loss to the circumstances which attend a prosecution in our Courts. The Magistrate may order an enquiry if he pleases on the Police report, but he cannot make the party robbed speak out, though he is able to summon him to Cutcherry. The following statement is worth examination.

| <i>Years.</i> | <i>Simple. Burglaries.</i> | <i>Simple thefts.</i> | <i>Attempts at both.</i> | <i>Cases uninvestigated with reference to Reg. II of 1832.</i> |                    |                  |
|---------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
|               |                            |                       |                          | <i>Simple burglaries.</i>                                      | <i>Do. thefts.</i> | <i>Attempts.</i> |
| 1836          | 10,078                     | 22,039                | 5,398                    | 7,257                                                          | 12,688             | 4,196            |
| 1837          | 9,223                      | 21,523                | 4,666                    | 6,962                                                          | 12,456             | 3,590            |

The Court has not published a similar statement since 1847 but we may be sure that it would not be in any degree more satisfactory than the above, which shows that out of 72,927 simple burglaries and thefts with attempts to commit both, 47,149 cases remained uninvestigated, after being reported to the Police ! If this be not legislating with a view to increase crime, we are sadly mistaken, and there must be some hidden meaning and object in the Regulation, which we are unable to discover.

The last cause which we conceive to have a tendency to diminish the security of property is the very large number of acquittals, when compared with that of convictions. Thieves and rogues escape punishment in our Courts, which encourages men who follow the profession of robbery, and discourages those who suffer from their successful villainies.

The following table is a return of the number of persons convicted and acquitted in the North West Provinces, Saugor territories, Ceded districts and Kumaon for 1845 to 1850.



| <i>Years.</i> | <i>Convicted.</i> | <i>Acquitted.</i> |                                                                                 |
|---------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1845          | 35,182            | 24,081            | <i>By the Magistrates, Joint Magistrates and their Assistants of all kinds.</i> |
| 1846          | 38,738            | 24,822            |                                                                                 |
| 1847          | 40,688            | 24,291            |                                                                                 |
| 1848          | 43,257            | 28,105            |                                                                                 |
| 1849          | 45,863            | 32,842            |                                                                                 |
| 1850          | 46,170            | 32,580            |                                                                                 |
| TOTAL,        | 2,19,898          | 1,67,721          |                                                                                 |

These acquittals of course like those in the Session Courts and Nizamut Adawlut may be attributed to the distrust of native evidence entertained by the Magistrates and their subordinates. The same remedy which removes the evil in the Higher would operate with equal effect in the Lower Courts. But we are disposed to attribute the greater number of acquittals in cases of felony, to the pernicious system of holding preliminary trials in the Thana. We are confident, that the very necessity imposed on honest Thanadars of entering into the fullest examination in cases of felony, and hearing depositions (without oath we admit,) in very many instances induces them to concoct false evidence, in order to save their own reputations as clever officers, by sending in the charge proved against the prisoners. The witnesses when removed from the immediate influence of the Thanadar and his Policemen, retract their former depositions on cross-examination by the Magistrate, and the case falls to the ground. The guilty parties escape, from an over desire on the part of the Thanadar to secure their conviction. We may also remark in addition, that corrupt Police Officers will constantly relieve men of substance or respectability, from the necessity of appearing as witnesses in cases of felony in the Magistrate's Court, of course they will not show this kindness, without an equivalent. They receive a bribe and other evidence must be procured. The consequence is that men of the lowest rank in property or caste are intimidated by their Zemindars or the Police, into swearing to any improbable story before the Magistrate—the suspicious character of such evidence is at once fatal to the case.

What we have already urged in favor of doing away with recorded investigations in the Thana as a means of inducing

people to prosecute applies equally as a remedy to the subject under consideration, i. e., the reason of the number of acquittals in proportion to those of convictions. We believe that, if the vexatious attendance at the Thana becomes no longer necessary, or instead of journeying 40 miles to give evidence, the witnesses will have only 15 or 16 miles to go, and a case is at once taken up and decided, that the same objection to appear as a witness which now exists, will speedily vanish, and that instead of the lowest and most dishonest witnesses who now disgrace our Courts, we shall secure the attendance of the most respectable men of all castes, who will unhesitatingly, (and still more willingly, if sworn upon the Ganges-water or Koran,) depose to all they know relative to the case under investigation.

We have now concluded our subject. We believe that we have fairly named the principal causes to which the perseverance of crime both against life and property may be attributed. Our remarks on the administration of Criminal Justice by the Sudder Court have been made under a profound sense of their truth, and the more earnest hope that the members of that tribunal will consider the propriety of continuing a course which we firmly believe has had a tendency to diminish the security for the protection of life from violence, which our subjects ought to feel is contained in the Criminal Laws. With respect to the charge which we have made against the Magistracy in the North West Provinces generally, that they have exhibited an improper leniency towards convicted prisoners in cases of felony, we cannot but think that our accusation has been satisfactorily proved by the extracts which we have made from the reports of the Sudder Court, for it must be recollected that the Magistrates themselves furnish the Court with the figures introduced into those reports. However if we have unintentionally been wrong, or unwittingly given a colour to statements which they were not meant to wear, we can only say that *Ledlie's Miscellany*, offers a fair field for the correction of our errors. Our suggestions may be taken for as much as they are worth ; until others better suited to the people of the country and their wants are offered, ours will at least, on account of their having been made in good faith, demand attention.

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## THE HAY-FIELD.

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A GLEE.*Girls and Boys.*

Merrily, merrily toss the hay,  
Toss the hay merrily,  
Cheerily, cheerily sing away,  
Sing away cheerily.

*Philosopher.*

Surely we stand on a wonderful spot,  
For over our heads is the boundless Blue,  
And under our feet lie the wells of Earth  
That were never yet shown to mortal view.

*A Girl.*

What matters that? the mysterious vault  
Is gilded to-day with a sunny sheen,  
And the unseen caves of the ancient world,  
Are covered to day with a mantle of green.

*A Girl and Boy.*

And hark, how the welkin with laughter is ringing,  
Such labor is nothing but frolic and play,  
While the lasses and lads join their voices in singing  
Hurrah! for the midsummer's haymaking day.

*Girls and Boys.*

Merrily merrily toss the hay,  
Toss the hay merrily,  
Cheerily, cheerily sing away,  
Sing away cheerily.

## OLD PARSONAGES.

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These are days of sad division in religious opinions. The Established Church at home is not what it was to most of us. To some a more requiring and pretentious Mother, and from others now estranged. But how many amongst us have charming recollections, long before we thought about Articles, of Old Parsonage houses and of scenes connected with the Parish and the Parson.

Our own memories are manifold.

First, dimly and in extreme antiquity, hovers the vision of parts of a house, for it cannot be wholly recollected. It was close on a Church, and of only one story high. A passage ending in a pantry is the most distinct part of this fabric, because it had a dark legend connected with it that made it a very fearful locality. In the dusk, one evening, a mysterious figure was seen moving towards the pantry. "Who's that?" was cried out by some one, then a scuffle of feet was heard, and the figure disappeared. Our youthful imagination was fearfully excited with the scene that followed, the counting of the spoons and the timorous examination by candle-light of impossible places for more robbers. A meat safe, and a Press bed underwent strict search, and the kitchen clock was opened by a person armed with a poker. The leading bad character of the neighbourhood was an individual named Robin. He had been in jail and was known to poach, and it was therefore decided that the dark figure was Robin. Maturer judgement leads us to incline rather to the idea that it was Joe a stable boy, and addicted to lump sugar obtainable in the pantry aforesaid, and to believing that Robin who lived three miles off would have paid his visit at a later hour and with more success. Robin however carried it then easily, he was a professional robber, who had matriculated in a real stone prison, and had perhaps worn iron chains, and of course it was him.

There is an oriental tinge about the recollections of our first parsonage. There was an Indian lady who had bad head aches and wore infinitely thin shoes, and the accounts were still fresh of a dark Heathen maid (anterior to our epoch), who would sleep on the door mats, and who one hot summer's day scandalised the village by bathing, after the manner of Diana, in a neighbouring stream. There were large trunks too of a scented wood, with a ship's name on them, and there were sundry strange pieces of stumpy furniture with screws in

unnecessary places, which bore the reputation of having been in cabins.

We have not much more to say of this parsonage, it has so nearly faded from memory, but a windy night recurs which was considered to have been one of great danger. The steeple of the Church was held to be loose, and it was calculated that if it fell, it would exactly reach the Indian lady's bed. She therefore sat up all night in another direction, and Joe was sentinelled in the garden to give early intimations of such crackings or other prognostics of downfall as might occur. A stout gentleman with a beaming face, intimately connected with our other parsonages, played his part at this too, but we do not recollect him as doing so, he is said then (it is scarcely credible) to have been thin, and to have ridden on horseback in top-boots.

We have one more recollection. A tomb with a weeping willow over it. This was a place beloved by all the house : by us too, though we only knew by report that it was Annie's grave. We did not ask much about Annie, because the Indian lady's eyes used to fill with tears, at the mention of her name, but we gathered roughly that she had been an orphan and came from soldiers' barracks far away in the unknown East, somewhere near where, as we then thought, all the people in Genesis had lived.

The scene next shifts to another village, where indeed we were not living in a parsonage, but where there was one close by, which we visited. We have plenty of recollections of this village, but as we must confine the subject to parsonages, we confess our reminiscences are not vivid of the one here. There were pupils living with the parson, and they were very fond of playing pranks, if we are correct. The parsonage was very old and rickety, and the parson's wife exceedingly afraid that it would some day suddenly collapse. A pupil therefore ascended to the roof one night, provided with two bricks and these he discharged down the chimney of the room, in which he knew the apprehensive lady to be sitting. Whereupon loud outcries arose, and a tumultuous scuffle into the garden, with a shout of "save the children."

Another pleasantry occurred as follows. A new pupil arrived during the temporary absence of the parson. He was received however with courtesy by a gentleman in a gown and bands ; some enquiries were made into his attainments, and a few cautions given as to the characters of those who would be his fellow pupils, but a eulogy of warmth was passed upon one of them, whose society was recommended as being that of a staid and sober youth. Some confusion was

created in the new pupil's mind at dinner however, by the appearance of quite a different parson, and the assumption by the *soi-disant* parson of the character of the pupil he had praised in the morning. This staid and sober pupil, by the way, soon after departed, but some were uncharitable enough to believe that he took one farewell look at the spot, in the person of a very truculent and unmanageable beggar, who came at night, demanded food and money and threatened to fire the house in case of refusal. This outrageous behaviour which was displayed at a small side door, where it immediately became known to the lady of the house, led to many subsequent alarms, and the suspicion of a smell of burning at untimely hours.

There is much of the East in our associations with this village too. An Indian gentleman arrived who wore a great deal of nankeen, and brought more stumpy furniture. And the parson too, had been somewhere East, for he could talk in a strange tongue with the Indian gentleman, and did so sometimes at dinner, when the subject was what he informed us on enquiry was called *hocus pocus*. The stout, beaming man now appears quite distinctly, coming from somewhere at nights in a post chaise, and appearing at our bed with strawberries, gently put into our mouth with his soft white fingers. This person we shall call the Doctor, for reasons which will immediately be seen.

Our next house stands out in the clear day-light of recollection. It was in the street of a market town and at the corner of another cross street. It seemed quite a regular house outside, built of red brick with three windows at top, three windows on the first floor, and one on each side of the door. But it was amazingly devious inside. Part of a low house next door belonged to it, and it made curious digressions into this supplementary house when you would not have expected. As you entered at the front door there was a room on each hand. One had a window in front and a window at the back, which made it pleasant enough. The other had only one window and was gloomy; if you casually opened an impracticable looking door in the corner, you found with some natural surprise, that it introduced you to the principal stair-case. This stair-case was lighted by a low window, looking into the cross street. As you passed up it, (it was between walls, not with bannisters,) there was a door and through this if you liked, you could go down some steps into the kitchen which was part of the auxiliary house next door. Arrived on the first floor, you found a very lightsome blue-papered drawing

room, and a bed-room sombre with red curtains. Then you turned down into a cliniz bed-room full of nice smells of lavender and perfumery—for it was the Doctor's, and he was particular in these matters. You knew you were in the deputy house because it had casement windows, whilst the main building had sash. With a good deal of assistance from next door in the matter of the staircase, you ascended to the top story where you found two more bed-rooms. The rest of the house consisted of a pantry, a long thin room, which made a brisk incursion under our neighbour's roof, and two servants' rooms variously disposed over ground floor rooms belonging to quite different people, and each of them, as far as we remember, furnished with a staircase of its own, which descended as well as it could, and debouched in an unexpected way, behind a dish rack or some other odd place.

The auxiliary house standing at right angles to the principal one, at the back they made two sides of a square and the other two sides being planted with shrubs, there was a little space in the midst called the garden. The happiest imagination could make nothing of this spot. How often have we tried to think it a pleasing parterre, and how often have we been utterly foiled in the attempt. It was divided into faddling beds of crocus edged with dark box, and a more gloomy dinzy little performance was never seen. One day we were grubbing about amongst the squalid shrubs which enclosed it, when we discovered a window on the ground floor of the deputy house. Immediately over it was the window of one of our servants' rooms, and we began counting the other windows to see what this new one could be. Then we pushed through the shrubs and peered in, at first we could see nothing, but as soon as our eyes could manage the dark, we found a cobbler's face within a yard of ours, who was working at his stall. How the cobbler got there is not known to this day, there were no indications of cobbler on the street side, and whether he had been walled in recently or otherwise, has never satisfactorily appeared. We never saw our Crispin again, but he had a considerable effect on our demeanour. We were previously in the habit of driving imaginary horses, and holding animated conversations with imaginary gentlemen in different parts of this quarter-deck of a garden, but from the cobbler's day, these employments were dropt.

Peace be with the soul of that ingenious gentleman, whoever he was, the designer of this strange house, truly it was a rare contrivance! How the Indian lady and gentleman liked it, we do not know, for it was inconceivably small, and they had been in the habit of residing

in a palace, if the picture was correct which they showed as their Indian Home. However they and the Doctor and several others, not to speak of ourselves, would stow themselves away here for months together.

The ground-floor room with two windows was the dining room, as also the study of the Doctor. We only wish breakfast would taste now, as the Doctor's did then. We see him, as we write. He sat plumply in his arm chair with the tea-things before him, (female aid was rejected in tea-making) he could reach the bell with one arm, and take the kettle off the fire with the other, buttered toast gleamed from a plate over the slop-bason filled with hot-water and a pile of muffins stood on his right hand. For us individually, he would prepare certain potted meats on bread and butter in a dainty fashion; he would eagerly watch our first mouthful, and on the cry of joy which our palate always dictated to us, would beam round the table and rub his hands. The Indian gentleman too was not neglected, hot eastern dishes were prepared for his peculiar use, and on their approval, the Doctor again beamed on everybody and again rubbed his hands.

We were not allowed to stay long in this little room, because the Doctor had to write his sermons here, besides having to admit an infinite number of people to conference. He was curate of this little market-town where we lived, but in earlier days he had walked the hospitals in London, and had taken his diploma as a physician. So what with his spiritual character, what with his medicine, and what with his ready sympathy for distress and suffering, and a fund of common sense, the influence he gained was most amazing. Tom *This* wanted to get married and he knew a nice young girl, but he thought he should like to go down and have a word with the Doctor before he spoke to her. Bill *That* had been drinking and had got ill from it, and he wanted some physie, but he was afraid the Parish Doctor would be hard upon him,—he had better go down and make a clean breast of it with the old Doctor at the corner house. But it was not confined to Toms and Bills only. Even the county people used to drop in at that snug parlor, and unbosom their troubles. We have known on the same day, a nobleman of property in the neighbourhood, who wanted a new bailiff, pull up at the brick house, to know if the Doctor could recommend one, and shortly afterwards a man on his way home from jail, turned in to promise the Doctor he would never get into trouble again. Well this assemblage of gentlemen and Toms and Bills, and old women and mad people, (for it was a curious thing that mad people adored him) drove



us from the Doctor's study and as, though we were so pinched for room, the other ground floor apartment was never furnished, the drawing room became our usual retreat.

The blue paper we have mentioned made this a very cheerful room, and there were large blue bell pulls hanging on each side of the fire place, which did nothing however, for the bell answered to an unassuming string in a corner. There was a door in the wall, covered also with the blue paper, which opened into a light closet and this contained most marvellous things. It was called the China closet, but it could show very little China, its stores inclined more to books, pictures, lamps, vases of rose leaves, chinese puzzles, Indian toys, a bugle, a whip, a bootjack, shells, preserved gooseberries and a musical snuff box. On the approach of tedious visitors we occasionally passed half an hour in this Museum, and rarely without finding something new. But the window was our chosen post, how many hours have we passed in the left hand window, looking on at the simple drama enacting below, simple but highly interesting because human ! It must not be supposed when we speak familiarly of certain characters now to be introduced, that we had been quite bold enough to make all their acquaintances, it was chiefly from our watch-tower that we had learnt their goings on. Exactly opposite were two little shops, one a barber's and the other a druggist's. The barber was a foppish little man and called himself over the door a peruke maker, spelling 'peruke' in some purist manner with a "q," which little matter troubled us somewhat, as we could not, when thus spelt, find it in the dictionary. He had a nice fat wife and no end of sons and daughters. The druggist was a tall, grave man and a bachelor. His name was Boddimer, and how he maintained himself we cannot conjecture. He had a little counter certainly, and when his door was open we could see some bottles on a shelf; moreover early in the morning, he mopped the shop out with his own hands, and put on a clean white apron, and arranged himself behind his counter ready for his customers. But they never came, and we fear we must confess our conviction that if they had, their wants could not have been satisfied, for he never appeared to have new supplies, and we suspect possessed but a small stock in hand. However his prosperity, such as it was, seemed not to diminish. He was on peaceable but not cordial terms with the barber; we think there was an agreement between them, we think Boddimer did not pay for his weekly shave, but gave an equivalent in the shape of such rhubarb as the barber's household required.

We hated the people at the corner of the cross street. They had a board over their door announcing that they were Agents for some County Life Insurance Company, and this was all greek to us. Besides it was a sulky house, the door was very seldom open, and then only in an unsociable way, but we decided from such glimpses as we got from time to time, that there was no counter in the lower room, and as there was positively not a single customer who ever came near them, it led us to set this Agency down, as being no better than it should be. However there was one redeeming point about these people, they had an excellent dinner on Sunday. It was brought from the baker's about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past twelve, in a large dish and seemed to consist of a loin of mutton embedded in a delicious Yorkshire pudding. It came reeking along in a girl's hands, swung into the sulkey door which instantly closed, and we saw it no more: but we felt certain that for the next twenty minutes, the Agency was enjoying itself very much.

A little below this house was an iron gate which lead down a court to a Baptist chapel. The circle in which we lived had naturally in some measure biassed our opinions, and we regarded the iron gate, and what it enclosed, as institutions which it was desirable should be destroyed and levelled with the ground, privately by night. Yet we took a great interest in the chapel and its congregation. We can hear the sturdy Non-Conformists bellowing their lusty praises even now. But we had great difficulties with their devotions, for not conceiving at that time, of any form of worship different from that of the prayer book, we were much puzzled with the places in which their hymns came in. On sundays at service time a little knot of people were generally standing talking together before the iron gate. Others would be filing down the entrance, but when the knot moved, we calculated three minutes after their last man went in, and then we opened the prayer book and began fair. Perhaps we had got into the psalms or were just beginning the second lesson, when in the most provoking manner—swell came a great fervent hymn. For a few times, we supposed the Non-Conformist had mistaken the sunday and was reading the wrong psalms and lessons. But the irregularity continuing, we were reduced to much perplexity and reflexion. The Agency were Independants, the barber a churchman; we wish we could give a better account of Boddimer, but we fear he was latitudinarian in his opinions. He wore sunday clothes it is true, and recognized the ordinance of a hot dinner from the baker's, as the Agency

did, but he was a late riser, appeared to smoke in bed and turned out for the first time when people returning from church indicated that it was dinner time.

One of our intimate street friends, and a familiar character in the neighbourhood of our corner was an old gentleman called the Beggars' Footman. Time had bent him nearly double and his hair was as white as snow. When we first watched him and his habits, he appeared to be supported by the town, for he wore a blue coat with a red collar, red breeches and a gold band to his hat. These were from time to time renewed and the first day of wearing a fresh set was rather a triumphal occasion, the old gentleman taking somewhat of a processional walk about the streets, and being warmly received by his friends. But as our acquaintance wore on, we were sorry to see one suit getting sadly tarnished and threadbare, and to find that the day had long gone by for the new one, which alas! never made its appearance. The arrival too, of certain men in blue coats and glazy hats, who, we gathered, were called Rural Police, forced the truth upon us that our old friend had been superseded. We resisted the innovation as long as we could; our political opinions at the period inclining us to rally round the ancient institutions of the country, we believed against hope in the Beadle. But when the last blush of red faded from the collar, when tarnish had at length obliterated the last gleam of gold from the hat band, we succumbed to the melancholy fact that civil death had fallen on the Beggars' Footman. But he himself never succumbed; an undersized vagrant still stood a very good chance of a blow from his stick, though it was now merely vague assault and not leading to capture; obstructions were still removed with vigour from the gutter, and a general moral restraint was still exercised over the smallest and least active of the street boys.

The Rectory at our town was a very mysterious house, we always entered it with awe. There were more people in it than ever appeared, it was said, and this single circumstance was to us pregnant with undefined interest. There was a powerful man servant who wore a velveteen shooting coat, and who never worked either in the yard or came to table, and we heard it said of him one day, that he had great nerve in a struggle. The Rector was more wrinkled than any person we have ever seen before or after, it seemed inconceivable that his skin could ever have been new. He was very gentlemanly, almost high caste, and rode excellently

well on horseback, though in figure now a little crumpled heap of a man. No one had ever known him preach, but he was willing to read prayers to any extent. He would poise himself on a broad-headed walking-stick in the desk, and thus supported, read the service three times a day, in a clear sonorous voice without any difficulty. He was extremely fond of the Doctor, and though religion was a subject to which he never directly referred, he indicated with slight nods occasionally, his approval of the Doctor's sermons. These discourses were neither eloquent or erudite in the remotest degree, but it was the man's character that was preaching. There was nothing very striking in the actual words, but then they contained not rare and choice dried specimens of opinions out of a well furnished head, but the simple living truths which nourished his own great heart every day, and which he thought, and justly thought, must be realities for others too. The Doctor was very particular about respect for the place and courtesy to the congregation when he was in Church. Clothes were changed in the vestry, if it was the least muddy, and spotless, noiseless shoes were always worn, and as he sailed softly down the aisle, with his physician's hood of red and pale lavender floating behind him, it was rarely you saw a more comely and engaging appearance.

We remember one winter, an amazing influenza came over our little town. We (of the red brick house) were levelled to an individual, and the town surgeon (himself just able to walk) staggered through our devious apartments, from prostration to prostration. The surgeon by the way came in a post chaise, his coachman being in bed, and he told us the post-boy had fallen off at one house where they had stopped. We in our individual bed, were in some anxiety to know how our street friends were going on, but no man could bring tidings to us. At last the foot-boy was sufficiently recovered to inquire on our behalf, the condition of the outside world. A bump had been heard by the barber in Boddimer's house. This it turned out was our friend the druggist trying to get to his window to throw the key into the street, he being cut off from intercourse with mankind, in consequence of the front door being locked. A few hours after the bump, a faint figure was seen fumbling with the bedroom window, till at last he managed to open it and drop with a languid jerk a large key on the pavement. Such was Boddimer *in extremis*. The barber's family were bowled over from top to bottom, in a sort of here we go up, here we go down fashion. But the Agency with a hard, man of the world kind of cunning,

escaped altogether. We all rose up in our house again but one, and she rose no more. Good Alice, we could have spared a better woman. Thou stoutest, cleanest, best-hearted of cooks, with thy flaxen hair and soft blue eyes—most lavish of house-keepers, daintiest purveyor, can we not yet behold thee, thy rich labors finished, sitting in thy broad arm chair before the old kitchen clock—in the vast chimney corner, while the ample fire throws its yellow light on thy cheerful face and the sorriest jester present, could keep thee (happy auditor!) rocking and quaking with laughter by the hour together. We could have spared a better!

Some confinement to the house succeeded this illness, and as we were led by the circumstance into renewed street researches, we began the design of giving our characters different names, and making them all act in a story. This was to be called—a “History of Summer-town.” In this appeared all the people we have mentioned, and many others within view of our watch-tower, whom we have not now opportunity to specify. Boddinner assumed the rôle of Loddinner a rich merchant, in love with Florinel, which was romantic for Jane, the prettiest of the barber’s daughters, and the Agency was cast for principal villain under the title of Don Iscariot. We wrote at that period, but our hand was large, and progressed with the assistance of lines and was therefore cumbrous, moreover we were unfortunate with the ink and always had much difficulty in avoiding copious splashing. A kind friend however consented to act as amanuensis, for the production of our history. We dare say we were getting tedious, and patience has undoubtedly bounds, and so it came about, one day after we had been going on for a long time, that our Secretary gave notice that she was only prepared to write one more instalment for us. Our characters were all abroad, when we received this blow: there was no possibility of drawing them together or of bringing anything like a denouement out of matters as they then stood. One course remained, they must be got rid of. Now emigration had not yet been brought into the service of fiction to aid in dispersing supernumeraries. Death alone could clear the decks. Dear heart! how we laid on the apoplexy and lightning! and what with them, two fires and a lost ship, we were quite ready the next morning with “our last scene of all,” greatly to the amusement, partly to the surprise, and mostly to the relief of our excellent scribe.

We are lingering too long on the brick house, but we must say one word more about it. It was a delightful place if you were at all unwell, appliances were so ready, remedies were

so genial. A very soft arm chair seemed to convey itself to the exact spot in the room which you would have selected, and there you could languish without molestation. We suppose the Doctor secretly applied severer antidotes, but those which were openly recommended were of a most clement description. White wine whey was prescribed, as far as we can remember, for a cold, orangade and grapes for feverish symptoms, whilst a disordered digestion was regulated by a light lettuce salad.

But time shifted the scene. The Doctor got a living of his own—a village in the same neighbourhood. At this new place the parsonage was hopelessly out of repair. It was therefore all thrown down except a short strip, and another house built. When we arrived there it was just finished. It was very sounding, the doors shut with a sonorous report, and one's shoes on the slippery stair case made an echoing creak. It was impossible for a long time to make any of the rooms look the least habitable. There was plenty of furniture, but an impression of discomfort was suggested by the spotless plaster and fresh paint, which it was very difficult to correct. We tried to fling books and lady's work about in cosy disorder, we left the piano open with a music book on it and tried to make a side table look as if some body had been just writing there, but in a short time every thing seemed to come straight, parallel and repulsive again of its own accord.

From this cold scene of splendour, we, individually, retreated into the strip of old house. This was ten times more comfortable. There was a passage with a step in the middle of it, not going up anywhere or down anywhere, but simply way-laying the shin. There was a bed-room too, with a floor which was down hill on one side: the window looked into a tree and an inconceivable number of insects pervaded the bed in consequence, earwigs and others taking advantage of the nearest branches to effect an entrance. The Doctor of course resided in the old quarter, he had a study with a great beam across it, for what object we could never discover. The estate was a sweet spot, a little brook meandered through the garden and vast immemorial trees threw their shadows on the soft sward. To us personally this place is associated chiefly with repose. We were then in the early physical buffetings of a large school, and to have a perfectly sound skin, wholesome food, and anywhere where we could be alone, was all we wished. But our residence generally, as a family, in this village was a failure. There was a great Hall here standing in a noble park, with a lake of considerable extent lying like a mirror

in the midst of it. The state of things at the Hall was much more like what Fielding has told us of country houses in his days, than many would think possible in our enlightened age. This Hall was a moral Upas tree spreading a poisonous and blighting influence around it. There was a deadly stillness in the parish, the villagers were comfortable, heartless, soulless serfs. There was no hope and no fear, they knew they should not starve and they knew they should never be more independent than the squire's hounds. They did not trouble themselves at all about the next world, they seemed to have a vague notion that the squire would get one of the many mansions of which they had heard, and that they should be provided for, in the vicinity. The public house was a hateful place, not a bit like one of those dear old village taverns, reeking with beer and ringing with brawl for an hour or so in the evening, and then shutting up; but a nasty cautious house where a few soakers got slowly and calmly drunk with closed doors, and then were dragged softly home. This caution was necessary because the squire disapproved of broad festivity anywhere except at the Hall. The Indian gentleman, a person of delicate tastes and fervent aspirations, was of course out of his element here, and the Doctor having no interest and no levees was so equally.

The most genial people in the village were a madman and an idiot. The idiot did not care anything for the squire, and though it never spoke, it gently aided little children who were in difficulties with their equilibrium, in a manner that seemed to indicate its poor heart was giving a few healthy throbs. The madman was very much attached to the doctor; and they frequently exchanged visits. One we have heard thus described. The doctor called on the madman who received him with cordiality and locked the door on the inside. Proceedings then opened with a personal conflict, in which the mad man, being the least, got worsted and was thrown on his back on the floor, in which position he then conversed calmly on religion for half an hour.

Much need not be said of the Church, which was of an odd shape, being formed of two naves, in one of which was the communion-table by itself, and in the other the pews, pulpit and soon.

It stood in a depressed sort of way close to the Hall, amongst other out-houses: it was little taller than the dog-kennel close by, and as for its bell, why the bell at the stables on the right was worth ten of it. So it seemed crushed, and revenged itself by moping in a damp, mouldy way which made it feel like a cellar, on sundays.

We must not dwell on this village, lest we streak, with the colors of present opinion, pictures which have been long finished and hung up permanently in the gallery of memory. But we may say one word—that it is chiefly the recollection of this Hall, utterly withering, by its painful influence, the living souls around it into wooden automatons, that led us first to believe that the time must come when a great moral evil cannot be longer acquiesced in, merely on the complacent excuse that it is a social necessity.

In the course of time, death overtook the wizened old rector of our former market town, and they carried him off to his kindred in a distant neighbourhood. There were other mysterious removals too, and the man in the velvet coat had some heavy work on his hands. At length the rectory was entirely cleared and ready for the new comer. Who should this be but the Doctor. We were rising in the world. Our new house was an ample building, though not so large as it looked, for being built like a carpenter's square, from two sides it seemed quite a mansion. Though the front gate opened on the market place, the garden and lawn were quite secluded and were very pretty. The house though not well designed, was eminently comfortable, strong in shutter and blind, and able in the matter of green baize doors. But the glory of the place was the Church. The Church-yard was only separated from our garden by a wall so that our lawn was positively in the shadow of the Church. And there the glorious fabric, leaving all secular buildings immeasurably beneath it, lifted up its head in solemn seclusion into the midst of "sailing birds and silent air." Villages long miles off could see the spire rising against the horizontal sky, and could catch gusty swells of music, when our ringers were at work. No where have we ever so realized the truth of the line

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

That church was literally to us a joy for ever—at earliest dawn when its outline was sharpened by the clear air—in sunniest noon when the heat shook on the tower—in moonlight when it was softened to a delicate fabric—at midnight when it was only a bold black sketch, when the clock chimes could not be heard for thunder and the wind was rattling amongst the bells—at these and at all times it was an abiding joy. The pen of our great popular writer could not imagine in his exquisite way, a personality more distinct than the one we attached to this noble building. On one occasion a quaker, we remember, happening to be overseer, affixed a notice on the church door to the effect that a vestry meeting would



be held on a subsequent day at the steeple house. This came to our ears, and we were really more vexed than if he had called the Doctor "a tythe-fed robber" or any other bad name which the warmth of religious controversy sanctions—this lordly temple to be styled a *steeple house*! The Ring was never our forte—but if the non-conformist had been undersized, and we had chanced to have met him under advantageous circumstances, we confess we should have attempted such personal chastisement, as 'occasion might have offered. As it is, we are happy to be able to add that the vestry paid no attention to the notice in question, (which by the way was swiftly torn down by a devout churchman), that no meeting was held, and the overseer was fined for not having convened one. It is not exaggeration to say that we went out walking with the church, because in long strolls through lanes and over meadows we constantly came to little openings and whenever these occurred, then our beloved fabric was with us again, rising over trees or crowning some sloping glade. We did not much like its being out, on very wet nights. We resented the indignity once offered to it, by a man who made an exhibition of climbing up to the top of the steeple outside, and we consoled ourselves with thinking how very small he looked when he was there.

All went on happily at first at this parsonage, but the Doctor was not quite the man he was at the little brick house. No one could be less fitted for a noisy vestry than he, he quailed under clamor and shrunk from dispute. Then the Dissenters got into habits of printing fifty plain reasons why they were not churchmen, in letters to him; moreover a curate arrived who was a very eccentric person, and the Doctor could not endure eccentricity, taking almost a Chesterfieldian view of the subject; and this again worried him.

The lights are not so bright on this home, even in its palmiest days, in our own recollections. Certain doubts began to arise about True Blue and Church and State and the ancient Institutions, and we could not help thinking some of the political shoemakers, who abounded in this town, and who were rebels and cut-throats from our brick house point of view, had some truth in what they said, and did not altogether make out so bad a case.

At length gloom began to thicken, the Doctor who had so often ministered consolation and comfort to others in sickness, fell sadly in need of them himself.

Time and trouble, and we fear we must add the muffins and potted meats of earlier days, began to tell; attack suc-

ceeded attack, and at last in the weary incumbent of a bath-chair by the sea-beach who could not recognize any one or would weep if he did, it was difficult to believe the stout, beaming man of yore was before you.

Well—it is all past now. The Doctor is sleeping quietly enough in the chancel of the glorious Church, and next him the Indian Gentleman ; they died on one day, and were buried in one tomb.

Strangers have turned us out of the Rectory, and so our connexion with Old Parsonages has ceased, perhaps for ever.

PAUL BENISON.

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## THE CURFEW.

## I.

Clear is the evening sky,  
 Silent the hour,  
 Save that comes humming by,  
 From the Church tower,  
 Great *Tom*, the Curfew bell,  
 Ringing with breezy swell  
 To-day's deep knell.

## II.

Some would give gems and gold,  
 If the bright sun  
 Never to-day had rolled,  
 Or might be won  
 Back to its morning course—  
 Streams never seek their source—  
 'Tis vain ! remorse.

## III.

Some will meet death to-morrow,  
 Misery—some,  
 Cruel farewells and sorrow,  
 Exile from home—  
 Woe's ambuscade to-night,  
 Wept oer by angels bright,  
 Waits for the light.

## IV.

Hushed is the Curfew's knell,  
 Footsteps are near—  
 Gently comes Isabel,—  
 “Kneel, fondest, here,  
 Kneel in the balmy air,  
 Anguish and mute despair  
 Will need our prayer.”

## THE GAMBLING DEBT.

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(Translated from the French of P. L. JACOB,  
 FOR LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.)

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### I.

It was a Saturday evening—the 23rd of August 1572, the eve of the feast of St. Bartholomew, when about twenty Catholic gentlemen and officers were assembled in Paris at the house of one DeLosse—a captain of the King's Arquebusiers. This meeting was not convened for political purposes nor had it a party character: it was merely a supper to be succeeded by gambling.

Still the events which had taken place, as well as those believed to be in preparation, could not fail in some degree to affect the nature of the meeting, as conversation naturally turned on the political questions of the day and the plans of Catherine and Charles—which were of a description calculated to excite the greatest agitation.

The Queen Mother foreseeing that the Protestants might assume a powerful and hostile attitude, and wishing to spare her son the troubles of a fourth civil war, had formed the atrocious project of a bloody *coup-d'état*—in the massacre of the whole of the chiefs of the Protestant faction.

Her second son, the Duke d'Anjou who afterwards became King, and who was then Lieutenant of the kingdom, was the first she initiated into this diabolical scheme. The Guises received it as an affair of state, and calmly assisted it to execution. The Counts de Retz and De Saulx Tavannes with the Duke de Nevers, all three favourite confidants of Catherine were instructed by Guise and d'Aumale to carry on a secret treaty with Rome, in the hope of obtaining for the project, the papal sanction.

The weak and vacillating temper of Charles the IX. which rendered him unable even to dissimulate for any length of time, rendered it necessary that he should be kept in ignorance of the plot, which was gradually thickening around him. But Catherine and the Guises made such use of him as their machinations required. He was a mere tool in their hands.

The marriage of Margaret, the King's sister with Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Navarre, which seemed to predict a reconciliation of the hostile parties, was only brought about to blind the eyes of those, whom the conspirators soon trusted to have in their power.

The contract of this marriage was signed in the month of April, but the ceremony did not take place, till the 18th of August, in consequence of the death of Jeanne D'Albret, Queen of Navarre, which event took place so suddenly as to suggest the suspicion of poison. The marriage was celebrated at Paris, in the presence of the Protestant nobility, who had been all summoned to partake in the splendid festivities given by the King and the citizens in honor of the event. Every gentleman of the reformed Church felt it an honor to be present at court, on an occasion which seemed to augur so well for the Protestant party as the alliance of this Catholic princess with their own Navarre. It seemed a symbolical union of the two religions.

All the provinces of France were represented by their highest noblesse, gathered together by special invitation both on the King's part and on that of Navarre, Condé and Admiral Coligny.

There were upwards of four thousand Protestants in Paris.

The three days following the nuptials were devoted to feasting, to concerts, to Tournaments and sumptuous entertainments.

The lists were erected in the precincts of the Hotel du Petit Bourbon, near the Louvre, and the principal noblemen of both parties engaged each other amicably with sword and lance, on foot and on horse back.

An allegorical representation also was performed, composed expressly for the occasion.

Paradise was represented as defended by the King and the Dukes d'Anjou and d'Alençon and assaulted by Navarre and Condé as evil spirits. The spectacle ended with the defeat of the devils and the destruction of their Hell. The choice of so singular a divertisement called up suspicious doubts in the minds of some, but others thought nothing of it and were sufficiently gratified at being amused in any way.

At night, the Louvre re-echoed to the sound of music and the footsteps of the dancers continuing to a late hour.

It was the same throughout the city, religious discussion seemed to be forgotten—the opposite parties mingled in social intercourse and a compact of confidence and friendship appeared ratified between them.

You might have believed that peace was re-established in France—on a solid and durable footing. Mass and Sermon accorded with each other and were on amicable terms.

All was changed on the 22nd of August, when Maurevert, from his ambush in a house in the cloister of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, shot Admiral Coligny from a window with his arquebuss, and wounded him in the arm and hand.

This insidious attack drew a cry of indignation from the Protestants, who, it seemed likely, would resort to arms: the Catholic on their side prepared for defence.

From this moment the hatreds revived—each party avoided the other and kept on their guard.

Charles the IXth. seemed determined to attend to the just complaints of the friends of the admiral—who expressed their suspicions of the Guises. He swore by *mort Dieu*, his favorite oath, that the assassin should be brought to justice: he ordered the Guises to leave the Court.

This first satisfaction to the Protestant chiefs made them regret the defiant position they had assumed, and their want of confidence in the king. The admiral was carried to his house in the *Rue de Béthisy*; his wound was dressed by the celebrated Ambroise Paré: they feared the ball was poisoned.

The king with his mother, his brothers and chief officers visited Coligny and testified by calling him "Father" the pain he had experienced, from this cruel attempt.

The King's visit, and the kind expressions he had made use of, soon passed from mouth to mouth and served to blind the Calvinists and set their suspicions to sleep.

Paris, nevertheless, remained stupified and in the attitude of vague expectation.

The Protestants kept aloof from the Catholics, and they again maintained an expression of gloom, hatred and anxiety. The shops were partly shut. The city militia was ready to march at the first order of the civic authorities. The Louvre was garrisoned with soldiers, and in solitary streets, bodies of armed men were passing to and fro, and groups might be seen standing together and conversing in low tones.

The Calvinists who were dispersed in different parts of the town, had received a secret recommendation to draw towards the quarter of the Louvre where their chief resided.

Catherine de Medicis has since been accused of giving this insidious advice, with the view of getting her victims more completely in her power, by the time of the Massacre.

Catherine was the soul of this dreadful exploit, the King was not made acquainted with it, till it was on the eve of execution.

Charles was at first in a passion, and firmly refused to partake in the deed, much less to authorise it. But his mother knew the art of subjecting him to those views and actions which she would force upon him, and after a few cunning insinuations, a few skilful falsehoods, she won the king round to looking upon the extermination of the heretics—men who might lead France into a civil war—as a useful and necessary measure.

Forthwith everything was got ready in silence for the new Sicilian Vespers, which should bear the title of *Matines françaises*—they were fixed for Sunday the 24th August, and the feast of St Bartholemew.

The fatal secret was faithfully kept by six or eight persons till the setting in of evening.

That evening, the Provost of Merchants was sent for to the Louvre, and introduced into the royal Council, when he received the most minute instructions to assist the Catholics in taking up arms, and the pretext alleged was that the Calvinists had formed a conspiracy against the life of the king. The Algerman and Chief citizens were directed to assemble at midnight at the Hotel de Ville.

The Catholic chiefs and gentlemen were ignorant all this time of what was plotting—but they knew that the Council of the king and his mother had been sitting for a considerable time at the Tuilleries and the Louvre.

Vague rumours, of an outbreak, of assassination and war were circulating on all sides, and became more and more threatening. Charles the IX. had sent a Captain of his guard, Cosseins, with fifty men to the *Hotel de Béthisy* to guard and preserve in safety the Admiral. Navarre and the Prince de Condé who lodged at the Louvre were desired to call to their side, the officers of their household, their captains and friends, that they might unite and show a face to the danger, if the people were to rise.

The city is seemingly quiet, scarcely an inhabitant is seen in the streets. Candles and lamps and lanterns, burning in the the windows, spread everywhere a living brightness, reflected in the horizon, and seeming to guarantee the slumber of the citizens, against the attacks of their enemies.

The Louvre alone and its surrounding quarter were plunged in obscurity.

## \* II.

The supper at De Losse's had been very gay and animated : he occupied his father's house, who was a canon, and it was at the entrance of the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

The guests behaved at table as if they were unconcerned in the events to take place that night ; they had done such justice to the wine of their host, especially the mulled, sugared and spiced hypocras, that the little reason remaining was barely sufficient to enable them to play at cards or dice.

They remained in the supper room, that they might play and drink at the same time. The servants were sent to bed, the cloth removed from the table, and the full bottles and glasses alone left. "*Enfants*" cried Captain de Losse emptying his glass "shame and confusion to the man who leaves off play before daybreak."

"Bravo ! Captain" cried a young man seated to the right of De Losse, "I will play till my purse is used up."

The speaker was a beardless youth, noticeable for his handsome figure, and modest, elegant and graceful manners, marking him the man of family. He was yet new to the way of life of his gambling and drinking companions.

"*Bon !*" replied Jacques de Savereux, one of the most boisterous present, as he passed his fingers through his moustache "*bon !*—why when a man has lost all he should play more." "Well said" cried De Losse, and he struck the table, as a sign of approval with such violence that the bottles and glasses rang again.

"Dame Fortune" he continued "never returns to the timid who leave off pursuing. Like the deer in the chase, she must be run down by the hounds of dice and the whelps of cards.

"Gentlemen" said a grey-bearded guest, who drank but did not play, "are we sure of having the whole of this night, to give to dice and the bottle?"

"*Par la messe*" replied Jacques de Savereux, who was a great authority in matters of pleasure. "Is it not here, the monks and novices will have to descend to the choir when the *Matin*-bell shall sound at St. Germain l'Auxerrois?"

"Monsieur de Savereux, you are, I am told, the bravest and most adventurous man present" replied the grey beard shaking his head.

"Well what then?" interrupted rudely Jacques.

"What then? it is neither cards, nor dice, nor wine, nor woman can detain you when they sound to saddle: that will serve well enough for a *matin* bell with monks of your description."



"What are you saying? Captain Salaboz" asked the master of the house with severity. "I am saying, comrade, that in present circumstances, one must be ready to mount one's horse and do one's duty. These dogs of Huguenots—have not they failed to-day to beset His Majesty in the Louvre?"

The young man, whom De Losse had placed on his right hand, less to honor than to look after him, blushed and turned pale alternately: then raised his head, crossed his arms and regarded Salaboz with a scornful anger.

"Oh the foolish story he has got hold of there" again interrupted De Losse turning his eyes towards his young neighbour, whose irritation he saw and understood. "The Huguenots do not require me for an advocate, but I know them to be too wise, too good protectors of their own interests, to be misled into so ridiculous an attempt as an attack on the Louvre."

"Say rather" replied the young man, with warmth "that you believe them to be too loyal subjects of the King, to betray him." The youth was offended by a calumny which seemed directed against all the Protestant party but which addressed itself particularly to him "Speak more honestly, Captain Salaboz," said he.

"Truce! gentlemen" cried De Losse, in a commanding tone, standing up with a bottle in his hand.

"Salaboz—your glass, and Monsieur de Curson, your's. A health to all good subjects of the King, of whatever religion they may be! Let us drink, gentlemen, an end to our troubles and prosperity to France!"

This toast cut short explanations, and the quarrel arising between Salaboz and De Curson, was hushed in the clash of glasses.

Captain Salaboz turned to his drink, but kept casting at intervals, angry glances at his young antagonist who was absorbed in the interest of play. Each player had put in a heap before him, the gold and silver his purse contained; De Curson was richer by himself than all the rest together, though he had already contributed by the money he lost to form the bank of his adversaries secretly leagued to despoil him.

This gentleman who lost with a calmness and a patience worthy of a more hardened player, had in a high degree the passion of gambling.

His countenance unmoved, but attentive, his eyes fixed, but ardent, his movements few, but precise and resolute be-

trayed something of this passion, as powerful with him, as if it had been the result of time and practise.

He could not however congratulate himself on his luck, for each throw of the dice, which he followed with an impassive air, diminished for the benefit of the other players, the heap of gold pieces from which he drew without ceasing, and sometimes with a smile of indifference.

One could have judged from his exterior, that he was sufficiently rich to support more considerable losses, than those he was suffering at this moment.

His costume entirely black, had an appearance of simplicity, which was belied by the beauty of his collar gaufered with small plaits in *Point de Venise*, and the brilliance of a massive chain of gold embossed with jewels, which shone on his breast; his short-skirted doublet of stuffed velvet was secured by a large clasp of chased gold; his hose—broad breeches which were full about the loins—were embroidered with jet or *joyet*.

His sword, whose handle was of worked silver, his felt hat of conical shape, ornamented with a knot of pearls, instead of the white Cross which the Catholics wore as a rallying sign; his mantle of satin bordered with black sable, had been laid aside in another chamber before supper.

Jacques de Saverieux who was placed close to the young De Curson drew to himself the best part of the gain, which the chances of play distributed amongst the company at the expense of the richest.

He was distinguished by his figure and mien, rather than by his attire, which was but sorry and scarcely presentable in good company.

His doublet of green silk, slashed with red satin, was made for a man of tall stature and his was moderate, moreover this doublet bore undoubted marks of long and rough usage; his breeches of a plain brown stuff, were in a less dangerous state than the doublet, which gave a view of a tolerably white shirt, through slashings which the tailor did not contemplate.

Despite however the imperfections of his wardrobe, Jacques de Saverieux had the air of a gentleman, which the holes in his clothes in no way compromised.

His features were of regular cast, his eyes soft and yet proud, his mouth small and expressive, his hair, his beard and moustache of a beautiful black, his hands delicate and carefully clean, all that nature had done for him and all that he had done to assist nature amply compensated for what was wanting in the toilet department.

His noble instincts, his good and generous heart, his bold and jovial spirit, his firm and loyal character, supplied the absence of all moral education but could not correct his two besetting vices—the love of wine and the love of play.

"*Par ma foi, Monsieur mon ami,*" cried he gaily to Yves de Curson, "you have a very bad hand! There, drink to put you in the way of luck, let us drink to our loves, if you will." "I have no loves" replied De Curson, coldly but politely. "No loves! sooth then you have just come from your nurse, where you were in training perhaps to become a minister of this so-called reformed religion."

"Savereux! this from you?" interrupted De Losse "M. de Curson is no more a Huguenot than you and me, when he is my guest: it is ill work to quarrel with him upon that." "I can hold my own" said the young man looking round for his sword. "*Par la messe*" replied De Losse, "I well know it and no one doubts it." As he said this, he filled the glasses all round, a means of conciliation he had always employed with the same success.

"Certes, we do not doubt your courage" said Savereux as he took his neighbour's hand, and shook it warmly. "M. de Curson when you have an affair of honor, send for me to stand your second."

"Thanks" replied De Curson re-engaging in play, "I will remember."

The play commenced again famously.

"*Par Notre Dame*" said one player collecting his winnings "this Huguenot gold seems to be of sound Catholic principles."

"Holy father Pope" said another "would receive it, without ex-communication or exorcism." \*

"I would go to the sermon of my own accord" added a third, "if the devil or the minister would distribute gold crowns."

"*Tete et Sang*" cried a fourth "I'll turn Huguenot—since the Huguenots have such well-stored purses."

"I prohibit blasphemy" interrupted De Curson as he doubled the pool, for the demon of play elevated him the more he lost. "Why do you not triple it?" said the most drunk of the party "Quadruple it when you are about it" said Savereux who was given up with ardor, to his favorite passion.

"*Bien!*" replied the young man, as he threw in for his stake a handful of gold crowns.

*Cinq et Deux!—Trois et quatre!—Double as!—Dix!* "I win" cried Savereux before he had thrown the dice he

was shaking in the box,—*Double six*—“*Voilà* three hundred gold crowns lost!” murmured Yves de Curson, counting, with a vacant air, the pieces he had still before him. “I will play the rest for my revenge” “Done!” cried De Savereux “I will drink—I will play, till the last judgement.”

Saying these words with a thick voice, he tottered in his chair, his eyes half closed, and carried the dice-box to his lips, in mistake for the glass.

“There is a knock! Listen, Gentlemen” interrupted De Losse, imploring an instant’s silence which the drinkers and players did not marry themselves to accord him.

“My friend” Savereux was saying to de Curson, “recommend yourself to St. Calvin, I intreat you.”

“What is it! who knocks below?” demanded De Losse in a loud voice, opening the window. He advanced into the balcony, to recognise the party who were knocking, without ceasing, at the street door.

“Captain” was responded in the voice of a youth, “come down, if you please, you are wanted at the Louvre.”

“At the Louvre? it is M. de Nangay’s turn of duty on guard.”

“The King calls you at once,” the voice replied “and where is Captain Salaboz?”

“Here!” cried Salaboz appearing at the window, bottle and glass in hand.

“Captain, you are wanted at the Hotel de Béthisy, M. de Cosseins will instruct you what to do.”

“M. de Losse” said Salaboz in an under tone, “was I not right? the dance of these heathen commences!”

“Who are you who bring the king’s orders?” demanded De Losse boldly, “and who are these with you?”

“I am Madame Catherine’s page, and six arquebusiers of the guard accompany me.”

“*Adieu, petit, bon soir.*”

Captain De Losse closed the window, and prepared at once to obey the King’s orders, the players not having been disturbed, during this colloquy.

Yves de Curson had happened to win the last throw of the dice, and the hope of following up this happy turn, increased his rage for play.

Jacques de Savereux, who had won every body’s money, was astonished at his unusual fortune, and was already deciding how he should spend his gains; the only thing he forgot in his projects was the purchase of a new doublet; he proposed to possess himself before-hand of the whole year’s vintage.

"My friends and gentlemen" said De Losse to his guests "excuse my leaving before morning, which we agreed not to do; the King has sent for me, but I will not be long. Do not stop drinking, meantime."

"Captain" cried Savereux, who with one throw of the dice emptied into his own purse the remainder of that of Yves de Curson, "tell His Majesty that Dame Fortune prefers the catholics to the huguenots, and that I have just beaten, with throws of dice, the most gallant man of that religion."

"The night will be hot" said Salaboz as he separated from De Losse who turned towards the Louvre, "I never felt so great a thirst for huguenot blood! Tell Monseigneur the Duke of Guise, that blood letting is a good thing in autumn."

### III.

When the Captains de Losse and Salaboz were gone, the play continued still with more earnestness, altho' most of the purses had been cleared out by De Savereux, whose run of luck never stopped for an instant.

He played on with indifference, blundering and drowsy with the wine, full glasses of which he kept pouring into his stomach already overloaded with good cheer, the more he saw fortune determined to favor him.

He had never had such good luck and he began to get tired, for the pleasure of a gambler consists entirely in the alternations of loss and gain which keep his spirits ever on the alert and cause him to experience ever new emotions: a player, condemned to always win, would soon be disgusted of play.

Savereux whom the bottle made more lively and boastful than usual, drank and talked by himself as much as all the rest.

He would gladly have thrown up the dice, if he had not had the money of his friends in his hand and especially that of Yves de Curson, who was determined, as the rest were, to play and loose on credit.

"Companions we are all good players," said Savereux, whose eyes winking and watering only longed to be shut altogether, "yes, the most gallant players in Christendom."

"We play like children" interrupted De Curson irritated at losing so steadily and more and more overcome with the ardor for play, which he refused to drown in wine. "Four hundred gold crowns—a mere nothing!"

"Four hundred gold crowns!" replied Savereux "I have played every day for the last ten years, look you, and I never possessed so large a sum."

"What then is now, if so please you, the revenue of the domains of Saverieux?" "My domains!" replied Saverieux with a loud burst of laughter, "I am noble because my late honored father was, and because he ennobled my mother; but I have no patrimony except my sword, which has made me what I am, to wit, an ensign in the regiment of Messire le Chevalier d' Angoulême. I expect no heritage, and am content with the income of my pay and my play, provided the wine is fresh and plenty of it." •

"Indeed! I ought to be ashamed and sorry thus to take the bread out of your mouth; I will not play any longer with you."

"Ha! gossip, do you jeer? but *par Dieu!* I am richer than you just now, and it is not me who is playing on credit."

"Do you mean to say that my promise is worth less than metal pieces" replied Yves De Curson, vexed and confused at this allusion to the present state of his purse "

"Hold" he added detaching his chain of gold and flinging it on the table "look at what represents and guarantees my debt till to-morrow"

"Humph! Monsieur!" answered Saverieux firmly, "do you take me for a Jew, lending on pledges?" "Not at all, Monsieur, but it suits me to stake against you this jewel, which cost three thousand *livres*."

"I will play for anything you like, provided it is on promise, and that this chain remains round your neck."

"Let us play at first for this chain, which you shall give me back for three hundred gold crowns, if I lose it."

"I will do it not to contradict you, but on condition that we drink a little for health's sake."

"Drink with all your heart, *mon maitre*, and play--play. It is not late yet!"

"Half past ten!" replied one of the company, leaning on the table and half asleep.

"Who is knocking below?"

"The chain is mine!" said Saverieux without looking at the dice which he had thrown out of the box.

"Nay, not the chain, but the three hundred crowns, of which it is the pledge." said Yves de Curson quietly. "But this is mere trifling and child's play, let us play now for five hundred crowns of gold on the throw of the dice."

"Five hundred gold crowns! *Monsieur mon ami!* I fancy you have drunk more than myself and have grown less wise."

"Cannot I constrain you to win?" said the young man bit terly.

"Win! do you reproach me? *Par dieu* I will play to my last piece."

"Five hundred crowns a throw, you gentlemen who are not playing, you look at the throw and calculate the sums."

"They do not leave off knocking," objected some one.

"*Bou!* it is De Losse who has returned" said another, rising to go down to the door.

He had great difficulty however in getting as far as the window, which he opened.

"Captain?—it is not him—*par la messe* it is a woman!"

"A woman!" cried Savereux, leaving the play, and running after a staggering fashion to the window.

"Come back there M. de Savereux" shouted De Carson, in vexation and impatience. "A wonderful excuse for getting off playing."

"It is a woman on horse back" said the one who first went to the window "with a servant behind her."

"Devil take the night that prevents my seeing her!" cried Savereux.

He leant so recklessly out of the window, that he would have fallen, if they had not caught hold of him behind.

"May all Catholic devils carry off all women" growled Yves de Carson, striking the table with his fist.

"Madame, what is your pleasure with us," said Savereux, raising his voice and saluting the lady who was looking up.

"Pray, Sir, is there a gentleman of Bretagne named Yves de Carson, with you here?" replied the unknown.

She spoke this in a low, tremulous voice, and at the same time directed her servant to take hold of the bridle of her horse.

Jacques de Savereux had no sooner attained this answer, than curiosity, gallantry and a kind of presentiment urged him to go down stairs, and take a nearer view of this lady whose accent was to him altogether strange.

He hurried down the staircase, bumping himself against the wall and the balustrade, like a blind man, and nearly falling every step till he got to the threshold of the front-door.

The extraordinary movements he had given his body, served to muddle his brain, by shaking up the vapours of the wine he had been drinking for many hours; his eyes were shrouded, his tongue thick and his throat dry.

He was not the less determined to appear in this villainous condition, before a lady whom he did not know; but who had seemed to him pretty and graceful. Notwithstanding this determination, which he could hardly himself account for, he took a long time to find the lock, to turn the key and get

the door open. He would have got a heavy fall, and when down, would not easily have got up again, if he had not, in the nick of time, found the wall which he could clutch with his two hands and so preserve some sort of resemblance of equilibrium.

"Ma—fortune" said he in a scarcely intelligible voice "happy is he whom you honor with your good graces."

"Don't think to finish play in this manner" cried Yves de Curson, imagining that Saverieux was seeking a pretext to be off with his winnings.

He had shot down in pursuit of this gentleman, and seized his arm with such force that it held him up, when the shaky legs could do so no longer.

"O! it is you, Yves" said the lady who recognized his voice, and put her horse nearer the door.

"O divine and enchanting figure!" cried Saverieux trying to disengage himself from the hold of the young man. "It is not a mortal, but some nymph—some naiad of the Seine, some angel of heaven descended on earth!"

This lady was, in truth, of great beauty. Her face, turned towards Yves de Curson, had been suddenly lighted up by the glimmer of torches, carried by soldiers who were coming out of the Louvre.

Jacques de Saverieux, at the sight of this sweet and pensive figure which only appeared before him for a moment and is quickly retired into the darkness, forgot that he was drunk and wished to advance into the street; but De Curson would not permit it, and, drawing him back into the vestibule with more management than violence, he laid him softly on the stones, where he struggled and rolled, with terrible oaths, but without being able to get up again.

Whilst he was exhausting himself in efforts to rise and get another view of the charming woman, he stored up with care in his heart the recollection of the pretty head—the regular features—the blue eyes full of delicacy—the pale cheeks marked with tears—the fair hair whose tresses had escaped from the *scoffion* of velvet, under which the ladies of the day imprisoned their luxuriant locks.

The *scoffion*, a coil in the shape of a helmet, surmounted by a cap of velvet with an *aigrette* and fastening of gold, was not the only sign which indicated birth and distinguished rank in the unknown, for she could not fail to be of the *noblesse* by being clad in black silk with lace of gold, and by wearing a robe *a vertugales*, that is to say, filled out round the loins with whale bone, and paddings of horsehair, which, by contrast, gave more delicacy and elegance to the shape.



The sumptuary laws of Charles IX. were stricter than those of any of his predecessors, and during his reign, no *bourgeoise*, not even the wife of a magistrate or *procureur* would have exposed herself to paying a fine, by increasing the girth of her dress, by trimming it with velvet or gold and silver purt, or by wearing *dorures en la tete*, as the edict said, against which no defence could have been put in in law by a young lady who appeared thus in public, with an enamelled necklace and bracelets.

"*Bon Dieu!* Anne what do you come here for" said Yves de Curson, who had approached her, so as not to be heard.

"I want to know what has become of you," she replied timidly "and why you do not return?"

"And what do you wish to become of me?" he replied not concealing his vexation and impatience.

"Do not be angry, tell me rather if M. de Pardaillan is not with you?"

"Pardaillan! he sleeps at the Louvre, did he not inform you?"

"Yes, by letter," she replied blushing, "he told me in this epistle, that the king of Navarre, fearing that he would not be sufficiently in safety at his lodgings, for they expect an outbreak of the people, had ordered him to pass the night at the Louvre, with the other officers of the house of the king of Navarre."

"Why then do you ask news of Pardaillan." "Because I doubted its truth and feared that he would stay in the town, and banquet and play with you."

"I do not banquet or play" replied De Curson, pretending to be irritated that he might conceal his embarrassment. "Pest take curious women and *fiancées*! where are you going now?"

"But — is it not time to return to one's bed, especially when one has before one a journey of half a league."

"Very well and what good was there in your coming; your mother will be enraged at your running about the streets."

"She sleeps and suspects nothing. I was greatly rejoiced at the approach of M. de Pardaillan's arrival, till his letter took from me all hope of seeing him. If even you had come, to remove my disquietude! I was so troubled that I could not sleep. Then too, they said throughout the Faubourg that the people were stirring, and some way off, the city seemed on fire, on account of the lights in the windows of the houses, so I mounted my horse without taking time to change my dress, and I have crossed the river.

"You have more courage, *ma mie*, than the wife of an old *Capitaine de réîtres*."

"I came from the house of our poor Admiral, where I learnt that you were supping here with the Catholics."

"What matter? I think you are a little rash to meddle thus with my affairs!"

"Ten struck on the Palace clock, as I passed over the *Pont au Change*."

"Ten or midnight, I care not, I shall not retire before day."

"What! *mon ami*, will you not accompany me, will you not jump on the saddle before me?"

"No, by heaven, you shall return as you came and to-morrow you can be reprimanded at leisure."

"Yves, my friend, you are not in a good temper. Oh *mon Dieu*, how shall I return?"

"Pierre are you well armed?" asked De Curson roughly of the servant who held the horse's bridle.

"A dagger, a sword and two pistols Sir" was the servant's reply,—he had served in the calvinist army.

"And you can use them well,—be off quickly and henceforth pay less attention to the caprices of a fool!"

In pronouncing these words with coldness and severity, he turned his back on the young woman, re-entered the house and closed the door.

The unknown, whom this roughness on the part of De Curson, had deeply wounded, remained a moment undecided and stupified: she watched the door in the hope of seeing it re-open, and she still thought she should not go alone: you could hear the murmur of her stifled sighs.

The door not opening however at the end of two or three minutes, she was vexed at having waited so long, she raised up her head, dried her tears, flung over her face the veil attached to her *scoffion*, and drew up the bridle of her animal so quickly, that the servant was nearly thrown over by the horse, who set off at a gallop.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE NATIVE OFFICER.

“ Vir bonus est quis ? ”

HORACE.

In the article headed “ Military Riots ” in our last number, the subject of the inefficiency of the Native Officers of the army and their want of *will* to assist their English superiors in a case of emergency or otherwise, was slightly touched upon. We now purpose to treat this important subject more at length and to point out, the salutary effects of a radical change as regards this peculiar genus of the service.

In commencing, let us trace the career of one of these “ troublesome old women,” the Native Officer as he now is.

At an early age he leaves the paternal fields, to be enlisted a raw lad, not knowing his right hand from his left. He is knocked about on the Regimental Parade Ground till he becomes acquainted with the mysteries of Manual and Platoon, marching and countermarching. When at length emancipated from the Drill Instructors’s rattan, he joins the ranks of the company to which he is posted, and for a long term of years, performs the ordinary routine of duty required from a sepoy. He attends the Regimental school if he pleases, during leisure hours, and learns how to scrawl his name in characters scarcely legible to himself. This is the sum total of his educational acquirements and but few, very few, are an exception to this rule.

True the materiel of the British army and those of Russia, Austria and other continental armies, is for the most part the ignorant clodhopping bumpkin of whatever country he may belong to; but the system of promotion is not the same. There, the *meritorious* private soldier alone is raised to the non-commissioned rank, and can but obtain his commission through a long course of the most exemplary conduct, or by signalling himself in some remarkable manner: and many there are, who having thus risen from the ranks on their individual merits, have step by step, attained the highest grades of their profession, and are distinguished ornaments of it.

But to return to our *lambs*, the Native Officers. The Sepoy, after having served for many years as a private, is promoted in his turn, according to seniority on the Roll, to Naick, then to Havildar, and when almost incapable of performing his duties satisfactorily, in that rank even, owing to age and

infirmity of body and mind, he hobbles into the higher one, and receives the increased pay of a Commissioned Officer. As such he is neither ornamental nor useful. His motto is "otium cum dignitate." He literally does as little as he can, his only occupation being to count the days as they roll by, and bring him nearer to the goal of all his hopes, the period, when he can retire on the munificent pension his higher rank entitles him to. Worn out, old and decrepid, he looks forward to the Invalids as his haven of rest. He has a continual hankering after his home, and becomes unmindful of the interests of the masters, whose bounty himself and his heirs are to enjoy. Immediately the *ci-devant* Sepoy reaches the rank of Subadar he consults nought else but his own ease.

Are men then, like these, of an age, when in the course of nature, activity, endurance of fatigue, elasticity of body and mind have totally failed them, fitted to hold the situation of Native Officers, so very responsible a one in our Native Army.

Their infirmity of body and imbecility of mind renders them fit subjects for caricature when evolutionising on Parade, but the matter is a more serious one, when a Regiment actually takes the field encumbered by a score of *then* absolutely useless, grumbling old women!

An army is a machine and unless a machine remains perfect in all its parts, it will not act properly, it becomes in time useless and falls to pieces.

The hinges of that vast machine the Native Army are its Native Officers. They ought to be the connecting link between the Sepoys and the European Officers.

But when the hinges are rusty and will not act, however good the other component parts of the machine may be, it will soon cease to work correctly.

The present system of indiscriminate promotion from the private ranks of the Native Soldiery, to the commissioned one, is the cause of the machinery being rendered imperfect. The Native Officers *are* deeply encrusted with rust, and will not act in concert, where they should, and that not merely from the causes already enumerated, but from other corrosive grounds.

The fact of their having risen from the ranks, which contain numbers of their sons, brothers and other relations, and consequently the terms of familiarity and intimacy they are on with them, cause their petty interests to be so interwoven with those of the men amongst whom they live, that they would rather screen an offender and feign ignorance of a bad charac-

ter, than make their immediate superior acquainted with the circumstance. Their being thus linked with the men, precludes the intercourse, the confidence which ought to exist between the Native and the European Officer. Their course of duty is plain, they ought to use the very great influence they thus possess with the men, to act in concert with and support their English superior. But do they act so? Do they impart the accurate knowledge they have of the men's habits and characters and very movements to their English Officers? No! It is that very familiar and intimate footing they are on, with the private Sepoys, which does not permit them to do so, not to mention a regard for their own precious old bones, which sometimes prevents them from giving an insight into particulars they are acquainted with, even when questioned and urged.

Another evil resulting from the present system of promotion is, that a low caste man (of whom notwithstanding all the orders on the subject, there are still many in the army) gets his commission, as well as any other. This man is looked down upon and far from respected, by even the private of a higher caste, and remains thus, though nominally in rank a superior, actually an inferior.

The English Officer might perhaps acquire more direct influence, with the men of his immediate troops or company, irrelative of the Native, by mixing more with them &c., but yet, the latter, should be his medium, his right hand in the undertaking. This, the present class of Native Officer, in the line either of horse or foot will never be. How is it that Irregular and Local Regiments with whom there are only three European Officers are so well managed? Simply, because their body of Native Officers are men of a different stamp, still young and active in mind and body. Proof is on record of how much better men of this kind perform their duty. We will give an instance here.

It no doubt, lives in the memory of our readers, that in the year 1848, a conspiracy was discovered at Lahore. It originated of course with the Seikhs, but they were not the only parties concerned. Amongst the conspirators, were many others, whose participation in it, became a crime of a deeper dye from the fact of their having sworn fidelity to those, whom they were now plotting to overthrow; nay they were actually at the time eating the salt of the Hon'ble Company their masters, for, they were none other, but our own Sepoys who were thus engaged in a base and treacherous plot, to get rid of all their European su-

periors in the Punjab. There was not a single Native Regiment quartered at Lahore towards the close of 1847 and the commencement of 1848, in whose ranks there were not some, who attended the secret meetings, convened for the purpose of fixing on the best method, of carrying the murderous design into effect! That all who went, were not equally culpable we are well aware. Many no doubt did so out of curiosity, others for the sake of the "honorarium" they received for swelling the numbers assembled, by their presence. Some, we know from records subsequently found, were totally indifferent to the issue of the treasonable undertaking, as they availed themselves of the furlough granted about that period, and went to their respective homes. The inference that the whole or at all events the majority of the Native Army were cognizant of what was going on, is easily drawn. Were the Native Officers alone, left shrouded in profound ignorance?

No! For the discovery of this plot which might have ended so tragically and fatally was owing to two Native Commissioned Officers.

But these were not a brace of superannuated, imbecile automats who having risen from the ranks and gone progressively through the degrees of Naick of Havildar, and who, although they took no *active* part in the treasonable proceedings, were themselves, on account of the consanguinity and other relations in which they stood to the conspirators, sleepily and tacitly, hatching treason! No! Away with them!

The native officers, we allude to in this instance, as having thus boldly performed their duty, and cleverly given information to the authorities of the secret midnight meetings—which had come to their knowledge—are two native *gentlemen*.

One was the Woordie Major of the 7th Irregular Cavalry, a young, active, intelligent man, in whose society pleasure could be found,—a man with a soul above the Bazar price current, and the ministering to the wants of Bramins.

The other was a perfect gentleman, both in antecedents and manner; as young in years as many an Ensign. He held a commission in the Guide corps. We remember perfectly well seeing him at Lahore, adroitly managing a spirited horse—a magnificent Cashmere shawl gracefully wound round his waist, both of which, horse and shawl had been presented to him as tokens of approbation for his conduct in aiding to discover and secure the traitors.

These are the sort of men required as Native officers, throughout the whole of the army. Men who are not in the

autumn and winter of their days, but yet in the spring time of life; who enter on their career and the arena of their labors, when receiving their commissions; not those who have given up the struggle and are laying themselves down to rest.

زرع را چون رسید وقت درو \* \* \* نخرامد چنانکه سبزه نر

Numerous would the advantages be, one the sequent of the other, arising from the substitution of men of good blood, with their powers both mental and physical unimpaired, and possessed of some general information, for the present genus of Native Officer, with voice broken, wind short, chin double and wit single. Who can for an instant doubt, that the behaviour of the Sepoys, both in peace and war, would be greatly influenced by having men of that stamp immediately over them, and ever with them; and that their presence would lead to vast improvement in the internal economy of each troop or company, and thus tend to render many Regiments more efficient than they now are.

Men, gentlemen if you please, such as these, would in truth become, the connecting link between the European officers and the Native Soldiery. Sir Charles Napier in one of his General Orders, enjoined the English Officer to associate as much as possible with his Native commissioned brethren. But how can this be done at present? The latter themselves shun any friendly intercourse. Owing to their total want of education and their low origin, they feel uncomfortable when seated in the presence of their superior and look upon him with a suspicious eye, when he invites them to converse upon the only topic on which they are capable of giving any information, viz., the habits and characters of different men, belonging to their respective companies, occurrences in the lines &c. &c.,

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that the European officers themselves, feel it to be a waste of time, endeavoring to instil feelings of mutual friendship and confidence, into the minds of men like these who are actually inferior to in position, and under the orders of the European Non-Commissioned Officers of the Regt. This fact goes to prove, what a nonentity the Native Officer of the present day is.

Now, the society of an educated native of good family and pleasing address is at all times agreeable, and were the Native Officers composed of such, they and the English Officers

would mutually derive pleasure from being together, as frequently as possible.

Their influence with the men would not be one whit the less, nay it would be greater, than that of the present low ignorant set, and thus the great desideratum "the connecting link" would be established. There could be no difficulty in supplying this want of the Army. How many scions of noble Native families are there, who seek employment and find no road open to them; who would rejoice to serve in the Army with honor to them-selves, and benefit to their masters.

And, if a system were organised, whereby, young native gentlemen should step at once, as commissioned officers, into the shoes of the worn out old women of the existing regime as they gradually slink off, one by one, to their comfortable well-feathered nest—the Invalids or Pension Establishment, what an advantage in a financial point of view, it would be to the Government!

If once the majority of Native Officers were hale, young men, the influx of decrepid Subadars and Jemadars upon that already overburthened Establishment would cease, and the saving thereby effected to the state would be considerable.

Commissions might be held out as a premium to the youths of good family, studying at the several Government Colleges. This would again be the means of bestowing an additional benefit upon the Native Community at large, for many receive an excellent education at these seats of learning, who from the paucity of employment to be found for them, are afterwards cast upon the wide world.

A number are at this present moment students at Roorkee College, where they are taught surveying engineering &c. Roorkee is, so to speak, a Military College. A late General Order, permits Officers of the Army under certain restrictions to go through a course of scientific study there. Why then, should not a portion of this extensive and admirable institution be set apart as a depôt, where young natives intended for the commissioned ranks of the non-scientific branches of the Army, might receive such instruction as would render them fit for their future posts? We look forward to a local kind of "Addiscombe" yet, for the younger members of the Native gentry, from whence smart, active, clever native officers will be supplied to the army, with no ties, cares or hopes, beyond their military position.

But although we advocate the entire remodelling of this important rank in the Service, and it is an end by no



means difficult of attainment, however gradually brought about, yet we would not have it, entirely to exclude the meritorious private Sepoy or non-commissioned officer from any chance of promotion to a higher grade;—for the exclusion of merit or capability from the highest point to be obtained, is a defect in the application of principles of social economy common to all institutions, and would be a very great one in the Native Army.

On the other hand the holding out of commissions, as a reward for a long term of exemplary behaviour or gallant conduct, instead of granting them on the present system according to seniority on the Roll, would be productive of the most beneficial results and serve as a check to many of the latent evils at present existing. It would act as a spur to both men and non-commissioned officers, they would vie with each other in the performance of their duties, instead of as now going through what is imposed upon them, with as little trouble to themselves as possible; some emulation would be created amongst them, to render themselves fit for entrance into a higher and more respectable class of the social community, which, however, the present Native Commissioned rank scarcely is except in name and pay. Thus, a marked improvement would be brought about, in the tone and spirit of every Regiment in the Service.

In opposition to the points we have advanced, it may be said that to attempt such a radical change would cause a general feeling of dissatisfaction in the army. We maintain that it would not, and as evidence to support our assertion we could bring forward cases of young Native commissioned Officers of high caste who were appointed direct in that capacity from Shah Soojah's service to the Company's.

There are many such in our Army and we have reason to believe, that they are by far the most efficient of their class, and more respected both by officers and men, than two thirds of their numerous, ancient brethren in arms. This, again, serves to strengthen our arguments, in favor of the infusion of young blood of good family, into the Native commissioned ranks of the army.

We will now take leave of this subject for the present, confident that the majority of our readers, will agree with us, in our opinion, as to

Vir bonus est quis?

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## MAGICAL MUSIC.

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“ We pine for what is not.”

SHELLEY.

There is an old game at the Christmas tide,  
 A trinket in some corner snug to hide,  
 While one unknowing of the secret place  
 Is bid as best he may, the prize to trace.  
 The only clue his wandering steps which guides,  
 Is given by her who at the lute presides,  
 For when he hears the spot, with swelling chords,  
 Her friendly instrument a hint affords,  
 But when his feet a false direction take,  
 In faintest tones it murmurs his mistake.

Ah! thus I wander with unstable mind,  
 Seeking for something that I cannot find,  
 And like the lute, thy pregnant melody  
 O nature! seems a guiding tone to me,  
 Yes, what I seek is nearer on the shore  
 Where the wild waters of thy ocean roar :  
 Nearer when on the mountain vast and drear,  
 Thy tempest strain of liberty I hear :  
 More distant, in the close and crowded mart,  
 Where haggard faces speak the sordid heart,  
 And thy sweet notes can scarce an echo wake  
 Such clink and clank the money-changers make :  
 And further still where madness, miscalled mirth,  
 Does what it can to make a hell of earth,  
 Where aching heads and many a broken heart  
 Conspire to lie and act the joyous part :  
 There faint and wavering is thy stranger voice  
 So loud our vices, would they fain rejoice.

But ah! sweet nature, trusting to thy measure  
 I near the spot,—but never find the treasure!  
 Rest! my perturbed soul, the search is vain  
 Earth cannot give thee that thou sighest to gain.

M.

## A WORD TO OUR READERS.

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Under the belief that there is nothing so fatal to the interests of a periodical as to be received in silence, we gladly welcome criticism of whatever nature it may be, giving a decided preference however, to that which is favourable. But there are some strictures which as they should certainly not be lightly made, so neither should they be indifferently received; and if a Magazine which started with the recognition of Christian principles, has on the publication of its third number incurred the charge of advocating infidelity, there must be some misbehaviour on the one side or some misrepresentation on the other.

The article which has roused the champions of orthodoxy was one which appeared last month, entitled "Early Education," and the sentence in it which has created most alarm, and which fortunately for those whose criticism is founded on isolated passages stood in a convenient, readable position at the top of a page—was this, "Perhaps no more blighting curse ever afflicted humanity, than early religious education." These words have been taken, in private letters to ourselves, as well as in a news paper, as a text for the charge that a deliberate attempt had been made, to sap the groundwork of morals and to ignore the value of religion.

Rowland Hill found 'Topnot come down' in the New Testament, and indeed what sentiment could you not find in any writings, if you deliberately disregard the context?

The subject of his paper had led the writer to touch on how the Hindoo father inculcated his creed into the youthful mind of his son, and how, to counteract this, the Missionary was anxious to inculcate Christianity, and how in the writer's opinion this system was not likely to succeed, because it was Christianity inculcated by exciting the imagination, not by appealing to the reason, or enlisting the affections.

Then passing to the subject of early education in general, he showed how certain opinions had been perpetuated by the plan of sowing them in the mind in its tender state, and how he thought this a bad system. Now of course the writer knew that in designating this a bad system, he was opposing the principles of one party, namely the Church of Rome. But though a pledge had been given that no theological animosity should ever disgrace the pages of this journal, it had never been intended, nor indeed is it possible to avoid the expression of secular opinions which must sometimes clash with existing

religious systems. We say *secular* advisedly, because we contend that the article in question was a purely secular one. Rome conceiving herself to be the depository of all Christian truth holds, and logically holds, that it is her duty to transmit her doctrines in the most complete integrity to posterity, and she knows there is no better way of doing this, than by inculcating them in earliest youth.

Well—opposing this system, but without offering an opinion on the truth or falsehood of any religious doctrines whatever, the writer, expressing his belief in the right of private judgement and the responsibility of the individual to God, advocates the inculcation of CHRISTIAN MORALITY, (“Secular education, in which be it remembered, we include Christian morality” p. 290) to the postponement of those doctrines which if they are to be apprehended by the reason, he thinks, should not be discussed till the reason is mature.

How a person who believes that religion is a thing which is not to be apprehended, that the Bible is not to be put into each man’s hand for him to find out his own articles, but on the contrary, thinks it is a system of opinions to be believed at all hazards, and therefore that the best way is to forestall difficulties by biassing the reasoning powers, how such a person can call himself a Protestant, we cannot possibly conceive. Not for this, we hold, did the Fathers of the Reformation fight the fight—surely not for this.

Such then was all the writer expressed and such views, namely that the Christianity which is written in the New Testament should be submitted to the reason and will satisfy the demands of reason, are the views that strengthen our belief that if the clergy of the Church of England should pull their own church about their ears, and if our protestant dissenters who have refused to join issue with secular education, should be unable to stem the tide of the cold philosophy of France and Germany, that still at the last, Christian truth will shine out on its own merits—a beacon amidst the general gloom.

But supposing these views to be quite incorrect, supposing early religious education is one of the greatest blessings existing, supposing that the New Testament requires the light of tradition and cannot be understood by itself—then our writer’s opinions are wrong. And what then? a man may be an excellent Christian and yet be wrong. We may presume that the majority of our readers consider Edward Irving for example to have been utterly wrong,—but no one doubts his Christianity. There was not one single word in our article, we unhesitatingly declare, that indicated the slightest disposition to

impeach the truth or undervalue the importance of the religion of the New Testament.

If the style was bold and wanting in forbearance, let it be censured on that account. We can approve of a Bickersteth or a Cumming, whilst we languish under the baldness of the one, or sicken under the rhetoric of the other; and the principle may be applied in smaller cases.

The charge of infidelity is one which will never be lightly brought by any except those who think it a light charge to bring. A man who considers it does not matter a toss of a button whether you believe in God or not, is not particular in examining whether you do so or otherwise, because he considers it a trifling subject.

In exact proportion as a person is impressed with the value of Christianity, so will he also be impressed with the desolation of those without it, and he who attaches the fullest and saddest interpretation to the term infidel, is the very last who would wantonly apply it to others.

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## OUR PORTFOLIO.

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"Cuttings and shreds of learning, with various fragments and points of wit, are drawn together and tacked in any fantastic form."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOBACCO PLANT.

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An account of the Tobacco plant (extracted from the "Mukhzun-ool adveeah" of Hukeem Mahomed Hoosein, son of Mahomed Hadee published 1183 Hijree.)

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The term Tobacco (here comes a specification of the Arabic diacritical points by which its pronunciation is defined) is rendered in Turkish "Tutun" and in Hindee is rendered "Bujruh i Bhung." Hukeem Meer Mahomed Moumin has given the following account of the properties and uses of Tobacco in his "Tohfut ool momineen."

Tobacco belongs to the class of mountain "Mahee Zuhruj"\* also styled "Quloomus." Tobacco resembles in appearance the 3rd order of "Quloomus" and as regards its poisonous properties has been classed with the Mahee Zuhruj. The 3rd order of Quloomus has been thus described. Its leaves resemble the leaves of the cabbage plant, or rather a little larger covered with a glutinous liquid: its branches exceed a yard in length,—its seeds are small, of a red colour inclining to purple, and generated in pods. Others thus describe the introduction of the plant. In the days of Hukeem Booqrat, when the plague prevailed, the Hukeem caused quantities of an herb to be burnt in the ravines round about the city, and the smoke arising therefrom was so beneficial that the plague did not approach a single individual—

\* "*Mahee Zuhruj*"—This is a persian word, equivalent to the Arabic "Sum-ooos-Sumuk" (which signifies "the poison of fishes")—In Turkish it is designated "Suqurqoo burooquee." It is a plant which emits milk on incision—its branches exceed a yard in length—its leaves spread along the ground, its flower is of a yellowish tinge—at the extremities of its branches shoot out sprouts as in the Cypress—the bark is yellowish and pungent and used for medicines. The Mahee Zuhruj when pounded and dropped in water attracts fishes who come up to the surface and bite at it. It is heating and causes dryness in the 3rd degree. It acts as a powerful purgative upon phlegmatic constitutions, removes flatulence, and does good to gout and rheumatism and other like complaints. When mixed with water and applied as a paste, it removes phlegmatic inflammations, melancholy, and dropsy. When eaten it is mixed with sugar to the extent, of 4½ mashas (the native apothecary's measure), and when mixed up with other ingredients and prepared for decoction, 10½ mashas of it are taken. Its effect is injurious to the excremental intestines, but the injury can easily be remedied by the use of Kuteera (a gum resembling Traga-canth) and Nishasta (starch) and Aneeson (Anise-seed.)

the herb alluded to belonged to the class denominated "Quiloomus"—the efficacy<sup>t</sup> which that herb possessed is found in Tobacco ;—in every city in which Tobacco is extensively consumed, the plague gradually diminished, the herb is not found in these days—and God only knows the true properties of this herb. Be it known that Tobacco is classed among the recently discovered medicines, it having been discovered but 300 years ago, while it may be said to have been in general use only 200 years.\* A race of Europeans, who imported it from America (Urz judeed) carried quantities of the seed and leaves towards Eeran and Hindoostan, and from these Countries it found its way all over the world to such an extent that it is probable, at the present time, there is not a single Country or City or village where it is not used,—it is either smoked in the Hooqa, or eaten, or taken as Snuff and is either a product of those very countries or is imported from other places at extravagant prices.

It is reported that it was first introduced into Eeran in the reign of the Emperor Shah Abbas the II. and into Hindoostan about the close of the reign of Akbar and the commencement of that of Jehangeer.

There are various qualities of Tobacco—the best plant is that which bears large leaves thickly crowded on each other in pairs, of a sharp aromatic odour, colour yellow mixed with red and having purple spots besprinkled on the leaves—it is found in Karceon, Gazuroon, Toon, Hulub, Bulkh, in Mooltan, and sometimes in other places. Among the Superior Tobaccos may be classed those designated "Amanut Khanee" and "Bumarsee" as well as the the 1st quality Tobacco of Surat. That used for smoking in the Hooqa is mixed up with Goodh (Treacle) an inferior kind of Sugar, and the preparation much used by the people of the North West, the Decan and Bengal. They take the Tobacco leaf add to it an equal or a little larger proportion of the treacle, pound the whole together, then knead the compound, and throw the same into an earthen pot which is buried under ground, or in horse-dung and kept there a few days in order to produce decomposition.

The pot is afterwards withdrawn, a small quantity of the prepared tobacco is taken and placed in a Chilum, over this are placed red hot coals, and the smoke is inhaled through the Hooqa. When the fire is in immediate contact with the tobacco, the orientals denominate the Chilum a "Soolfa,"

\* The circumstance of Tobacco abounding and being extensively known in Eeran, Tooran, and Hindoostan is attributable to the enterprizing spirit of the Portuguese.

but the higher ranks generally smoke the "Tuva" which is either made of silver or earth. The "Tuva" is a round bit of tile to one face of which is attached a ball of Tobacco, of about one tola weight, called "Goorakoo." The ball is placed on the Chilum inverted, so as to leave the "Tuva" upper-most; on the upper surface of the Tuva is placed red hot charcoal, and then the smoke of the Hooqa is inhaled. Some persons of rank add spikenard to the Tobacco to give it a fragrance and others of delicate taste, add the peel of apples, and if that be not at hand, a small quantity of apple or quince preserve. In each of these cases the mixture is placed in an earthen pot, the mouth being closed, and the pot is placed under the earth to expedite decomposition.

The pot is afterwards withdrawn and a quantity of the Tobacco taken out and placed in the Chilum upon the "Tuva" and smoked through the Hooqa. The best kind of Tobacco adapted for Goorakoo is that found in Bhelsa in the Deccan. It is very fragrant and sold at a high price—its leaves are small and saffron colored, and emit a glutinous liquid and lie in lairs upon each other. Next in quality is the Tobacco found at Chunargurh near Benares, and at Bhagulpore in Bengal. In the Western Provinces a species of Tobacco called "gall" is found exceedingly bitter and pungent.

Tobacco is heating and causes dryness with an intensity equal to the end of the 3rd degree. Its effect is to cause thirst and dryness, and it possesses a poisonous property like the Mahee-Zuhruj. Its smoke purifies infected atmospheres. It dispels bad humours from the head and is beneficial for the tooth ache and for asthmas and coughs. To eat, smoke, and chew Tobacco is beneficial. To make a practice of eating the Goorakoo, in quantity as much as a grain of gram in the shape of pills, before breakfast, is good for the health. If ground down to a fine powder and taken as snuff, Tobacco leaf has the effect of removing bad humours from the brains and long seated colds; and it is good to sneeze after taking it. Inhaling the smoke of Tobacco, particularly before breakfast, is good for constipation of the bowels.

A powder of this substance sprinkled upon wounds caused by the bite of quadrupeds causes the wound to heal rapidly. A paste made of this powder and the oil of roses is good to apply to deep rooted festering sores, and to running eyes—it is good to imbibe the water of the Hooqa when it has become yellow from excessive smoking, as a cure for the dropsy and snake bites, and it causes the urine to flow rapidly and the person to perspire abundantly.



The dirt which accumulates at the top of the neicha of a new Hooqa, being made into a wick, or being well spread over a cottonwick and applied on an old and obstinate sore will cause the sore to fill up after the 3rd or 4th or at most the 6th application.

If this dirt is applied to the eyes, as Soorma (Antimony) is applied, whether dry or moist it will remove dim sightedness—smoking Tobacco mixed up with Sumaloo leaves is beneficial for asthma and deep seated coughs, and dimness of the eyes produced by colds and bad humours. Tobacco acts injuriously upon the heart and brains of persons of hot constitutions and persons affected with melancholy. It creates knots in the intestines, delirium, absence of mind and thickness of the blood; these injurious effects are counteracted by the use of new milk. It is supposed to be a test of the state of a man's health, and it is a remarkable thing that a person who has a fever on him cannot bear the smoke of Tobacco.

Pills, draughts, ointments, medicated lozenges are prepared of Tobacco and extensively used, a more particular description of which will be found in the Pharmacopeia. Be it known that great and respectable men, doctors, and even some English residents of the Western Provinces and Bengal are in the habit of smoking the Hooqa in the oriental fashion with a Tuva in the Chilum but in the land of their birth they do not smoke Tobacco in this fashion *i. e.*, in the Hooqa. They generally use it as snuff and some of them even eat the Tobacco-leaf while others smoke Cigars made of the same leaf.

[We insert this paper as throwing some light on the History of Tobacco in this Country, a subject alluded to in our last number. It was kindly translated for us by an able oriental Scholar.]

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## MIKE HOOTER'S BAR-STORY\*

## A YAROO SKETCH.

*Showing how the bear outwitted Ike Hamberlin.**By a Missourian.*

"It's no use talkin'" said Mike, 'bout your polar Bar, and your grisly Bar, and all that sort er varmont what you read about. They aint no whar, for the big black customer that circumlocutes down in our necko' woods beats e'm all hollow. I've heard of some monsus explites kicked up by the brown bars, sich as takin' off a yoke o' oxen and eatin' humans raw and all that kind o' thing; and Capten' Parry tells us a yarn 'bout a big white bar, what 'muses hisself climin' up the North Pole and slides down to keep his hide warm; but all that ain't a circumstance to what I've saw.

"You see, continued Mike" there's no countin' on them varmonts; as I's been usened to, for they comes as near bein human critters as anything I ever see what does'nt talk. Why, if you was to hear anybody else tell 'bout the Bar-fights I've seed you woudn't b'leeve 'em, and if I wa-n't a preacher, and could not lie none, I'd keep my fly-trap shot 'till the day of judgment.

I've heard folks say as how bars cannot think like other human critters, and they does all the sly tricks what they does, from instiuk. Golly! what a lie! You tell me one of 'em don't know when you've got a gun, and when you ain't. Just wait a minite, an' my privit 'pinion is, when you've hearn me thro' you 'll talk t' other side of your mouth.

"You see, one day, long time ago, 'fore britches come in fashion, I made a 'pointment with Ike Hamberlin the steam doctor, to go out next Sunday to seek whom we couldn't kill, a bar, for you know bacon was skace, and so was money, and them fellers down in Mechanicsburg woudn't sell on tick, so we had to 'pend on the varmints for a livin'.

"Speakin' of Mechanicsburg, the people down in that ar mud-hole ain't to be beat nowhere this side o' Christmas. I've hearn o' mean folks in my time an' I've preached 'bout e'm a few; but ever sence that feller, Pommel, sold me a pint

\* Selected from *Traits of American humour by Native Authors.* Edited and adapted by the Author of *Sam Slick.*

of red-eye whiskey, 'an half or it backer juice—for a' won-skin, 'an then guv me a brass picayune for change, I've stopped talkin. Why that chap was closer than the bark on a hickory tree; an if I hadn't hearn Parson Dilly say so, I'd of swore it wasn't er fact, he was cotch one day stealin' acorns from a blind hog. Did you ever hear how that hoss-fly died? Will, never mind. It was too bad to talk 'bout, but heap too good for him.

But that ain't what I was spouten 'bout, as I was sayin' afore, we had to 'pend on the varmints for a livin'. Well, Ike Hamberlin, you see, was always sorter julous o'me kase I kilt more bar nor he did; an, as I was sayin', I made a 'pointment with Ike to go out huntin'. Then, Ike, he thought, he'd be kinder smart, and beat "old Preach" (as them Coleboys usen to call me), so, as soon as day crack he hollered up his puppies, an' put! I spied what he was 'bout, fur I hearn him laffin' to one o' his niggers 'bout it the night afore. So, I told my gal Sal to fill my private tickler full o' the old "raw," and then fixed up an' tramped on anter him, but didn't take none o' my dogs.

Ike hadn't got fur into the cane, 'fore the dogs they 'gan to whine an' turn up the bar on their backs; an' bime-by, they all tucked tail, an' sorter sidled back to war he was stanin', "Sick him!" says Ike, but the cused critters wouldn't hunt a lick. I soon diskivered what was the matter, for I kalkilated them curs o'hissn wasn't worth shucks in a bar-fight—so I know'd thar was a bar 'bout, if I didn't see no sime.

Well, Ike he coaxed the dogs, an' the more he coaxed, the more they wouldn't go, an' when he found coaxin' wouldn't do, then he scolded, and called e'm some of the hardest names ever you hearn, but the tarnation critters wouldn't budge a peg.

"When he found they wouldn't hunt no how he could fix it, he begin a cussin. He didn't know I was thar. If he had er suspicioned it, he'd no more swore than he dar'd to kiss my Sal on er washin' day; for you see both on us belonged to the same Church and Ike was class-leader. I thought I should er flummuxed! The dogs they sidled back, an' Ike he cussed; an' I lay down an' rolled an' laughed sorter easy to myself, 'till I was so full I thort I should er bust my biler. I never see ennything so funny in all my life! There was I layin' down behind er log, fit to split, an' there was the odgs with their tails the wrong eend down and there was Ike ar arn' an er pitchin'—er rippin' an' er farrin'—an' er cussin' wus nor a steam boat cap'n! I tell

you it fairly made my har stan on 'eend. I never see er customer so riled afore in all my born days. Yes, I did too, once—only once. It was that feller Arch Cooney, what used to oversee for old Ben Roach. Didn't you know that ar' hoss-fly? He's a few! well he is. Jewhilliken, how he could whip er Nigger! and swar! whiew! Didn't you ever hear him swar?

I tell you, all the Sailors and French parrots in Orleans an't a patchin' to him. I hearn him let out hissself out one day, an' he was a caution to sinners, an' what was wus, it was all 'bout nothin' for he wan't mad a wrinkle. But all that ain't neither here nor thar.

But as I was sayin' afore, the dogs they smelt bar sine; an' wouldn't budge a peg, an arter Ike had almost cussed the bark off 'n a dog wood saplin by, he lent his old flint-lock rifle up agin it, and then he pealed off his old blanket an' laid her down too. I diskivered mischief was comin' for I never see a critter show rabby like he did. Torectly I see him walk down to the creek bottom, 'bout fifty yards from where his gun was, an' then he begin pickin' up rocks an' slingin' um at the dogs like bringer! Crackin' didn't he linkit into um? It minded me of David whalin' Goliah, it did! If you'd er seed him, and hearn them holler, you'd er thought he'd er knocked the nigh sites off'n every mothers son of 'em.

But that ain't the fin yet. While Ike was er lammin' the dogs, I hearn the allfiredest crackin' in the cane, an' I looked up and thar was one of the etenalist whollop'in' bars cummin' crack, crack, through the cane an' kerslesh over the creek, and stopped right plumb slap up whar Ikes' gun was. Torectly he tuck hold er the ole shooter, an' thought I see him tinkerin' 'bout the lock, an' kinder whistlin' and blowin' into it. I was 'stonished I tell you, but I wanted to see Ike out done so bad that I lay low an' kep' dark, an' in about a minit Ike got done lickin' the dogs, an' went to git his gun. Jeemeny, crummy! if you'd only been war I was! I do think Ike was the maddest man that ever took stuk a axe into a tree, for his har stuck rite straít up, and his eyes glared like two dogwood blossoms! But the bar didn't seem to care shucks for him, for he jist sot the old rifle rite back agin the saplin' and walked off on his hind legs jist like any human. Then you see, I gin to git sorter jelus, and ser, I to myself. "Mister Bar," ser I, the place whar you's er stanin ain't precacably healthy, an' if you don't wabble off from thar purty soon, Miris Bar will be a widder, by gum! With that, Ike grabbed up ole Miris Rifle, and tuck most pertickler ain at

him, and by hokey, she snapped ! Now ser I, "Mister Bar, go it, or he'll make bacon of you !" But the varmint didn't wink, but stood still as a post, with the thumb of his right paw on the eend of his smeller, an' wiglin' his t'o 'ther finger. thus "(and Mike went through the gyration.)" "All this time, Ike, he stood thar like a fool, er snappin an' er snap-pin, an' the bar he lookin' kinder quare like, out er the corner o' his eye, an' sorter laffin' at him. Torectly I see Ike take down the ole shooter, an' kinder kersamine the lock; an' when he had done that, he laid her on his shoulder, and shook his fist at the bar, and walked toward home, an' the bar he shuck his fist, an' went into the cane brake, and then I came off."

Here all the Yaroo Boys expressed great anxiety to know the reason why Ike's gun didn't fire.

"Let 's licker fust," said Mike, "an' if you don't caterpillar, you can shoot me. Why, you see," concluded he, "the long and short of it is, that the bar in our neck o' the woods, has a little human in um, and this feller knowed as much about a gun as I do 'bout preachin'; so when Ike was lickin' the dogs, he jest blowed all the powder outen the pan, an' to make all safe, he tuck the flint out too, and that's the way he warn't skeered when Ike was snappin' at him."

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# LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

, NOVEMBER, 1852.

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## CAVALRY MATTERS.

*(in a letter to the Editor.)*

SIR,—I have been reading lately a pamphlet, by Major Smyth, 3rd Bengal Cavalry, entitled “the Regular and Irregular Cavalry of India with some remarks upon the Body Guard, the Stud and the Dépôt.” It appears to me to be a sensible, temperate defence of a much depreciated and undervalued branch of the service (the Native Regular Cavalry) and to contain many useful hints for its improvement. It refutes, by statistics, many of the arguments used by those writers who have lately appeared in shoals in the up-country papers, decrying, in a most un military spirit, the Regular Cavalry for the sake of lauding the Irregular Cavalry to the skies at its expense. It must have been amusing to Cavalry Officers to observe the very decided opinions and advice that have been given by these writers, displaying in almost every instance a lamentable ignorance of their subject and yet talking as boldly as if they “had served the Cavalry from their cradles, and had acquired the knowledge of an Anglesea “or a Fane, a Vivian or a Combermere.”

Major Smyth observes in his preface, he takes it for granted that every military man will allow that drill and discipline are essentially necessary to form an effective Corps. This has generally been considered an axiom amongst Military men and yet these (would be) Cavalry Officers, with Major Jacob at their head, call riding school, stable duty, &c., “frivolities” and notwithstanding the general complaint in the Indian Army, backed by no less an authority than Sir C. Napier, of the paucity of Officers, these men would not on any account have more than 3 Officers to their model Cavalry Regiments. One of the assertions made by these writers is that there are no men of high caste or character in the Regular Cavalry, such men objecting to the drill, European dress, &c., In answer to this Major Smyth gives us his statistics with regard to caste, showing that in the 10 Regiments, there are 2,212 Brahmins and Rajpoots and 142 only of inferior caste, and with regard to character gives a few amusing stories

which tell altogether in favor of the Regulars. Another favorite assertion is that the class of men entering Irregular Regiments is composed of the purely warlike races of India, whereas Major Smyth shows that there are really no such races now existing in the country with the exception perhaps of the Seikhs who will also soon cease to be so, from the settled state of their country under the British rule. I do not purpose to go all through the arguments and illustrations used by Major Smyth in favor of Regulars, much less to hunt up all that has been said on the other side of the question. Major Smyth has no wish to depreciate the Irregular Cavalry, nor to make any comparisons, except in pure self-defence, between the two services, each having its own uses quite distinct—and this was understood by no one better than that prince of Irregular Horsemen, Skinner.

Allow me here to insert a quotation from a letter addressed by the late Major Broadfoot to Major Smyth after the flight of a portion of the 2d Cavalry at Purwandurrah. He says, "Whenever anything was to be done at Jellalabad, it was always the Cavalry who were sent on ahead and they behaved as well as any Troops could do" and adds "I don't know why your Cavalry are run down so. At Madras we look up to our Cavalry and depend upon it. It is not the way to make men fight, to let them see that you think they are cowards," Major Broadfoot did not look upon one case of misconduct of a portion of the Bengal Cavalry, as proving the worthlessness of the whole.

I now proceed to notice some of Major Smyth's remarks upon the Regular Cavalry, without at present further commenting on the invidious comparisons so constantly raised by the Irregular clique.

The Regular Cavalry of this country have and ought to have British Dragoons as their model, and, tho' never expecting to equal them, should yet strive to come as near them as possible, and with such instances among themselves of devoted heroism at Seetabuldee and of good British home charges at Meeanee and Allwal they need not despair of vieing even with British Dragoons.

There are many things in the constitution and materiel of the Bengal Regular Cavalry which Major Smyth, with good reason, complains of.

The age of the Commissioned Officers, Non-commissioned Staff, and Riding Masters, and the antiquated arms, accoutrements and clothing. He very justly remarks that the Sergeants (who all come from the Artillery) are all but useless.

Coming as a drill instructor, the Serjeant has first to learn the drill himself and then to teach it. No man is fit for a Cavalry Serjeant who has not been educated in the Cavalry. You might just as well send a dragoon as a drill instructor to an Infantry Regiment. In fact the only efficient non-commissioned or warrant officers in the Native Cavalry have come from Dragoon Regiments, which was allowed formerly. I must make one exception, and that is in the case of Lieut. and Riding Master Ray who is a most accomplished Riding Master and altogether a pattern Dragoon, but he was promoted from the Horse Artillery at a very early age into the Body Guard. Many of the Riding Masters are long past their work and are obliged to hang on, not being entitled to their Riding Master's pension. With a regiment of Company's Dragoons, this might be in a great measure rectified. Major Smyth's recommendation is as follows:—

“I think the Company ought to have in Bengal one Regiment of European Dragoons, 12 of Native Cavalry and 8 of Irregular horse, which might be done without any augmentation of expense by disbanding 10 regiments of Irregulars. This would pay the cost of the European Regiment and 2 of Native Cavalry, allowing the young men of the Irregulars, who were willing to do so, to take service as Regulars.”

Major Smyth suggests that the men should be clothed in blue, like British Dragoons, which would be certainly an improvement upon the present ugly and non-descript dress; that there should be a Brigade of Carbineers mounted on mares and geldings, which would enable them to act dismounted and skirmish on foot, the centre file of threes holding the horses of his right and left file, or linking, either of which is impossible with entire horses and therefore the dismounted service is altogether neglected on this side of India;—and he further suggests that there should be a Brigade of Lancers, but here I cannot agree with him, as I think the lance is not the British national weapon, nor likely to be half as useful to their imitators, the Native Cavalry, as a good sabre. Upon the sabres at present in use the Major remarks “Our swords are superior to any common tulwar that I have ever seen, and I have tried a great many.” I may add that all the Native Cavalry soldiers I have conversed with on the subject, join in praising the sabre now in use, tho’ they did not like the old straight sword, and the Scinde mounted Police have applied to be armed with them instead of tulwars, and if I do not very much mistake, Jacob’s Scinde horse have



taken them already. Though advocating one Brigade of mares and geldings, the Major does not approve of geldings in a general way, as they are generally timid, bad feeders on hard work and carry very long coats (which gives the Trooper a great deal of extra trouble in dressing.) He further proposes to give no pistol to the carbineer and only one to the rest of the Cavalry and gives in a note the following quotation from Count Bisenack "One pistol is sufficient for a Dragoon and "the 2d holster should be applied to the carrying of cleaning "materials."

Since Major Smyth commenced his pamphlet, an improvement has taken place in the bits, and hussar saddles are in course of serving out to the Cavalry, but the trees are badly made and require constant repairs. As the Major very justly remarks, no contract is good except when the contractor has to keep up the repairs, and he therefore proposes that Saddler Sergeants should be established at Meerut and Cawnpore to make up saddles for the Cavalry. The Body Guard have at present excellent saddles and bits. The former were made by an English contractor at Mussoorie, and are much superior to those served out to the rest of the Native Cavalry. The Major makes some remarks of no great importance with regard to the Body Guard, noticing the absurdity as well as injustice of posting Infantry Officers to a Regular Cavalry Regiment, and then proceeds to make some useful suggestions on the subject of the Studs, but if I should notice all his subjects I fear I should be trespassing far too much, I will therefore confine myself to the Cavalry. The Major's suggestions with regard to feeding the horses on barley have been tried but not found to answer. Another suggestion I must just touch upon is that Troop Officers should have the contract for grass. This, I think very, unadvisable, though no doubt it would be a saving to the State, but it would, I am certain, he found that on receiving a sudden order to march or proceed on Service, it would be impossible to procure grass cutters and tatoes and a regiment would be rendered all but unserviceable. This system was tried in the 3d Dragoons, but on that regiment being ordered to Cabul it was found to be impossible to carry it on and the greatest trouble and expense ensued, to render the regiment able even to proceed at all. I quite agree with the Major that an Inspector General of Cavalry is much wanted.

I will now conclude with an extract or two. The first is a letter from General Craig to Lord Wellesley, he says., "The "idea is that "they (the Regular Cavalry) are of a caste much in-

“ferior to the usual horsemen of the country, and that consequently they are deficient in that high spirit and sense of honor on which is founded the *supposed* superiority of the personal valour in the latter. Allowing the fact, it would be of much weight were it intended that our Cavalry should charge in the *disorderly* or *irregular manner* which is the practice of the Native Troops, by which the action soon becomes an *aggregate of personal conflicts between man and man* where courage and superiority of numbers must prevail; but the *real force of Cavalry* consists in its *weight and solidity*, and if the former is secured to ours by the style of horses on which they are mounted and the latter by their *discipline*, I can see no reason why our Cavalry should not experience every benefit arising from these important qualities and why this should not, *in that arm as well as in the Infantry*, compensate for superiority of numbers and caste with all its *supposed attendant virtues*, for in our *Infantry* it is admitted that our men are in general also of a *Caste inferior* to that of their opponents.”

The next extract is from Major Smyth himself as follows. “As better horses would make the Irregulars of course better as Cavalry than they now are, so the want of Officers must make them worse than the Regulars, for it is equally clear that as 10 or 12 officers with a Riding Master and 2 Sergeants are not enough for a Regiment 500 strong, so 3 cannot be enough for a Corps consisting of 800 or 1000. They are enough to look after *them* as they ought to be looked after and to drill *them* as they ought to be drilled, but not to drill them as Regular Cavalry should be drilled.”

I feel much obliged to Major Smyth for his pamphlet, and recommend it to the perusal of any one interested in Military matters, as who is not in India?

Yours Faithfully,  
CAVALIER.

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## SONG.

"Cur valle permutam Sabinâ  
Divitias operosiores."

HORACE.

## I.

I had but a cot in a deep shady lane  
The roses encircled the small casement pane,  
The garden though humble was tended with care,  
The tall hollyhock stood solemnly there.  
But my home though so lowly was where I was loved  
Where the truth of affection had often been proved,  
And if at my dwelling the haughty could smile  
It was still in my own, in my loved native Isle.

## II.

The ship spread her broad-swelling sails to the wind  
And I soon left the home of my childhood behind,  
We passed o'er the depths of the dark-flowing main  
And came to the shores of the far Eastern Plain ;  
The cottage was changed for halls spacious and high,  
And crowds watched the wishes exprest in my eye,  
But though now with the haughty I proudly could smile,  
I still fondly thought of my loved native isle.

## III.

Of luxury's charms I had soon weary grown,  
I had learnt to be lonely though never alone,  
I sighed for the friends so beloved in the past  
And memory her shadow o'er every thing cast :  
So I said in my sadness " Oh give me again  
My rose-scented cot in the deep shady lane,  
And whoever shall scorn me or haughtily smile  
I'll never sail away from my loved native Isle."

## THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

(Continued from page 318.)

The great error of the Jews, and the one which no doubt ultimately led them to reject and crucify our Lord, was the unpardonable forgetfulness of the oft repeated declaration that His coming was for the purpose of fulfilling the early promise made to Adam at the Fall, a promise which clearly pointed to a spiritual and not to an earthly restoration! Unmindful of this saving truth, and gradually engrafting upon the writings of their prophets absurd inventions and traditions of their own; that is, mistaking the figures of the prophecies for promises of a literal return to earthly greatness, they had so thoroughly obscured the law and deceived themselves in regard to their promised king, that not even the miracles and the preaching of our Lord could suffice to repair the evil done and induce them to cast away their worldly pride and follow Him.

Thus was it that He so repeatedly upbraided them with having made the Scriptures of none effect through their traditions.

Now as it was owing to these traditions and the consequences which they involved, that the true chronology became corrupted, it will be necessary to inquire somewhat more closely into their nature; the more especially as it would appear that the same morbid feeling of alarm which they gave rise to, and which more than once pervaded the community in the earlier stages of Christianity, is once more fast settling down upon the minds of men and inducing a vague and undefined dread of coming calamity and the rapidly approaching end of the world. We shall therefore point out the errors from which such groundless terrors spring, and prove that the traditions on which the expectation rests, are wholly unworthy of a moment's serious consideration.

The Redemption of the world, as fixed by the uncorrupted Chronology of the Septuagint Scriptures was universally expected by the Jews as destined to occur about the middle of the Sixth Chiliad of years from the Creation; that is, about A. M. 5,500, and so naturally led the early Christian Fathers, whose minds, albeit, still retained a goodly portion of tradition mixed up with the purer light of Revelation, to look for the consummation of all things and the dissolution of the earth at the final coming of our Lord, about the year A. D.

500,—which supposing as they did, that Christ had really appeared at the predicted time, would bring down the Age of the World to A. M. 6,000,—the period at which the Jewish traditions had fixed the terminations of the present state of things, and the commencement of what they termed a Seventh chiliad or “Sabbath of Rest!”

Hence was it that towards the close of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Century after Christ, the greatest alarm pervaded the Christian community as to the imminency of the second coming to judge the world.—But time passed on and falsified the expectation and something like tranquility was again restored until the approach of the year A. D. 1,000,—when the same state of apprehension was revived and once more engrossed the public mind. This time, however, the panic arose out of the mistaken views entertained by Augustine in regard to “the thousand years” of the Apocalypse, which he erroneously dated from our Lord’s First coming, and consequently the close of the imaginary millennium, was regarded as about to bring with it the destruction of the world. Again, yet later, we find the same erroneous doctrines preached by the Reformers, who we have already seen adopted a *false* Chronology because Papal Rome then held the *true one*,—the theme still being the termination of the world in the supposed 6,000th year from its creation, a period which in A. D. 1557 appears by Melancthon to have been thought at hand, by a note inscribed by him in Luther’s German Bible, dated 1557 and said to be 5519 years from the creation of the world;—“from which number”—he adds—“we may see that this aged world is not far from its end.”\* This was the consequence of adopting the corrupted Chronology which placed the birth of Christ in about A. M. 3952,—and believing in the equally false traditions regarding the duration of the world! So likewise Luther and other German reformers;—while on our side of the Channel we had the same absurd views advocated by Latimer, Ridley, Bale and many others.

That the doctrine was altogether untrue, Time, that great solver of problems, has fully proved. Yet notwithstanding these repeated errors, and the purer light which the learning and research of more modern times might have been expected to shed upon the subject, we find the Christian world prepared once more to plunge headlong into a similar state of uncertainty and alarm, and adopting, in fact, those very er-

\* Horæ Apoc. vol 2. p. 138.

rors and traditions of the Jews and older Christian Fathers, which tended in times past so thoroughly to unhinge the minds of men, as to cause them to neglect their worldly duties and to bequeath to Monasteries and Churches those earthly goods, for which they believed they would soon have no further use ! It may not, therefore, we repeat, be quite unprofitable to trace out the grounds on which such erroneous views of the world's true age are based ; and to endeavour thereby to calm the doubts and apprehensions of the timid, by showing how entirely without foundation is the tradition from which these doctrines spring.

“ One of the reasons ”—says Professor Wallace,—“ assigned by the Jewish Rabbins for the tradition, of the *Seven Ages* from time immemorial, is that because the Hebrew letter Aleph, which (pointed) stands with them for a *thousand*, is found to occur *six times* in the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis : therefore, the world is to last in its corrupt or fallen state for *six thousand years* ; and that then it is to be restored and purified as at the beginning. Another reason is that because God employed *six days* in the work of Creation and rested on the *seventh day* ; therefore, there are to be *seven ages* of the world, each containing a *thousand years*.”\*

The utter worthlessness of any argument founded upon such absurdities as these must therefore be fully manifest to every reader ; and hence, as the same writer justly observes “ it is plain that the idea entertained by many divines, of the duration of the world for a period of only *seven thousand years* (a period which it has already long since exceeded) is a figment of the human imagination, which has no foundation in real tradition or prophecy and which is contrary to the express revelations of Scripture.”†

Mr. Elliott, and other divines of the premillennial school, look for the termination of the six thousand years, at the commencement of 1862, when they think, the second Advent will occur to bring in their imaginary Millennium and Restoration of the Earth ! Thus bodily adopting the Jewish errors.

But instead of the world being then only 6,000 years old, it will actually, according to our previous argument, have existed for about 7,340 years, since it has been clearly proved that Fifteen Centuries must be added to the commonly received chronology of History ; besides that the Septuagint

\* True Age of the World, p. 172.

† Ibid.

version being true, it necessarily follows likewise that the birth of the promised Messiah was not only expected, but actually occurred *about the middle of the sixth Chiliad*; that is, according to the best Chronologers, in Anno Mundi 5,476; to which if we add the 1,862 years of the Christian dispensation which will have elapsed before Mr. Elliott's millennium\* can begin, we shall actually find that the sixth thousand year which according to "the traditions of men" is to usher in the imaginary Sabbath of Rest, *was accomplished more than 1,300 years ago!*

Mr. Elliott cites the opinion of the *Rabbi Eliezer* Cap. xviii. p. 41. as quoted by Whitby on Hebrews iv. 9. to show that "The blessed Lord created seven worlds (i. e. *aionas ages.*) but one of them is all *Sabbath* and rest in *life eternal.*" "Where"—adds Dr. Whitby—"he refers to their (the Jew's) common opinion that the world should continue 6,000 years, and then a perpetual Sabbath begin, typified by God's resting the seventh day, and blessing it." Whitby also adds that *Philo* is copious on the same subject, stating that the *Sabbaths* of the law were *allegories* or *figurative expressions*. With which view we may compare St. Paul's declaration in Col. 216-17." in respect of the *Sabbath days* which are a *shadow of things to come*?†

Now these traditions and "St. Paul's use of the word 'sabbatismos' *Sabbatism* to designate the saints' expected glorious rest with Christ,"—are the points on which Mr. Elliott appears chiefly to rely as furnishing evidence of what he and others deem the fact, of the occurrence of a seventh Chiliad of rest which is to constitute as they imagine the Apocalyptic millennium.

But this is actually already the *second* tradition which has been brought under our notice, since we have previously quoted another one on the authority of Professor Wallace, and it is perfectly evident that St. Paul referred to that state of rest which is reserved for those who having fought the good fight of faith on earth, are destined to inherit *eternal* rest in the kingdom of the Father; and this too, is admitted by some of the very authorities whom Mr. Elliott quotes in support of his own views! See his quotation from "Osiander about the time of the Reformation. *De quâ requie sempiternâ &c.,*" 'concerning which *everlasting rest!*' And so likewise in the quotation above given from Whitby where

\* Advisedly so called, seeing that it is not a Scriptural doctrine!

† *Horræ Apoc.* vol. 4. p. 256, Note 4.

the Rabbi Eliezer terms the seventh chiliad "*rest in eternal life*." How in such case it can be a *chiliad*, he does not condescend to inform us ! But it seems to have been forgotten that the Creator did not rest until his work was *finished*, the sabbath being the rest enjoyed after the week of labour was over, and therefore as St. Paul observes, and Whithy very properly repeats, is the shadow of that rest from pain and sorrow, which the believer will enjoy when the work of mortal life is past and done. But that rest, for obvious reasons, cannot arrive until both the Thousand years and the subsequent predicted Apostacy are finished, for under any other view that Apostacy would actually be the beginning of another week of labour after the (so called) *eternal rest* was *ended*,—a supposition so thoroughly absurd as completely to refute itself !

Now that the Jewish tradition is a positive error and totally unsupported by the Scriptures, is proved by Mr. Elliott's assuring us that the Jews believed—"the world was to be 2,000 years *without the law* ; 2,000 years *under the law* ; and 2,000 *under the Messiah*."

This again is tradition the third and shows that the whole scheme is unworthy of consideration ; for as 1,862 years are expected to elapse previous to the alleged millennial Sabbath which is to continue under Christ's visible reign for 1,000 years more, we should have Messiah's reign extending not to 2,000 years as the tradition requires, but to nearly 3,000 years ; when although it is written that "of His kingdom there shall be *no end*,"—it is to be *succeeded* by a fresh Apostacy !! Moreover the Law was proclaimed at Sinai, according to the ancient Greek Septuagint, in A. M. 3,840, or 1,639 years before the birth of Christ,—which likewise falsifies the tradition. Besides which, how can any Christian uphold this fable when he knows that the Jew does not acknowledge this to be the Gospel dispensation ? If Messiah has really not yet come, how does the Jew contrive to reconcile the fact with his tradition ? For the time "*without the law*" is past, and the time "*under the law*" is past ; what then do they call the time that has elapsed since their fathers crucified the Lord of Life ? The notion which they erroneously entertained in regard to the 2,000 years of Messiah was that He should restore all things at His first coming, and reign over them as king in Jerusalem, and they still in their blindness look forward to what *they* deem his first coming ! Where then, is the truth of the tradition ? Or if *this* tradition is to be received, what then becomes of the one above quoted from



Mr. Elliott in respect to the seven Ages of the Word? It was during the *seventh* age that the *rest* was to be enjoyed; and it was the *first* coming of Christ to restore the kingdom, which was to *usher in that rest*! The *six chiliads* were therefore according to one tradition to terminate before the *first coming* of our Lord;—while according to the other, Messiah was to appear about the end of the *fourth chiliad*, and reign for 2,000 years on earth *before the Sabbath of rest could begin*! And thus *both* these traditions, although in *direct opposition to each other*—are adduced in support of the argument; while at the same time they completely contradict the Jewish expectation *correctly founded* upon prophecy, and the old and uncorrupted Septuagint chronology that the Messiah was destined to appear about the middle of the sixth millenary from the creation of the world, and just at the time when the sceptre had departed from the house of Judah! But again Mr. Elliott informs us that the *Rabbi Eliezer* says,—“the days of Messiah are 1,000 years”—and so too, *Bereschith Rabba*, quoted also by Whitby,—“If we expound the seventh day of the seventh thousand years, which is the *world to come*; the exposition is—“He blessed it because that in the seventh thousand all souls shall be bound up in the bundle of life.”\*

It must never be forgotten however, that “*the days of Messiah*,” from the mouth of a Jew invariably signify the days of His First Advent, whereas Christians are perverting those traditions to suit the second coming! Here then, again, is tradition *versus* tradition, and like a house divided against itself must fall; for while the Rabbi Eliezer and Bereschith Rabba assign but *one* thousand years as the reign of Messiah and call it the *seventh*; “the tradition of the house of Elias, an eminent Rabbi who lived before the birth of Christ,”—assigns for His reign 2,000 years, which are to complete the *six chiliads* and then be succeeded by a *seventh*. Both cannot possibly be true, although both *are believed to be so*; and as the one is just as well founded as the other, seeing that neither has the least foundation at all, it is quite apparent from all that has already been advanced that both are decidedly erroneous.

Again if as history records, the Jews were actually looking for the coming at the very time when Christ appeared, and believed from the Scriptures that such coming was fixed to the middle of the sixth chiliad or about A. M. 5,500, and just when according to the prophecy of the dying Patriarch,† the Sceptre and the law giver had departed from Judah,—

\* *Iloræ Apoc.* vol. 4. p. 256. note 4.

† *Gen.* xlix. 10.

how do modern Christians, who acknowledge that he *did appear* at the appointed time, contrive to reconcile their belief that He is to appear again at the end of the sixth chiliad, when they know that 1,852 years have already elapsed since His coming in the middle of the sixth millenary from creation? If the Scriptures contain the word of God, our Saviour came at the predicted time, and although the Jews rejected Him and corrupted Chronology in order to prove that he had come too soon, yet we who believe that He was in very deed the Christ and Saviour of the world, must surely see the folly and the falsehood of asserting that the second advent will complete the sixth Chiliad; since even now we have exceeded 7,000 years? How moreover if the Jews looked for the coming about A. M. 5,500 could there be the shadow of truth in the tradition that the world was to endure for "2,000 years without the law; 2,000 years under the law; and 2,000 under the Messiah?" His coming in A. M. 5,500 would have assigned 3,500 years for the duration of the law,—which continued until His death abolished it in A. M. 5,511, and so falsifies the Jewish Doctrine; while we with a purer light before our eyes are doubly blind in asserting now, 1,852 years after the advent, that the sixth thousandth year is not yet passed! What caused the panic at the close of the 5th and beginning of the 6th Century after Christ, but fear least the tradition should prove true? And does not that panic prove beyond a doubt that in those days the Church believed in the long Chronology of the Septuagint, and that the advent had occurred about A. M. 5,500? The looking forward in modern times to the future fulfilment of a period long since past, is evidence that both Jew and Gentile are labouring under an absurd and inexcusable delusion!

And now a most decisive argument against the correctness of this doctrine of the Seven Ages arises out of the fact that if the tradition were founded in truth, and the completion of six thousand years from the creation was destined to bring with it the Second Advent of our Lord,—where would be the truth of His so oft repeated declaration that his coming should be like that of a thief in the night,—suddenly and *unexpectedly*,—and that of that day and hour none knew save God alone? Should we not have a most infallible guide to the hour of his coming in watching those ages as they successively slipped away, and should we not be able exactly to calculate the very year of his arrival? It will

avail us nothing to say that the confusion which has arisen in our chronologies would effectually prevent such calculation from being exact; for we must remember that if God had said that the coming should be at the end of six thousand years, that truth, in spite of all the errors of mankind, would still survive, and the after declaration that the hour was unknown could never have been made. But since we are expressly warned to watch because the hour of the coming is altogether hidden from the world,—there arises from that fact alone a clear and most conclusive proof that the tradition of the Jews in respect to the Seven Ages of the world is purely fabulous. Thus then we have furnished evidence to prove,

*First*,—That the larger numbers of the Septuagint constitute the true Chronology both of Scripture and of History.

*Second*,—That the Hebrew text at one period contained the very same numbers as the Septuagint, but was afterwards corrupted in order to prove that Christ had come too soon.

*Third*—That the traditions of the Jews and modern judaizing Christians in regard to the Seven Ages of the world, are utterly devoid of truth, and purely fabulous.

At what Age of the World, then, have we now arrived?

1.—According to the shortened and corrupt Chronology of the Hebrew text our Lord appeared in A. M. 3,962.

2.—According to Archbishop Usher's system founded upon that corrupt text, .. .. 4,004.

3.—According to Clinton, Elliott and others likewise drawing their system from that corrupted source, .. .. 4,138.

But according to the uncorrupted Word of God and the testimony of a host of learned men both in Ancient and in Modern times our Lord appeared in Anno Mundi, .. .. 5,476.

To which if there be added the years of the Christian dispensation, .. .. 1,852.

We shall find that the true Age of the World at which we have arrived in the current year is A. M., 7,328 !

## MEMNON.

OR A YOUTH TOO FORWARD.

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"This Fable may be applied to the unfortunate destinies of hopeful young Men."

LORD BACON.

I.

BIRTH.

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The hopes for the future which were excited by the outbreak of the French Revolution were not confined to the bosoms of philosophers, enthusiasts or desperadoes. If some, like Condorcet, conceived it the inauguration of an æra which would end in the perfection of the human race; if others trusted that the framework of civil society was giving way, and that in the general confusion which might ensue, courageous want of principle would be eminently successful, there was still a vast body of sober and intelligent people who considered it one of those remarkable periods in the history of the world, in which opinions, religious, social and political, were destined abruptly to enlarge their scope, in which old conventions that had long encumbered progress, would suddenly fall to the ground, and in which theories which had long convinced the wisest and the best, would be efficiently and permanently brought into general action.

That the Revolution did not answer all these hopes cannot be denied, any more than that the Reformation did not carry out the principles which carried it to their legitimate issue; but as in our own day we can perceive that the Reformation is still working and has not, as yet, in any way completed its mission, so we must feel that it is far too early to decide what have been the effects of the French Revolution.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of our third George's character as a man, it is generally allowed now that he was a very indifferent King. He seemed pre-eminently to misunderstand three things: his position, the constitution and his people. On the whole it may be said, without much fear of contradiction that England was misgoverned in his reign. The opponents of the Government extended their animosity to the Church, and identified it with the political system they were dissatisfied with. One reason why the Church was thus associated in their minds with the Government was that in its

lifetime of two centuries the Church *had* shown a disposition to side with power even at the expense of consistency, and another reason perhaps was that at that time there was a singular want of moral life in the Church, and so it remaining torpid and dumb, made no defence, and misapprehension was strengthened from being uncorrected.

The consequence of this and other circumstances was that the liberal politician in those days was very frequently an enemy of the Church, and then a confusion between Christianity and Churches also supervening, an opponent at last of Christianity.

Such was the case with Champernowne. Of small but independent fortune, of ancient lineage—no blot on his escutcheon—he had been liberally educated and had moved in the select circles to which his family position gave him entrance. At two and twenty he went to France, married a French lady, saw a great deal of French society and grew to be imbued with the spirit of the times. He returned to England and became first an opponent of Government, then of the Church, lastly of Christianity. And now this haughty scion of an ancient race, with pride in his eye and scorn in his short upper lip, mixed him self up in London with all those motley societies composed partly of true men, partly of deluded ones, and not without a strong section of rogues, who under the various names of “Friends of Humanity” “Disciples of Reason” and so on, horrified orthodoxy and awoke the suspicions of Government.

It was a December night—the 25th—in the year 1795 when a large room of a house, in a small back street of the city, lighted up with lamps and fitted with benches was being slowly filled by a considerable number of people. The house had belonged to a cabinet maker, and this large room had been the work shop, and though he had left, his name was still kept over the door and a few articles of furniture as if for sale were placed in the shop. The windows of the long room on the street side were boarded over completely, so that lights within were not in the least visible from the street. These precautions were necessary, for though the failure of the celebrated trial in 1794, (that which Godwin styles “the sanguinary plot against the liberties of Englishmen”) had relieved the apprehensions of political associations, still prosecutions were frequent, and a system of espionage and restriction briskly pursued by the Government. The audience assembled one by one: there was a single lamp in the shop and as each person entered, he showed a ticket to a man who was sitting

there in a working dress, and passed without speaking into the little back parlor and so upstairs.

The association which was meeting to night had assumed the name of the *Rational Carpenters*, from the accident of their assembly room being at this cabinet maker's. Its objects were vague; they appeared mostly an expression of sympathy with France, a protest against Monarchy and hereditary peerage, and a declaration of the supremacy of reason. At one end of the room there was a small dais, and on this a table and chair—the table covered with green baize and two candlesticks placed on it. When the audience had all assembled, a fat, vulgar man with a double chin and a large mouth, went up to the dais and sitting down in the chair, began a long, vehement oration. It possessed considerable eloquence of a rude description, but was singularly coarse and intemperate; the forte of the speaker was in pursuing a metaphor, which he would exhibit in a thousand lights with the most fluent extravagance. The next speaker was a small spare man, with a sharp, bright eye, and a perpetual smile or sarcasm trembling round his lips. He was scarcely audible at first and spoke in short sentences sparkling with epigram, but at length when he introduced an imaginary conversation between the King and himself, and when in answering on the King's part, he imitated, with great skill, the peculiar hesitations and abruptness which characterized George the 3rd's manner of speech, the orator warmed up with humour and completely carried his audience with him. All applause was however restrained, and it was only in the stretched-out necks, in the eager, flashing eyes, and the stifled laughter of the company that you could perceive the effect the speaker was producing.

After the little spare man, a tall, dark figure advanced slowly to the table. He had a high, pale forehead and deep set eyes that glanced haughtily from beneath over-hanging eyebrows: his dress was of the simplest description.

He did not sit down in the chair but stood by the side of the table, one hand resting on it, and spoke in a deep, musical voice and with perfect self-possession. As the other two orators had touched only on politics, so he confined himself entirely to religion. The rude and inconclusive arguments which were then in vogue against Christianity are well known, and it would be painful and profitless to dwell on them. Suffice it to say that the attack chiefly consisted in confusing things Jewish and things Christian, in putting all the crimes, follies and failings of Christians down to Christianity, and of

setting in direct antagonism reason and the exercise of the intellectual faculties on the one side, and faith and worship on the other. When the speaker had refuted, as he thought, all that could be advanced on behalf of religion, Champernowne, for it was he, passed into one of those beautiful reveries of the future, which still cannot fail to delight, though they can no longer delude, in the pages of the "Progress of the Human Race."

"A golden dream of man without a sin ;  
All virtue round him, and all peace within !"

His eye, as he filled in each feature of the enchanting picture, gleamed with a wild and unearthly light, and when at last his voice ceased, a Bishop could not have restrained a tear of sympathy for one so obviously in earnest, and so marked an enthusiast. Champernowne paused, remaining in the same attitude, and a hush showing deep interest, prevailed throughout the room.

At last he said "You all know what night this is, this is a night associated with all our happiest feelings and our gentlest thoughts. But the peculiar associations of this night must be forgotten ; must be deliberately expunged from the mind, a stern necessity demanding it. There are seasons when superstition would alarm us into subjection, shows the whip, rattles the iron chain and the pallor-stricken devotee tremble to his knees. To night she plays a subtler part, would delight us with music and festivity, and in the soft moments of luxury, throw over us a chain of flowers. But the bold heart, the emancipated reason must hold itself above all this. No peace, no terms with superstition, down with her to the ground. I propose therefore, friends, that we celebrate this night, as the last Christmas night which shall ever close upon the *Rational Carpenters*, by a little rite significant of the principles upon which we think it our duty to expunge the name, Christmas from the Almanack of days for ever."

The little rite alluded to, had been arranged before-hand, for the theatrical was a most singular element in the expression of opinions at that time.

A small cresset of burning coals was brought in, and placed before Champernowne, and he then taking a New Testament from his pocket, with a solemn gesture laid it in the midst of the flames.

He was yet watching the leaves of the volume as they were gradually devoured, when a hand was placed on his shoulder,—he turned ;—it was his servant.

"What has brought you here?"

"The Mistress is ill."

"Since when?"

"Since five this afternoon—you have a child born to you."

"A child? this evening?"

"Yes—a son."

## II.

### CHILDHOOD.

It was fourteen years from the date of the scene we have just described, and a beautiful morning in June, when a youth of excessive personal beauty and singular grace of form sprang from his bed and flinging open the casement, leant out gazing on the sunrise. The window commanded a view down a slope of grass, over the top of an orchard, into a lovely Kentish valley. And then in this still and solitary hour, was spread out that gorgeous and solemn pageant which familiarity alone has robbed of its marvels and its glories.

The youth was Emilius Champernowne, the son of the dark orator of Christmas eve, and he whose birth had been announced that night.

He was leaving home for the first time, this morning, and was full of anxious thoughts and hopes and fears for the future. The future—that was a mystery, but far less dark than the enigma of the past. Whenever that strange period came across the youth's mind, his eye became troubled, his breast dilated, he was agitated and in distress. The past then must be occurring to him now, for he can no longer watch the sun-rise, he leaves the window and paces the narrow limits of his chamber with short and hurried steps. At length he opens a writing desk and thus attempts to express the pain he is experiencing—

"Oh spirit of Nature! break, break thy eternal silence, and explain this mysterious spell that rests upon me. The common cattle of the pasture love their offspring—the beasts of the desert lavish their rough care on the whelps of their own den, why then that cold, averted eye, that proud and never smiling lip? Am I a monster either to behold, or in thought or action? Unless the mirror lies, my form is of the usual stamp: unless my heart betrays me—I am panting only for sympathy and love, and eager alone to help to lighten the burdens of humanity,

And my mother? She who never caressed me, she who never called me to her knee, who never bent over my cot, nor nursed me when I was sick—and yet she whom I adored



with the devotion of the saint for the shrine—why was I destined to repel her? Ah! how do I remember the last night she saw on earth. She had lain for many days in the chamber of sickness and I had watched by her door, to weep for every groan and to catch the beloved accents of her voice—but they would not admit me. And when the footsteps became more hushed and faces graver, then I knew some crisis was at hand. But it passed—my father left her side, the dark-stoled priests came gently by—and incense floated in the air, with sounds of under-music. She must be better; would she never send for me? Yes—the nurse says I may enter now,—my mother has remembered me at last. Forsaken heart! what did I behold? Under the glimmer of the yellow wax-lights, deadened by the sombre hues of black velvet, there lay stretched out in rigid form, a silent, ghastly ruin—a cold soul-less mockery—and they whispered it was my mother. And will she never come again, and will she never visit me in dreams, and hang over me in the watches of the night? Or should I find her in the unseen caverns, shall I go unbidden into death's dark realm and search for her who bore me there? Have I not wandered through the charnel, have I not in the weird moonlight sought every dreary spot that men say spirits visit, but in vain—she is lost for ever.

Why is it ever sunlight? why are there ever flowers like those clustering round yon window or trees like those whose shade is on the grass? why is it not all one howling wilderness of sand and rock, scourged by eternal tempest? Ah—there's the anguish—I see—I know that love is in the world—but not for ME.

Enough, enough of vain repinings, the future is before me. Perhaps absence will change my Father's heart, or I may find amongst my compeers one sympathizing soul and that will suffice."

Emilius closed the desk, his Father's deep voice was heard on the stairs, he hurriedly dressed, partook of a frugal meal and then departed from the home of his childhood—to return no more.

The servants stood at the door, and as the beautiful youth passed by them, not a tear trembled on any one's eyes or a parting smile played round any lip. Their cold fare-wells struck like steel to his heart, and he sank back in anguish as the carriage moved briskly away.

## III.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Emilius though of the most delicate constitution of mind, was robust and active in body, and singularly fitted for all the sports in which those of his years delight.

For the system in which he had been brought up, was one which inculcated great discipline of the body to render it hardy and healthy, and indeed a manual craft was often taught. It had never been Champernowne's intention that his son should go to school, this being not in accordance with what he thought proper education, but his son's desire, (urged with tears,) for companionship, added to an apathy concerning the lad which he could in no way throw off, induced him at last to submit.

The school Emilius was sent to was a large Manor House, standing in a meadow, just on the outside of a country village.

The master was not an unkind person, but unhappily thought that a taunting, jeering manner with the boys was a good way of what he called "knocking the affectation out of a fellow." His first observation therefore to Emilius after the stern father had left him to his fate, was "I think I'd snip those red carrots off or else perhaps people might take me for the scullery wench." This referred to the beautiful chesnut hair of Emilius which hung, like the pride of a Greek youth, on his shoulders.

This and other such observations were not wounding to the vanity but to the delicacy of the poor fellow.

There were almost forty boys at this school, and a very general hope was felt that the new-comer would afford great amusement by his inability to, what is called, "do things." A fat blubber of a boy, who always smelt of cheese, and was addicted to chewing Indian rubber, gave notice that he would duck the young "disguster" on an early bathing occasion. And a lean, wiry lad, who stooped rather and had small furtive eyes, was supposed to have intimated that he should look out for the new arrival at foot-ball.

General surprise then was felt when on the first encounter with the blubber-boy in the river, Emilius not only dived out of his reach, but re-appearing at a distance, took a moment's breath and diving again under Blubber, withdrew him from sight by the foot. Nor did the lean boy get better off: there was no hurting Emilius' shins, and tho' he never kicked in

malice, he had swift ways of overtaking people, and skilful ones of hurling them to the ground which rather appalled the less hardy.

Sherwood was the Prince of the school. He was a fine handsome fellow, in earnest about everything; first in the class, best in the field. For him Emilius conceived the warmest affection, and to be Sherwood's friend was all he desired. But Sherwood though good tempered, was cold and heartless and moreover though he seldom showed dislike, he had a particular aversion to Emilius. Envy was partly the cause, he could bear no "brother near the throne" and a triumph in manliness which Emilius had gained by positively shoeing a horse down at the forge, had never been forgiven.

Still poor Emilius blindly admired on, and tried by every means in his power to show his idol how desirous he was of his friendship. Sherwood had been very strictly brought up and adhered to what he had been taught in a dogged way. One Sunday, he and Emilius had been out a long walk and at length they came to a village green where there was a little public-house. They were both very thirsty. "Let us go in, and take a draught of beer" said Emilius. "No, No" replied Sherwood harshly. "What you think beer is bad" said Emilius innocently "let us buy milk." "It is Sunday" said Sherwood "you cannot get any thing, it is wicked."

"I have got money" replied Emilius not understanding his companion. Sherwood looked at him angrily and would not speak again during the walk.

Emilius saw that there was something wrong, so when they got home, he wrote a little note to Sherwood, begging him not to be angry and asking why he was so. Sherwood replied he did not want to talk to a fellow who was a heathen and did not not know Sunday from Thursday.

Emilius wrote back that he meant no harm, but added something about all days being Sundays to kind hearts. This received no answer.

At supper that night it was evident there was a plot brooding, very little was spoken and some of the smaller boys kept glancing towards Emilius and laughing amongst themselves.

At length a sudden silence prevailed and Sherwood got up—he had been meditating a long speech but it dwindled in the agitation of the moment to these words "I say you fellows, there's a fellow in this room who laughs at the Bible and Sunday—and—and I vote he's licked" In a moment crusts of bread, loaf sugar, and handfuls of tea-leaves were hurled in the direction of Emilius.

The boys rose, and surrounded him, and Blubber from behind another lad gave him a blow on his nose. A blow! the blood of the Champernownes rose to his brow; he knocked down three or four of his opponents, and dashing out of the school door returned again no more.

## IV.

## LOVE.

Champernowne had removed from his cottage in Kent to London. Broken in his hopes of a brighter æra in politics, destitute of the religious sentiment, a widower and left childless save of a son to whom he felt an increasing indifference, the proud and unhappy man found himself just as lonely amongst the crowds of the city, as in the solitudes of rural life. Well and truly said Jean Paul "No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns, until he himself crumbles away from the dead body."

It was to London then that Emilius ran away from school. Champernowne could be hardly surprised that a school did not suit his son, considering some of his educational antecedents.

He left his future career in his son's own hands. Emilius saw an advertisement in the paper, announcing that a clergyman of a high academical degree was anxious to receive one pupil as an inmate in his family. He showed it to his father: in former days Champernowne would have felt it an insuperable objection that the tutor should be a clergyman: he was indifferent now. Engagements were entered into and Emilius started for his new home.

The parsonage was a sweet spot on the banks of a river. The rooms were furnished with great taste and a high tone of courtesy and refinement prevailed in the family. This consisted of the clergyman and his wife and a son and daughter. The son was very fond of horses and, though of kind manners, deficient in any intellectual capacity; the girl had just reached her seventeenth year and gave singular promise of beauty. She had light hair and blue eyes, not of the soft but of the deep hue, like that of the still water of a mountain lake. She seemed to possess bounding and joyous spirits ever restrained by maidenly reserve, and a keen sense

of the ridiculous and a gift of satire, ever regulated by a kind consideration for the feelings of others. Poor Emilius was prostrate at her feet almost the first evening he was in the house.

And now came days of intoxicating passion and delirious dreams of delight, and phantom hopes with misleading lights danced before the fated youth to lead him on and on to the precipice—disappointment!

To place a nosegay in her hand, to gain one glance from the deep blue eyes, to be present even where she was, to watch her, unseen, from a window as she walked in the garden, to catch her voice in the distance—these and such as these repaid the unhappy Emilius for many hours of depression and despair.

But was he gaining on her affections? Was there any hope that the feelings he experienced were reciprocated by her? He dare not trust himself to think on the subject: he would wait his time. He could see through the polish of the old clergyman's manners that a dislike to himself had sprung up in that quarter, and the son, though civil, habitually shunned the society of Emilius, but how careless we are about the opinions of any other, when we have one beloved object we would please!

Emilius was often in the habit of asking Sophy, such was the girl's name, if he could be of any service to her, and she sometimes gave him some little job of commission, which he delighted to execute. One day he had been sitting reading aloud to her, and had afterwards gone to the piano (for he sang and played) and poured forth a few plaintive ballads in the rich tones of his wild and passionate voice.

Sophy interrupted him with asking if he would take a message for her to a village two miles off. He would be only too happy. She left the room saying she would be back directly. Presently after a servant came in with a note, "Who is this from?" asked Emilius "From Miss Sophia, sir" Oh heavens! how delightful—some sweet little confidence. He tore it open in an instant:

It ran thus, "Dearest Louisa, Pity the sorrows of a poor old woman, and do come and save me from my beautiful tormentor. He has read me, sung me and sighed me to death. Oh! that papa had never turned pedagogue! Bring dear old Joseph with you, I have nearly finished the slippers for him: your pestered but patient Sophy. P. S. Tell Joseph not to be angry if I talk to Mr. C.: it is necessary whilst he lives in the house." He had opened the note by mistake;

this was the commission Sophy had meant, to convey this note to her friend at the next parsonage.

The destruction fell rudely,—like a lava-shower on the vineyards came sudden annihilation on all his fair dreams and hopes.

Again on the dark and stormy sea, a wave-tost bark, the polestar blotted out with tempest—swept onwards, perchance to the breakers, at best to an unknown shore.

One hour of speechless agony in his own chamber, then Emilius arose with the strength of settled despair and left the house; he left it for ever and they saw him last as he strode wildly away, his face towards London.

A few days after, a letter explained that he should not return again. The old gentleman said calmly “it was a mistake our ever receiving him” the old lady said “it was a merciful deliverance” the youth murmured “how jolly” and Sophy said nothing but wrote off a merry note with the news to Louisa and added a postscript for “dear old Joseph.”

## V.

### DESERTION.

The night that Emilius reached London, and went to his father's house, he found that Champernowne was out. The servants had come in a terrified way when Emilius first knocked and on his asking why—they had replied that they thought it was the master and that he had been very wild of late and had frightened them. Emilius went to bed and fell asleep from sheer fatigue notwithstanding his wakeful thoughts. At mid-night a servant came softly and told him that his father had just come in. Emilius went down to Champernowne's room and gently trying the door found it locked, but it happened that there was a small window for the purpose of lighting the stair-case which looked down into the room and to this Emilius went to see if his father had as yet retired to rest. From this window a most fearful scene presented itself to the terrified youth. Champernowne was sitting at a table on which two lights were burning, a large book was open before him which Emilius recognised to be a bible; the unhappy man's neck-cloth was untied and his neck bare; in one hand was a pistol and in the other a looking-glass. He was reading aloud from the book, in a low, rapid voice, and

every now and then he glanced round the room with fierce, wild eyes, then he looked at the glass and seemed to be adjusting the muzzle of the pistol below his ear. To reach the door, to burst it open, to rush upon his father was with Emilius the work of a moment.

Champernowne started to his feet, fired the pistol at his son, it missed; he flung it from him, and grappled with the boy. The father was uppermost, his knee on his son's chest, his strong hands round the slender throat; a few more minutes and Emilius must have perished. Aid came from the streets and the madman was secured.

The insanity did not last long, it was only a temporary attack from over-excitement of the brain, Champernowne was soon released from all restraint and he was now far calmer than Emilius had ever known him before. He seemed utterly listless and apathetic, but the sternness had vanished from his brow and a subdued melancholy succeeded, and the proud lip bore a faint smile of submissive disappointment. One October day Champernowne was walking with his son in the streets, he suddenly stopped and said. "Is it not growing darker?" "No" said Emilius, "I do not think it is more cloudy than it was, it has been but a gloomy day at best" "A gloomy day" muttered Champernowne as he moved on "the gloomiest." "Why so dear father?"

Champernowne trembled at the word *Father*, and answered slowly. "To-day, despair signs her last fatal bond from which there is no release. Emilius!" he continued standing still "there is something wrong in nature, some mad disturbing force has altered the eternal laws of the universe; the instincts of the heart have been poisoned at their deepest source. From the time I saw you in the cradle—I recoiled from beholding, from touching you—from being near you. My hatred for you was so great that I doubted whether you could be my son. I taxed your mother with a charge of shame. She swore to her fidelity with her dying lips, but she shuddered—at your name."

Then putting on a stern look Champernowne said in a low thick voice. "Evil spirit! I charge thee come out of this youth, leave tormenting him, and restore him to me—my son. What? no change, hist—hist, lower; listen—I believe in God. Still no power in the spell." Champernowne paused and taking from his bosom a crucifix, pressed it to the lips of Emilius.

"Still no change! Oh God! despair—it is growing darker—darker—"

Emilius was faint with emotion but supposing his father to be again visited by madness, begged him to come into a chemist's shop close at hand and sit down for a while.

Champernowne refused to do so, said that he was quite well and they walked on. Some trifling occurrence for a moment arresting the attention of Emilius, when he looked round—his companion was gone. There was an alley close by and running a little way down this, Emilius just caught the dark figure of his father turning round a distant corner. That was the last glimpse he had of him on earth. He was gone—lost like a rain-drop in the boundless ocean—blended, indistinguishably, into the myriad Host thronging the brief passage between the two continents of Darkness!

By day-light, and by lamp-light, in the malls of fashion, in the dens of crime—in the crowded walks of commerce, in the loathsome starving-places of the diseased and the poor, Emilius wandered straining for the shadowy form of his father—but he saw it no more.

He found from their Agent that Champernowne had made over all their property to himself by deed of gift. This was a fearful discovery—it seemed to show a settled determination on the part of the father to end his own life. Every search was instituted with the view to discovering the body—if such a terrible event had taken place, but with no result. Champernowne ceased from the world—and left no trace.

And now Emilius was alone in life and there was not one eye to weep for his miserable condition, and not one eye indeed cognizant of his anguish except the Eternal Eye which is in every place.

## VI.

### WINE.

The system upon which Emilius had been brought up excluded the inculcation of opinions, he had not therefore at the time of his father's disappearance, turned his mind either to religion or politics. His ardent longing for brotherhood—for fellowship induced him to think of the universities, notwithstanding his experience of school and so selecting Oxford, in utter ignorance of any deception he swept with the thousand other yearly Gallios, through the narrow gate of religious tests, into the strong-hold of orthodoxy. His manners, his education, his appearance always gained for him a certain respect: he was never treated like a green-



horn or a *gobemouche*, but then what was respect to a yearning heart? He furnished his rooms with great taste, everything that could make them attractive was obtained, choice cabinet pictures glowed on the walls, French and German books lay about on the table, the breeze that blew in at his window passed over rich flowers, a piano stood in one corner, and a Guitar lay on the sofa. Here the elegant youth, delicately dressed, would sit morning by morning, soothing his troubled spirit with the fragrant tobaccos of Turkey, and awaiting the arrival of genial friends—but they never came.

At last he thought,—Wine produces artificial sentiments of friendship and sympathy, might not the real be superinduced on the false?

This idea came into his mind one day in his second term when he was reading Schiller's "Hymn to Joy."

He would try the experiment, he would give a wine party.

The worthy fellows who would not come for sentiment came for Champagne.

There was Fox who was a great sporting character, and drove the mail; Audley who wrote squibs and quoted Pindar, and Shepherd who prostrated Woodstock with his whiskers, not to mention a padding of dummies, the *nati consumere fruges*, who form so considerable a portion of all society. First came supper, and then wine. It would have been cruel waste to have drunk Champagne with lips vitiated by tobacco, or indeed in a room with such an atmosphere as then prevailed in that of Emilius, but fortunately the wine was utterly guiltless of Alsace and owned no more distant origin,—than a gooseberry bush in Worcestershire. With the wine came song.

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the Immortals  
Never alone."

Apollo therefore of course accompanied Bacchus. The minstrelsy ranged from the sentimental, in which Emilius shone, through the serio-comic where Audley was very quaint and amusing, and the strictly comic in which Shepherd of the whiskers came out, to that particular department of poetry which has at least the recommendation of being free from obscurity: here the dummies were glorious. Emilius put up with all the coarseness of the scene, in the delight of witnessing the feelings which were evinced towards himself. Audley pro-

posed his health in a speech with three Greek quotations, rendered a little Doric in their accent by hiccapping, and a dummy got up a chorus about his being "a jolly good fellow" which promised to be interminable, till said dummy in the ardor of song, swinging his chair too boldly, fell over and rose no more. At last when Emilius got up and sang "an Freude" and made such as could stand join, holding hands, in the choruses (of which by the way they only caught one word "Millionen") the poor youth fairly persuaded himself something sympathetic had been effected, and when Fox had reeled home blowing a bugle down the cloisters and Audley had disappeared spouting very strange Greek, and the dummies and broken glass had been swept out, Emilius opened the window and looked out into the serene night, and as the chaste moonlight threw its fairy beams on his uplifted forehead and eyes, a calm expression of hope was there.

The next day came the frost.

He hastened in the morning to visit his sworn friends. Fox had got a gentleman with very thin legs and a very long waistcoat sitting with him, and there was a very long bill on the table, and gloom prevailed and Emilius saw he was not wanted. Audley was sitting with a wet towel round his head reading hard, and was almost petulantly impatient of interruption. Shepherd was giving the last finish to his toilet and had evidently got an appointment and was anxious Emilius should go.

The dummies were in different stages of disagreeableness, some beery and boisterous already, others prostrate and seedy, and a few serious and determined to turn over a new leaf, leave off smoking and never touch another drop of wine—till the next time. All were equally indifferent about Emilius; the sentiments they had re-echoed, when in their wine they laughed at now, and the "jolly good fellow" of the night before was universally set down by day-light as rather a "spoon."

Thou art walking home through a lovely meadow, Emilius; the riches of the springtime are spread out before thee; yonder glorious river is flowing brightly onward, laughing through the lilies and sparkling in the beam,—all is gay and beautiful around thee, wherefore is blackness on thy brow?

Ah! Champernowne, when thou wouldst have destroyed for ever that LITTLE BOOK, thou didst not know that there was there written a Truth which if it were not a truth, the earth would be a drear, hard void, temporarily occupied by madmen for a few brief gestures of despair.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE MOUNTAIN LAND.

" Kennst du das Land?"

### I.

Could I, inspired, the muse command,  
 Oh I would nobly tell,  
 The wonders of the Mountain-Land—  
 The land I love so well,  
 How sun-lit peaks, when drifting clouds  
 Encircling round them sail,  
 Soar high above the envious shrouds  
 That would their glories veil.

### II.

I'd tell of crags that pierce heaven's pall,  
 Of valleys fair between,  
 And stately pines whose shadows fall,  
 Athwart the sloping green :  
 The torrents' roar, the streamlet's sigh,  
 Deep forests dark and wide,  
 And vineyards clustering smilingly  
 Along the mountain side.

### III.

How evening o'er the wondrous view  
 In radiant silence creeps,  
 How topmost peak, with mellowed hue,  
 In golden splendour sleeps :  
 And when the hamlets far below  
 Have sunk to night and rest,  
 Still—still there fades a parting glow  
 Upon the snowy crest.

### IV.

Yes! I would weave a glorious lay,  
 And I would strike the lyre  
 To thoughts, illumed by fancy's ray,  
 Which memory should inspire,  
 I'd sing of glens and shaded cots,  
 Of lake and fern-clad fell,  
 And all thy dear and beauteous spots,  
 O land, I love so well.

C. W.

## THE GAMBLING DEBT.

*Translated from the the French of B. L. JACOB.*

FOR LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

(Continued from Page 381.)

On hearing the horse's tramp upon the pavement, Yves de Curson was seized with a feeling of remorse, and repented of having been so cruel, ungrateful and selfish.

He wished to hinder the departure of the young girl, whose only fault had been to interrupt his play, and he determined to follow her—to rejoin her, and not to quit her again, when he was suddenly prevented and his plan frustrated by an unforeseen egression.

It was Jacques de Savereux who, groping about, muttering in the dark, got hold of the Sire de Curson's leg, and would not let it go, notwithstanding every effort, made by the latter, and every entreaty which he used to free himself from this convulsive grasp, as bad as that of a drowning man in his agony, fastening himself, on whatever he can seize.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs became more and more distant, and it was but an indistinct sound when M. de Curson remembered that his honor was interested in remaining where he was.

Savereux addressed reproaches and provocations to him, which the presence of witnesses obliged him to listen to and take notice of, although in his own mind excusing them on the score of wine.—“*Mort et passion!*” exclaimed Savereux, the change in whose usual good nature, was owing alone to the state of intoxication he was in: “Monsieur Huguenot, if you have no love, the worse for you, but do not deny it with a brazen face.” “What fête is there at the Louvre to night?” said one of the gentlemen, who had remained at the window of the supper apartment. “Look at those torchbearers—those small bodies of archers and arquebusiers of the royal guard along the walls? If it were not for the dead silence, I should think a fight was going on somewhere.”

“Monsieur de Savereux” said Yves de Curson gently, endeavoring to calm the unreasonable resentment of the drunkard. “We will resume our play tomorrow and on the following days; but I must go now, let it not displease

you"—"You shall go, after having killed me, if agreeable to you, by Heaven! Heaven preserve me from it! Are you demented?"

"You must go and sleep off your wine Monsieur de Saverex." "Its I who'll kill you, I hope, to punish you for having deprived me of the sight of my girl." "Your girl?" haughtily returned the sire de Curson, who commenced looking upon the altercation as a serious one. "Yes, my girl, the most beautiful, the most agreeable, the most honorable, the most adored!"—"You are making game of us, Sir! You do not even know her, whom you call your girl?" "I know her better than you do!" "This pleasantry is ill timed, and might be dangerous. If Pardailan heard you"—"Who? Pardailan, Goudrin's bastard, the Captain of the king of Navarre's Bearnese regiment?"—"You are drunk, Monsieur Saverex, if not, I should call you a rude, awkward fellow." "Blood! just help me to get up, and I'll show you, who I am."

The noise of this discussion, which degenerated into insults and threats, had attracted two of the guests carrying a light on to the landing place of the upper story.

Yves de Curson, pale with anger was lending the aid of his arm to Jacques de Saverex, who no less enraged, but with countenance of livid purple and eyelids half closed—tripped at each step, and fell back with all his weight on the chest of his adversary. "Thousand devils! thousand deaths!" repeated Saverex in a voice broken by hiccups.

"Hallo you fellows!" shouted a gentleman from the window addressing a body of archers passing close by. "It isn't St. John's Eve and there is no feu de joie in the Place de Grève is there?" "No! its St. Bartholomew's Eve," answered the chief of the Archers, "the king they say is going to have a hunt by torchlight and we are sent to keep back the crowd which may be collected out of curiosity." "Certes," said another gentleman, "it is the first hunt against the rats and cats of Paris coming off."

"Comrades, shut the window" said Jacques de Saverex.

Thanks to the assistance of de Curson he had at length regained the supper apartment, where he again drowned his consciousness in renewed bumpers, loudly calling for his sword.

"Are you afraid of the bottles flying away?" retorted one of the company: "or perhaps rather the dice and the gold crowns!"

"You will be witnesses and umpires of the combat gentlemen; I challenge Monsieur de Curson to the duel."

Whilst angrily uttering this defiance Jaques de Saverex

who felt his legs giving way under him drew his sword, which an officious bystander had just brought him, and placed himself in position to engage M. de Curson.

The latter, whose reason or coolness the wine had not been able to disturb, refused to take his sword and use it against an aggressor prevented by his intoxication from exercising his calm judgment: he folded his arms and remained motionless, opposite the blade of Savereux which was almost touching him.

The guests murmured at what they considered cowardice, for they were not greatly disposed to favor de Curson, whom they knew to be a Huguenot, and whom Capitaine de Losse had had much trouble in getting admitted into the ranks of their company.

"*Vive Dieu!* Sir, you are not a gentleman!" screamed Savereux tottering and leaning against the wall.

"I will prove to you, to-morrow, at day break, that I am a better gentleman than you are!" returned de Curson.

He then regretted not having followed the young lady and wished to go away and rejoin her, if possible.

"Halt there, my friend", said a gentleman barring his exit: "you shall at once give satisfaction to him whom you have insulted—*En garde, Monsieur!*" "*En garde Huguenot!*" added another whom the sight of blinking steel had put into a quarrelsome humor. "Courage, Savereux!" shouted a third. "Bleed him! Bleed this master *purpaillot*,\* it will be doing him a charitable action!" "*Par la messe!* Monsieur de la Huguenotrie," said a fourth—"you have a redoubtable affair on your hands!" "You are not in your proper senses, Monsieur de Savereux?" Yves de Curson gently said.

He felt some repugnance to commit himself with a drunken man, and moreover saw no motive for quarrel between Jacques de Savereux and himself—"Good night until to-morrow, gentlemen!"—"Merci! we shall not let you go" said the witnesses holding him back, "until you have settled your quarrel." "I have no quarrel with M. de Savereux, he answered impatiently, but I shall have one if you are determined on it." "What my fine gentleman" exclaimed Savereux, keeping his sword still pointed at him, "you deny the injury you have done me?" "I thought that the Huguenots didn't know how to lie" . . . .—"Lie!" interrupted de Curson. He had become pale and trembling at this insult: he seized his sword which was handed him.

\* A nick name given to a French Protestant.

—“*En garde mes braves !*” shouted the others confusedly, filling the glasses, and drinking to the victory of the Catholic Champion.

“Savereux” said one “let out some of his bad blood—”

“Savereux” said another “aim at the buttons of his doublet.” Jacques de Savereux was only too well inclined to push the quarrel to the last extremity.

The encouraging cries of his friends, had still more roused him, and at that moment, he would have positively sworn, that his griefs against De Curson ought to be washed out with blood—he persuaded himself that the latter had endeavoured to carry off a mistress from him, and had even used violence to separate him from this woman, whom he would have found great difficulty in naming.

On the other hand Yves de Curson had ended by getting into a passion in spite of himself, and by wishing to chastise an antagonist who had attacked him with provocations and reiterated insults; moreover he could not believe that Jacques de Savereux had found in his brain, heated by the fumes wine, this tale of his love for an unknown.

This love had nothing impossible, nay not even improbable in it, and to make it the subject of a duel, was proving its actual existence—M De Curson felt himself therefore authorised, to take vengeance for an intrigue, which had been kept concealed from him, and which the conduct of the lady betrayed.

The mind jumps so quickly from one conclusion to another that he congratulated himself on his presence having hindered a preconcerted rendez-vous, he thus explained the fury of Savereux, and it also furnished a motive for his own, which the insulting railleries and taunts of the guests had sufficiently excited.

But his indignation and his resentment did not last long, on seeing the comical efforts made by Jacques de Savereux to maintain his equilibrium, and to prevent himself from going to sleep.

He promised himself not to take advantage of the unwarlike state of his adversary, and simply acted on the defensive.

“Gentlemen !” said he on twice crossing swords “take care that he does not wound himself in falling.”

This pleasantry provoked the murmurs of the witnesses—and redoubled Jacques de Savereux’s anger, who rushed straight upon his enemy with such vigor and temerity, that

to pierce him through and through, while at the same time running on his sword, seemed unavoidable.

De Curson had time to beat up the sword which he saw coming straight at his breast, and the thrust only taking effect in the upper part of the arm, went through the flesh without touching bone or artery.

A large rent was the result from whence the blood spouted right into the face of Savereux who dropped his sword with a movement of horror; and threw himself back quite terrified into the arms of his friends.

No one hastened to the assistance of the wounded man, who stopped the effusion of blood with his hand and was less moved than the inflicter of the wound himself.

"Ah! Monsieur de Curson!" exclaimed Savereux whose remorse was vaguely awakened in the midst of his drunkenness.

"He wont actually die, this dog of a Huguenot!" growled one of the instigators of this fatal combat.

"Forgive me, de Curson!" said Jacques de Savereux.

Collecting his strength in order to regain his feet he approached the wounded man and embraced him again and again clinging nervously to him.

"Do not indulge in regrets for what you have done, Sir" answered the Breton gentleman without any bitterness whatever. "I may perhaps return the compliment some day in the mean time we shall be quits and good friends."

"Your blood flows, my poor de Curson! . . . I'll go and look for a surgeon" — "I shall have sooner done with it, by going myself. I am about to return to the *rue de Béthisy* to the admiral's, where *Maitre Ambroise Paré* is going to pass the night, he will dress this scratch for me, and I shall not sleep a bit the worse for it."

"I'll bandage your wound" said Savereux.

He had folded his handkerchief and now tied it round the arm of Yves so as to suppress the hemorrhage.

"*Vive Dieu!* would that I had the same wound through my middle! Do you not forgive me?"

"I forgive you with all my heart, and do not bear you any grudge. But is it true, that the lady is yours?" — "My Lady! Oh! no indeed, she is yours I imagine. If she were mine, I should no longer love either play or wine". —

"It was you, my friend, who so foolishly interrupted our play."

"No rather it was you who in attracting this beautiful lady here, was the cause of all this mischief."



"The evil is not great and I no longer feel my wound, at least I'll play again with much pleasure"—"Play! oh! that can't be: I must take you to *Maitre Ambroise Paré*"—"Certainly, but the case is not urgent, and we can have a few casts of the dice here."—"As you please and God grant you better luck!"

It was Yves de Curson, who aided Saverieux to sit down at table and handed him the dice for which he was groping about on the carpet with uncertain hand.

"Let us play for higher stakes!" said de Curson. "I'll put all I have won this evening on one cast of the dice. *Douze!*"—"*Quatre! A vous les dés!* Count how much I owe you and let us double the stake."

"You have lost just now one thousand golden crowns; count yourself."

"That's nothing; I'll stake three thousand gold crowns this time" . . .—"Three thousand gold crowns! I have not got them, and if I were to lose them" . . . . . "Good! have you not got your word of honor as I have? Three thousand gold crowns on this cast of the dice: *Ouze!*"—"And I *douze!* Verily, I am ashamed of this obstinate good luck, and won't have any more of your money." "I should be but a poor gambler if I were already discouraged. Five thousand gold crowns this time!"—"Five thousand! *monsieur mon ami!* Where the devil am I to get them from? And your wound?"

"I don't care about it; you have staunched it wonderfully, and your handkerchief is worth, it seems a whole surgical apparatus. We stake five thousand crowns on this cast . . . Now don't go to sleep, Monsieur de Saverieux?" "No, may I die! I'll only drink as much as remains in the bottle . . . *ça* what becomes of the five thousand crowns?"

"You have won them like the others. *Merci de moi!* my hand is rather out!"

The guests, perceiving the good understanding, which had established itself, between the two champions, with one of whom they had so openly sided, retired into another room and consulted amongst themselves for the best means of lowering the pride of this Huguenot: they had all drank to such an extent that they were no more masters of their speech than of their actions.

The Capitaine de Losse was not there to cause his guest to be respected, and the sentiments full of hatred which Captain Saloboz had so energetically manifested against all who belonged to the reformed religion, had existed for a long time in the hearts of all the Catholics.

The conversation turned upon late events, on the marriage of the King of Navarre with Marguerite de Valois, the outrage of Maurevert on the person of Coligny, the retreat of the Guises from the Court, and the secret plots of the Protestant party against the King and the kingdom.

The wine, still tossed down in bumpers, heated their brains more and more, and a project was formed to expel Yves de Curson ignominiously from the house, even to maltreat him, if he dared to make any resistance, and oppose the aggressors.

This plan approved of as soon as proposed, they made a rush into the apartment where the two gamblers were sitting.

Yves de Curson had lost, on his word of honor, seventy thousand gold crowns.

"*Abas le Huguenot !*" said one of the most drunk and most fanatic of the band. "Monsieur Huguenot you are requested to make yourself scarce this instant." added the leader of the plot.

"If you do not depart very soon by the door," said another "you run a risk of going out by the window?" "Do you remember what happened from the next house," added a fourth, "that M. de Maurevert, a noble and honest Catholic gentleman, sent a ball out of an arquebuse, at that cursed wretch the admiral!"

"What is it?" exclaimed de Curson, rising indignantly, sword in hand.

"Who are these miscreants?" shouted Jacques de Savereux, ranging himself along side of the Calvinist, and also drawing his sword.

"Gentlemen, if any amongst you, have cause of complaint against me, I will await him tomorrow in the *fossé* of the Pré-aux-Cleres." "And that person had better come with a second, for I am the second of *Messire de Curson*."—"What Savereux, are you about to become an apostate and turn Calvinist?" said one of the drunkards.

"We are sixteen catholics here" said another—"you find the same number of Huguenots for this *rencontre*." "

You will see me amongst those Huguenots!" answered Savereux, whose intoxication and sleepiness were for a moment dispelled by a noble and generous indignation. "Come, de Curson. Do not let us remain any longer in this den of wild beasts."

"I have lost seventy thousand gold crowns to you!" Yves said, whom bad luck had left profoundly sad, "You shall

have them tomorrow, Monsieur de Savereux and moreover, we will be brethren in arms, as I am already with Pardaillan."

"Go along, you fine soldiers of Geneva!" shouted the most insolent of the Catholic Gentlemen.

"The very first who ventures to insult the guest of Captain de Losse," retorted Savereux in a menacing voice, "I'll cut him to pieces, with my sword and dagger!"

"*A demain, messieurs de la Papimanie!*" added Yves de Curson. "We will meet again, at the Pre-aux-Clercs, on the stroke of twelve, and the Lord will aid the good against the wicked!"

De Curson gave to Jacques de Savereux the gold which he had gathred off the table, and hung round his neck the chain, which he had taken off his own; then took him by the arm, to support him and help him to walk at a slow and heavy pace.

They left the house without being either questioned or followed.

"Brothers in arms," exclaimed they, embracing each other after having sheathed their swords in the street. "Yes brothers in arms through life, and till death!"

"Dont go with your heads uncovered gentle brothers in arms!" was shouted down to them from above: "you may catch cold or get a pleurisy, although the night be warm!"

And their hats were thrown down to them, which they had forgotten in the hurry of their exit.

They picked them up addressing threats to the authors of this insolent adieu.

The window had been closed and bursts of laughter responded to their imprecations.

They went their way without perceiving the involuntary exchange they had made in their hats.

The one belonging to De Curson with its knot of pearls and gold lace, was on the head of Jacques de Savereux, and the old worn out beaver, in front of which Savereux had stuck the white cross, the rallying sign of the Catholics, was on the head of the Huguenot gentleman.

## V.

"Where are we going?" asked Jacques de Savereux, whose intoxication and sleepiness were not dispelled by the cold night air. "We are going home to bed I fancy?" answered Yves de Curson, who was forced to hold up his companion to prevent

his falling down asleep. "Where are we?" continued Savereux hesitating as to the direction he ought to take.

"We are near the Louvre but I should have some difficulty in naming this cross road."

"If we are going to rest comrade, it will save us the trouble of walking, if we stretch ourselves on this carpet." "What carpet? The king's pavement? it is less soft than a hospital cot, and it's an affair for the watch to sleep in the streets."

"*Ma foi!* you are very squeamish!" muttered Jacques de Savereux.

By way of adding practice to precept, he had let himself slide to the ground.

—"Well, I, for my part, find this a very pleasant couch."

"Get up Monsieur de Savereux I beseech you, for your own honor? If any one were to see you! . . ."

"I would the king saw me!" answered the inebriated gentleman, who persisted in remaining extended on the pavement.

"If a horse, or some carriage were to pass this way, you would be crushed without any warning?"

"*Mordieu!* I shall be delighted if some churl of a horseman or driver were to smash me a rib or two: I would discharge upon him the torrent of anger I have amassed this evening against those drunkards who insulted and threatened you" "We shall meet them again to-morrow at the *Pré-aux-clercs*; but to be ready and valiant we must seek our beds to night!"

—"Well, to-morrow then, at the *Pré-aux-clercs!*" repeated Jacques de Savereux, who could no longer see, and scarcely hear.—"Pon my soul! Monsieur de Savereux. I cannot leave you to sleep off your wine in the middle of the street . . ." "Now, come and lie down by me: the bed is big enough for two." "But you Monsieur de Savereux, you cannot, without incurring blame, leave me wandering about and losing my way in this town with which I am not acquainted?"

"Why didn't you say that before?" answered Savereux.

He made a prodigious effort of will, to gain courage sufficient to get up, being nearly dead drunk, and regained his feet with the assistance of the Breton gentleman.

"*Marchons!*" said he moving on slowly.

"Why, that way you will be returning to the spot from whence we came! . . . It would be as well to know, where each of us is going."

"I am going to conduct you to your Hôtel; after which good evening, gentlemen, and good night." "I shall return if

you please, to the *Hôtel de Béthisy* where the Admiral lives, and to-morrow at day break, I shall go to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, where my lady-mother dwells, to get the sum of seventy-thousand gold crowns, which I lost to you at play."

Seventy thousand gold crowns!" exclaimed Savereux, from whose mind, the fumes of wine had obliterated the recollection of his good fortune at play: "I shall not wish for more!"

"You shall have them," answered De Curson, sighing,

"It is very nearly the whole of my sister's marriage portion!"

"*Par la messe*. Your sister, is she pretty? I'll marry her."

"Unfortunately she has not waited for you, and is going to be married to-morrow to one of the bravest gentleman of our religion." "I am sorry for it, Monsieur de Curson, for being already your brother in arms, I should have made myself your brother by alliance!"

Jacques de Savereux dragged himself along, reeling in the footsteps of Yves de Curson and feebly strove against the vinous drowsiness, which became more overpowering and irresistible every moment.

He considered that he was showing the road to Monsieur de Curson, and conducting him to the *Hôtel de Béthisy*, but he was blindly going on by chance, always following whichever street presented itself first, and thus losing his way more and more in the labyrinth of the old *Quartier du Louvre*.

The Protestant gentleman, expecting to reach his destination sooner or later, acquiesced in these continual deviations from the route, without remarking them; for he was plunged in a sullen reverie, and walked along like a somnambulist, without considering whereabouts he was and without endeavoring to explain to himself, the circumstance of his not arriving at the *Hôtel de Béthisy*.

He sighed at intervals, and felt tears moistening his eyelids. The excitement and passion of the gambling had ceased, and he found himself with all his senses returned, face to face with an enormous loss, which he could not settle, except by sacrificing his sister's marriage portion.

He therefore no longer spoke to M. de Savereux, who profited by this silence to slumber at his ease, regulating his steps by those of his leader, his movements being, so to speak, quite mechanical.

—"Why, here is the Louvre again?" exclaimed de Curson.

In coming out of the street de la Vieille-Monnaie, at the spot where Henry III. laid the foundation-stone of the Pont-Neuf in 1578, he had perceived the Seine before him, and to his right, *l' Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon*, and the towers and battlements of the Louvre, by the light of a pale moon, which at that moment was covered by heavy grey clouds, as with a sheet.

"The Louvre?" said Savereux who did not quite wake up even, in reopening his eyes. "We turned our backs upon it an hour ago."

"There it is notwithstanding, in front of us, and it seems to me, we are not near the *rue de Bethisy*?"

"Who is blind, you or I?" retorted Jacques de Savereux obstinately.

He let go the arm which had supported him until then, and advanced with irregular steps, towards the Louvre. "Where are you going?" said Yves. "I am going to ask the king if this be really the Louvre, which I see."

"It is I who must lead him," thought Yves de Curson, looking about for the proper road, "he has left his senses at the bottom of the bottle!"

"Ah! scoundrel. Ah! traitor!" shouted Savereux, who in his oblique march, had knocked up against the wall of a house.

Indignant at finding himself stopped by this obstacle, which he believed to be living and an enemy, he wanted to draw his sword and place himself in position, retreating from the wall, against which he continually fell back.

"I'll teach you," shouted he, "what my *Durandule* is, and make you confess, with my foot on your neck, that I am the son of Roland, on the side of the sword."

"Savereux, my friend," said De Curson going up to him, and preventing him, from drawing his sword, "remain here an instant, whilst I go to ask our way? I'll come back to you, the moment I have found any one, to act as our guide."

"Brother in arms, embrace me!" murmured Savereux.

He had no sooner lost his equilibrium, than he sank down, and laid himself along the wall, and disposed himself to sleep till morning.

"To drink again, to drink, drink, drink!" muttered he falling off to sleep.

"Hang the drunkard! one will have to carry him off to his bed . . . . I cannot play the sentinel at his side all night . . . . If some citizens were only to come this way just now . . . . No one! Every body is asleep . . . .

except thieves and the watch . . . . . I hear some people passing by down yonder . . . . . The Capitaine de Losse, who was to have taken me back to the Admiral's Hotel, has scarcely kept his word."

Yves de Curson wished to join the people, whom he heard in the distance, although he did not see them.

He ran in that direction but the noise of footsteps and of voices, which had guided him, entirely ceased when he reached the narrow and tortuous streets in the neighbourhood of l'Arche Marion.

There were lights in the windows of the houses : the streets usually so dark were better lighted, than they had ever been in broad day ; they were also more deserted and more silent than ever.

At intervals, a door opened and some one like a shadow slipped out, who disappeared on the instant.

M. de Curson called out and received no answer.

Once, he distinguished an arquebuse on a man's shoulder who came out of a house and stole away without turning his head, when hailed.

He tried to wake up some shop-keeper : he knocked loudly at the shutters, through the chinks of which he perceived a light ; but the light was put out, and the shop remained closed and silent.

He still hoped to meet some watch-patrol.

On that night the watch was not to be seen anywhere, and the vagabonds, who, at that epoch were more numerous than the soldiers of the watch, kept themselves shut up in their *cours des Miracles*.

## VI.

One o'clock sounded with chimes from the palace clock, when the Breton gentleman, discouraged by his fruitless search, slowly retraced his steps, and traversed the same streets several times, before returning to the point whence he had started.

He found himself at the water's edge, at the bottom of the street de la Vieille-Monnaie ; but as he did not see Jacques de Savereux whom he had left asleep there, he thought for a moment, that he had again lost his way, and had not reached the same spot on the river's bank.

The view of the Louvre however, which he saw through a kind of haze, prevented him from looking elsewhere for the

spot where he had left his companion; he called out to Savereux several times, went along the side of the first houses built on the strand, and arrived at the exact spot, which the sleeper had occupied; there he picked up a gold chain.

This chain was worth a large sum and it was certain that he who wore it, had not been attacked by thieves, as an object of such high value was found on the ground and gave evidence that no one had seen it.

Yves de Curson concluded that this chain had become detached during the intoxicated gentleman's fall.

He hid it in his pocket the clasp which fastened it being broken, and he promised himself never to give it up again, even under parallel circumstances.

These recollections of the gambling saddened him, and he sighed, on thinking that he owed seventy thousand gold crowns to M. de Savereux, that he had them not, and that he had engaged to pay them the next morning!

These thoughts naturally led him back to his mother and sister, his sister particularly, who had come like a good angel to drag him away from this fatal gaming; the sister whom he was going to despoil, in order that his honor should not suffer from a gambling debt guaranteed by his word!

To see his sister and his mother, to confess to them his misfortune and obtain their pardon, now preoccupied his mind the most, he determined to reassure himself as to the fate of M. de Savereux who no doubt had entered the Louvre, and then try to get to the Faubourg Saint Germain, where his family dwelt, sooner than return to the *hôtel de Béthisy* where he lived as belonging to the house of the Admiral.

He listened for some minutes longer, walking up and down the river side, in the hope of being rejoined by Jacques de Savereux.

He called to him again several times, but the echoes on the river alone answered him and he at length decided to make the best of his way towards the Faubourg Saint-Germain, which he could see across the water but reach only by a long round about way, for want of a boat to cross the river.

He did not know his road very well, but nevertheless took a chance direction towards the Pont-au-Change.

His shouts had attracted two arquebusiers of the royal guard, who approached him with their matches lit, but who went away again after examining him in silence.

On arriving near the Grand—Châtelet, opposite the bridge he fell in with a band of armed men, coming from the *Hôtel de ville*, at a slow pace, and without torches: he was



surrounded before he had time to draw his sword and to place himself on the defensive.

Fortunately the people who encircled him, had not a very formidable appearance : they were honest figures of citizens, showing a great deal more inquietude than hostile or threatening intentions.

Some of them even seemed to be overcome by some emotion which very much resembled fear.

The arms they bore added still more to the comical expression of their physiognomies, and did not announce that they wished to make use of them : one had on his head a morion of burnished iron, another a hat, this one a cap, that one an old rusty helmet ; here a man sinking under the weight of a spear, there one carrying a cross bow, utterly unserviceable one brandishing a two handed sword another clanking an arquebuse without a match on his shoulder ; but all had knives and daggers.

The chief of the band, although not being more of a warrior than his soldiers, at all events distinguished himself by a more military equipment.

—" *Dieu vous garde compère !* You are one of us !" said the chief.

And he pointed with his hand to the handkerchief tied round M. de Curson's arm, and to the white cross fastened to the hat which Jacques de Saverieux had left with this gentleman in exchange for his.

Yves de Curson only now remarked the rallying sign, the white cross on the hat, and the white handkerchief on the left arm, which these people wore, whom he had taken to be a detachment of the watch *dormant* or City Militia.

He perceived that accident had given him also the same rallying sign, and he had the prudence not to require any explanation on the subject.

—" You seem to be a *seigneur* of the Court ?" said the chief who continued to examine him : " Are you sent to the Hôtel de Ville ?"

" No, I am going to the Faubourg Saint-Germain answered de Curson who, as yet did not comprehend the danger of his position.

" Is there nothing changed in the orders of the King ? We have seen monseigneur the Duke de Guise who was going to the Louvre . . . ."

" Monsieur de Guise is out of Paris," sharply returned Yves de Curson : " He left it immediately after the crime of his servant Maurevert . . . ."

"You speak like a Huguenot, said one of the troop: .. if the admiral were dead, we should not be here" . . . . "Silence!" interrupted the Captain, who had much trouble in maintaining discipline amongst his people.

"Since you come from the Louvre, I would ask you, Monsieur, if the bell at the palace will soon toll for the massacre; we are tired of waiting for it! . . . It was to have been at midnight; then at one o'clock; after that at two, and now . . . ."

"Now," said one, who was most likely an attorney, "the case is remanded a week to be pleaded and reheard."

"What need was there, to deprive us of our sleep" said another, "and to reduce our wives to despair?"

"I am of opinion," said a third, "that one abuses the good nature of the work-people, and amuses oneself at our expense!"

"This fine massacre is again put off to allow the Huguenots to rekindle the civil war!—and these rascally Huguenots will do with the Catholics, what the Catholics wanted to do with them!" "Good-night, gentlemen!" said de Curson who had put a violent restraint upon himself to prevent his declaring himself Protestant and loudly manifesting his indignation. "Whatever may happen, I hope you may value honor more than life!"

"Monsieur, I beg of you to relate to the King, what you have seen" said the Captain, who followed to speak to him privately; "I am the bookseller Koerver, living on the bridge of Notre Dame at the sign of the *Unicorn*: I have assembled the best Catholics of the *quartier* and have made them swear not to spare any Huguenot; be it their father or their brother."

"The God of Israel alone can judge you and punish you!" murmured De Curson, turning his back on him, to prevent himself from drawing his sword. "The Lord grant that my brethren may awake!"

He turned down the first street which presented itself.

He traversed several at racing speed, without heeding which route he had taken; his project being to reach the *rue de Béthisy*, to apprise the Admiral of the plot woven by the Catholics, a plot of which he knew not the extent, but which the word *massacre* used by the *quartenier* Koerver, let him form some idea of.

He feared that this massacre might commence at any moment before he should have time to call the captains of his religion to arms.

Who were the intended victims? What assassins had been selected?

The king and the Duke de Guise had been named? They then directed this sanguinary plot!

M. de Curson's whole body trembled and he breathed with difficulty, under the influence of alternate sensations of horror trouble, anxiety and impatience which agitated him; he hastened on still more rapidly, and felt on the point of fainting, of falling down suffocated.

On one step and one minute perhaps, depended the safety of his fellows in creed!

"*O mon Dieu!*" said he in his heart: "Shall I arrive in time! Where am I going? Where am I? The murderers are awake, and the victims slumber!"

The Admiral suspects nothing of his infamous treachery . . . And my mother! my sister! . . . .

He commenced thinking of the perils which might threaten two beings so dear to him, and immediately stopped.

It was incumbent upon him to retrace his steps, and run to the defence of his mother and his sister whom he was forsaking; but the voice of religion recalled to his mind that his first duty was to save the lives of his brethren in Christ, for the women, thought he, will surely be respected even in a general massacre.

His mission was to hinder this massacre, to warn the supreme chief of the protestants, the admiral de Coligny.

He took to running in the direction, which he supposed to be the right one to lead him to the Hôtel de Bethisy; he passed and re-passed through many streets, which he ran through quite breathless, now, for the first time, in vain endeavouring to recognise them.

Exhausted, dismayed, anguish-stricken, he no longer knew what plan to adopt, nor what road to follow; till at length he thought he had come into the neighbourhood of the *rue de Béthisy*. The houses, the signs over the shops, a well, a shrine at the corner of a cross street, brought vague reminiscences to his memory, a ray of hope beamed through his previous despair: he was almost at the goal! He collected all his strength, he was at length to reach it! . . . .

But, on turning the corner of a street, he saw before him, the Bastille!

"Lord God" he murmured bending his knees and clasping his hands, "it is not Thy will that I should save Thy faithful people!"

At that moment, two o'clock struck from the belfries of the churches and the convents.

The chimes, in clear and silvery tones, seemed to respond joyously to one another, and formed a vast concert, in the midst of which the great bell of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois boomed forth the signal for the massacre.

## VII.

Jacques de Savereux did not sleep long under the wall, where he had laid himself.

Yves de Curson had no sooner gone away, than the silence which reigned around him, attracted the attention of the sleeper, for in his slumbers, his ear remained open to the voice of the gentleman, whom he had taken under his charge, and whom he believed himself to be conducting, albeit he had great need of being taken care of himself.

He opened his eyes, and was astonished to find himself alone.

"M. de Curson!" he shouted several times in a drawling and indistinct voice. "Is he gone to play and drink without me. That were a base trick . . . . *Ohe! monsieur* my brother in arms! Have you villanously betrayed and abandoned, me! . . . . *A boire, mignon!* . . . . *Double!* Good! here he is coming back . . . . Here, here . . . Monsieur de Curson . . . Stop a little, if you please? . . . Wait for me! . . . Is it not time to go down to the *Pré-aux-Clercs*?" . . . .

He could not succeed in regaining his legs, and he kept falling back more heavily, as he left the support of the wall.

Cursing and swearing amidst continuous hiccups, he was, nevertheless, not to be discouraged in his project of finding de Curson again. The torpor produced by his drunkenness, had left him this one idea.

At length he succeeded in getting up and walking zigzag fashion in the direction of the Louvre which, however he did not see, nor would he have recognised it had the donjon and turrets of this *château* now enveloped in profound obscurity, been illuminated.

The instinct of self preservation which always presides over the destiny of drunken people, prevented his throwing himself into the river off the high bank by the side of which he was reeling.

He made many efforts and many steps, and but little way, until he found himself at the great gate of the old Louvre which faced the Tour de Nesle and almost corresponded with the gate of the later Louvre, opposite the Pont des Arts.

His state of intoxication had not diminished.

He was on the contrary so fuddled and drowsy, that he no longer remembered the name of M. de Curson, and groped his way along, like a blind man, without aim or design.

An obstacle which he met with suddenly in his course, caused him to stumble, and fall over rather heavily.

He had struck against the bodies of four Calvinist soldiers who had been cut down and killed by the guards at the gates as they had come near the Louvre to spy out, what was going on within.

Jacques de Saverex did not trouble himself about the nature of the obstacle which he endeavoured in vain to surmount; he thought they were people, who were barring his passage and he began to wrestle with the corpses insulting and striking them, without perceiving that neither his cries nor his blows were responded to.

"*Dégainez, dégainez donc*" cried he flurrying himself like one possessed. "Scoundrels! ruffians! scurvy rogues! turn-tails! plague, pestilence and fever seize you! *Pour Dieu*, I'll crop your ears, you sorry dogs—*Holá, a moi. Monsieur de Curson*, rub them with your sword, my friend. Well done! strike smartly, pierce 'em like a sieve. Again!—Ha! that was sweetly done!"

He took it into his head, that Yves de Curson had come up to his aid, whilst his opponents, having tied his hands behind him, were setting about robbing him: for the sound of some gold pieces which had slipped out of his pocket, re-called to his mind the large sum he was carrying. He immediately set about the business of defending himself. But instead of having recourse to his sword against his imaginary enemies, his two arms were thrust up to the elbows in the pockets of his hose, and had got tight hold of the money he had won at play.

His hands contracted and benumbed seemed to himself as if bound; drunkenness and excitement paralysed all the muscles of his body, and he soon began to think they had secured his legs too, and gagged his mouth.

He had no free movement, except in his head, and he went on, crawling under the dead bodies and the bloody bodies, who, pressing on him with all their weight, seemed very terrifying.

He so exerted all his senses to throw off this horrible restraint, that he felt it grow stronger every moment: grinding his teeth—foaming—breathless, he exhausted himself in terrible convulsions—so that, at last, reduced to a positive ina-

bility to move, and almost suffocated with the corpses, he could no longer support the agonies of the fearful nightmare which oppressed him.

He thought he was about to die: he gave utterance to plaintive cries, and swooned away in committing his own soul, and that of his brother in arms, to the angels of paradise.

The cries of Jacques de Savereux caused a detachment of archers of the king's guard, to leave the Louvre, and come down to the banks of the river.

They recognized the four first victims they had left in that place—in front of the balcony of the king's apartments in the new Louvre, but they did not observe that the number of the dead was augmented by a fifth whom they had not half stripped, as they had done the others.

They began to poke them with their partisans. *Par bonheur*, Savereux who was not hurt, could pass for a dead one, as well as his neighbours.

"It's my idea" said one of the archers angrily "that these *parpaillots* are bawling to find themselves damned."

"Five hundred cart-loads of devils" said another archer, pointing to Savereux's legs, which appeared from under the bodies where he was buried, "*voici* one of our gallants has got on his hose, Does he think he'll want it, at the court of Beelzebub, his master!"

This trooper wanted to get hold of the hose of the suppo- ed dead-man, but in drawing them towards him, a piece came off in his hands, they were so tight and old.

He forgot the hose in running to pick up two gold crowns, which had rolled to some distance.

The crowns of gold attracted the attention of the archers, and excited their cupidity, it was a piece of business they all wanted to have a hand in: they were close upon quarrelling violently.

The window in the King's balcony opened. Two pages, carrying lighted torches showed the way on to the balcony terrace, to a number of persons who approached the balustrade to view the aspect of Paris.

The reflection of the flambeaux illumined a face—pale and sinister, stamped with the seal of destiny, and harrowed by violent passions at war with conscience.

At this appearance, the archers who were scuffling, fled in disorder and withdrew into the Louvre.

It was Charles the IX. accompanied by the Queen-Mother, by his brother the Duke d'Anjou, and his intimate advisers, the Duke de Nevers, Tavannes, and the Count de Retz.

(To be continued.)

## MODESTY.

## I.

Sweet is the sky lark's early song  
     To wake the drowsy beam,  
 And sweet the robin's melody  
     When frost is on the stream :  
 The linnet's voice is blythe and free  
     As childhood's prattling speech,  
 The blackbird pours a sadder strain  
     From out the shady beech :  
 But sweetest is the nightingale  
     That when the night wind blows,  
 Warbles in silence and alone  
     To serenade the rose.

## II.

The lily is all chastity,  
     How sweet the eglantine !  
 The honeysuckles with the thorn,  
     Like joy and grief, entwine :  
 Some love the soft forget-me-not,  
     Its pensive eye of blue,  
 And some the wild convolvulus  
     That sleeps when sun-beams do :  
 Yet dear to me the violet  
     That on the mossy green,  
 Uprears its head in solitude  
     And dies but hardly seen.

P. L.

## SHAKESPEARE AND CORNEILLE.

In the evening of his active and laborious life M. Guizot is now giving to the world under a new shape, the works of his youth and early manhood. Two of these bearing the titles of "Shakespeare and his Times" and "Corneille and his Times" have lately appeared simultaneously in English and French, and thus brought before the mind of each nation, the position in the sphere of dramatic composition which was held by two poets who gave a life and consistency, if not a beginning, to systems so different, yet offering so many points of comparison. In the hands of M. Guizot even so old a subject as criticism on Shakespeare becomes new and interesting. The literary history of Corneille is a fresh field to most English readers. Through every part of both treatises shine the unfailing common sense, the subtlety of thought, and the simplicity of language which have placed M. Guizot at the head of European literature.

We have become accustomed to the terms Romantic and Classical, and readily apply them to Shakespeare and Corneille. But if we try to give ourselves an account of these terms, we find that beyond the explanation which first rises to our lips, we have great difficulty in proceeding. Such terms in fact are a sort of convenient summary of a great mass of history, personal and national. In order to understand what we mean by saying that Shakespeare was the founder of the Romantic drama, we must comprehend the position which Shakespeare occupied. We must ascertain how the general requisites of dramatic writing presented themselves to a poet in the age of Elizabeth, and the influence of national character, and habits, on the drama; we must know all the facts of the poet's life that can elucidate his writings, and lastly we must examine into the actual shape his efforts assumed, and enquire what peculiar ground in the wide field offered by the representation of human life has been claimed as its own by the genius of the poet.

Dramatic poetry takes its rise in the bosom of the people. Its power rests on the effects of sympathy—and in order that sympathy may be keenly excited, a crowd must be gathered together. It is only through the reciprocal action of man on man, throughout a large mass, that the moral electricity can be produced which endows with life the representation of fictitious events. But the classes who live by their daily toil,



though mere cessation of exertion, and friendly meetings for common objects, seem at first all they require, soon learn that they must find something beyond themselves, something which can elevate and instruct as well as please, if they are to enjoy thoroughly the hours of relaxation. This want it is, which dramatic poetry offers to supply. Hence in all countries it has been with religion and religious subjects, that this poetry has at first occupied itself. Religion is the subject which most appeals to all, and appeals to the noblest part of each. Piety is of all sentiments the most sublime and the most universal. But though thus born in the midst of the people, and for the people, the dramatic art has become always and every where the favorite pleasure of the higher classes. Yet while it has thus received a more assiduous cultivation, it has encountered the formidable danger of losing its simplicity and strength in a world of conventionality and exclusiveness. The tree dies if it is detached from the soil where it first struck root. The drama, popular in its origin, must never cease to be national.

It was the happy fate of Greece that the entire nation grew at once, and that the critics and judges were worthy of the sublime efforts submitted to their inspection. Modern civilization is full of inequalities, and contradictions. And it is not in times of great social disorder, or when great wants are keenly felt, that literature, still less dramatic literature, can flourish. The drama requires an audience yielding to its pleasures with a hearty and pure enthusiasm. The sole plaudits of the learned are not the food on which it can live. It requires strong passions, and lively feelings, and a national heart beating strongly and warmly in order to show what it truly is.

The reign of Elizabeth was one of those decisive epochs so slowly and painfully won by modern nations, which witness the empire of thought rising above that of force. At such a time the people gives itself to the strange burst of new power, to which it feels it has been awakened, and rejoicing in its strength, strikes eagerly into paths hitherto untrod.

The end of the 16th century was in England a breathing time after years of storm. War, religious conflicts, the disorders incident to a community of which the elements have no settled and harmonious relation to each other had long occupied the minds, and drained the energies of the nation. But Elizabeth reigned for forty years with no serious interruption to the even flow of peaceful life, and yet with much to arouse all the faculties and kindle all the aspirations of a great peo-

ple. There is a kind of heartiness, of simple ardour, almost a boyish eagerness displayed in every sphere of life. Drake and Raleigh lead adventures to the end of the world. Leicester wastes a fortune in the pageant of Kenilworth. Love is expressed as if the heart's core were pierced, and the language of daily life glows with far fetched expressions and extravagant conceits. Even material prosperity, the comfort of homesteads, the spread of a rude luxury, the confidence in the times, and the hopefulness for the future, contributed to allow men to give their hearts to the pleasures which their hours of recreation offered them. Nor was the crisis in our political history less favorable. No time is more conducive to the growth and maintenance of literary excellence than that in which liberty exists without asserting itself: when a strong government holds on its course, and yet individuals feel their weight, and can respect themselves. There were, too, concealed elements of strength sleeping beneath the surface, giving a vigour and intensity to the character which they did not distort;—especially the slumbering fire of religious fanaticism, which, though not fierce enough to burst as yet the covering which confined it, gave frequent signs of what it would be when half a century later it blazed with so wild a fury.

England too has from its earliest times displayed a poetical power and a love of poetry more original and more constant than any other European nation. When therefore Shakespeare planted the drama here, he planted it in a congenial soil. The hospitality with which minstrels were received, the honor paid them, the fondness for public gatherings, which peculiar social institutions had done much to foster, all show how readily the English mind would turn to an exhibition of that poetry which collects men together to charm and enlighten them. Perhaps the Court itself aimed at a classical elegance, and indulged in a laborious pedantry too much to have guided the lower classes in the direction the bent might assume—but the people were strong for the Court. They found a poet who could speak the words they longed to hear uttered, and the Court was obliged to acquiesce in their decision.

What would we not now give if we could penetrate behind the thick veil which shrouds this poet from the eyes of posterity. We know more of almost every great poet than we do of Shakespeare. Compare Homer for instance. His character is written in his works. When we lay the *Iliad* down, we know what sort of a man wrote it. But the mind of Shakes-

peare was too complex to pourtray itself in any of the productions of his pen. Hardly anything is known of him or his family. It is not improbable that his father may have suffered a reverse of fortune before the son had completed his education, but not before he had begun it. This might account for his possessing so much of the elegance which accompanies a good education, though ignorant of so many branches of knowledge that belong to it. A few stories yet remain to shew the jovial, genial spirit which he displayed in early manhood. We are told of the drinking match at Bedford, of the graceful hilarity with which he charmed his rustic companions, and of his contest of wit, perhaps of impudence with Sir Thomas Lucy. But, with the exception of his early marriage, we know nothing that can be called a leading event in his life till we find him in London. Even then we are all left in doubt as to the capacity in which he was first connected with the theatre. Some anecdotes would seem to imply that he began at first out-side the building, and that he could find no better opening for his almost superhuman powers than holding the horses of the spectators.

The theatres were then not only successful but fashionable. The water was crowded with boats, bearing the audience to these scenes of popular and courtly amusement. There was then a public ready to welcome the efforts of a dramatic genius if one appeared before it. Shakespeare is said to have at last appeared on the stage with indifferent success. Probably he found another vent for his powers which he judged more suitable to them, before he had sufficiently learnt the art of acting to do himself justice. Happily no premature fame as an actor came to tempt him into a path, in which he could only have enlightened one generation. From correcting and altering the plays of others he soon passed to compositions entirely his own. Meanwhile he endured the misery, and keenly felt the disgrace of an obscure comedian's life. Gradually he worked his way to an intercourse with persons of a higher rank, and to circumstances of worldly prosperity. He became the friend of Lord Southampton, and the purchaser of a house and land at Stratford. During the first ten years of the 17th century he advanced not only in reputation, but in ease and security of position. In 1613, he was made by James 1st the manager of the Blackfriars theatre—and only retired from London, in order to enjoy the fruits of his labours, and an honoured old age at his native town. He died at Stratford on the 23d of April 1616, the day on which he completed his fifty second year. Tradition tells nothing

of his latter days or of his death, and the conclusion of his life is wrapped in an obscurity more profound if possible than any other part.

It is pleasant to turn from records so scanty, accounts so meagre, to those immortal works in which we feel at once at home, and which seem so full, and real, and living, beside the shadowy outlines of the life of their author. Both his Comedy and Tragedy have a place peculiar and independent in the sphere of the drama. His comedy is not the comedy of Aristophanes or Molière. The Greek and French comedy sprang from a free but attentive observation of the actual world. Human life offers a real distinction between the grave and gay aspect of things, and this distinction has been preserved on the stage, but true art has not quitted the field of actual experience. Whether Molière laughs at M. Jourdain or Aristophanes ridicules Cleon, the life of those they saw around them, forms the ground work of the picture. In Greece, where violent contrasts, and complex effects were always avoided by that happy instinct which secured a general harmony of thought amid all external disturbances, these two aspects of life were always, kept distinct. They have been mixed together in the troubled and unequal atmosphere of modern civilization. The minds of men have received impressions too confusedly and too rapidly to perceive the line that divides them. France first appreciated and insisted on the distinction of tragic and comic, impelled by its keen love of the gay and lively, and aided by the turn for order and subdivision pervading every department of public life, and at last exhibited in the comedies of Molière a comedy at once new and perfect of its kind, in which family life and ordinary events were used to extract food for a sustained laughter, and, while the borders of the serious were never far left, the ludicrous made itself perpetually felt. Shakespeare's comedies are a perfectly different creation. They are merely plays with a happy ending, and in which the incidents and characters are not arranged upon any preconceived basis. There is hardly a vice, a virtue, a conception, or a situation in any tragedy of Shakespeare, which is not also to be met with in one of his comedies; but that which in the tragedy is fertile in consequences, intimately linked to the series of causes and effects, is only presented in the comedy as having a momentary interest, and quickly disappears to give place to some other unpremeditated combination. Leontes is as jealous as Othello, but his jealousy is only a passing caprice. A new circumstance or two will be introduced, and

the King and the audience with alike forget that he was ever jealous. Iachimo is as base and as cunning as Iago, but there is a kind of boyish petulance in his malice, which prepares the mind for his sharing ultimately the general amnesty which is the natural conclusion of a comedy. With a wayward and wandering flight, the poet moves lightly from subject to subject, careless of every thing but the pleasant thought before him, and heedless how it agrees with those he has expressed before. Great triumphs are achieved by this joyous race of a wild fancy. The absurdities of the plot of the *Winter's Tale* are veiled beneath the graceful gaiety of Perdita, and the patient virtue of Hermione. The perverse inclinations of the Athenian lover serve to introduce the bright world of Puck and Oberon, and the ludicrous passion of Titania. Some of Shakespeare's comedies are however undoubted exceptions to this species of artless composition. Such plays as the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" and "*The Tempest*" ought to be classed under another head than that which includes "*As You Like It*" and "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*." "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" is a perfect specimen of the comedy of intrigue: and when once the poet has introduced us to the world in which the scene of the *Tempest* is laid, every thing is in perfect keeping, and the parts are carefully adjusted with a view to the general effect. It is in vain that we pretend to classify the works of Shakespeare by the distinction of comic and tragic. The real separation that divides them is that of the fantastic and the real, romance and the world. But in the province of that which is drawn from actual life we are again obliged to draw a line of demarcation between those plays such as most of the historical dramas, in which the connexion of events is only that of historical succession, and those greater efforts of genius in which events are but the scene in which the power of the individual man is displayed. The historical plays are but groups of circumstances, possessing more or less interest, and exhibited in their practical and familiar aspect. Beside all the great names of English history, come Fluellen and Nym and Pistol. The incidents of private life are used to give warmth and reality to the picture. And it is by this appeal to the sympathies of the audience that the chain of past history is made to possess sufficient attraction for men of another generation.

The true tragedy, the plays on which Shakespeare's reputation plainly rests, proceed on a widely different principle. In them no incident is isolated. Every thing is linked together by strong and perceptible bands. There is an indivi-

dual presented to us—an individual battling with the storms of fate, and accomplishing even against his will the decrees of God. Around him play the shifting vicissitudes of life. They take their colour from him. He is the centre of all. He is the servant not the slave of circumstance. An obscure and remote event is perhaps to be conducted to a certain result. In the midst of the intervening incidents, Shakespeare places a man—into whose hands is given the thread which guides the action. The events follow their course and the individual follows his. He uses his force to turn them from a direction he wishes to avoid, to overcome them when they cross his predetermined path, to escape them when they threaten to embarrass him; he subjects them for a moment to his power to find them soon again, more opposed to him than ever in the new course he has forced them to take, and he succumbs at last, but with spirit unbrokeu, in the struggle which sees the wreck of his fate and of his life.

What then is the Romantic drama such as it sprang from the hands of Shakespeare? It is a picture of human life in all its variety, painted in its different aspects, the terrible mingling with the ludicrous, the grave with the gay: with no fetters of time or place beyond what its own necessities impose, but coherent because there is a unity of impression pervading the whole—the impression which is awakened by the mighty mind of man combating with the shocks of fate. It is this strong human interest which provokes the sympathy to and elicits this sympathy is at once the reward and the support of the dramatic art. Macbeth is perhaps the best type of the system pursued by Shakespeare. In Hamlet, the most celebrated and most popular of all his tragedies, there is an element of doubt, and conflict, in the mind of the hero, independent of the action of circumstances on him. He is puzzled, stupified, distracted, not by his position but by the moral scruples it inspires. In general the mental condition of the prominent character is much less complex. It rolls on in a certain groove, and we are only prevented from watching the evenness of its career by the external shocks it has to encounter. We have as it were two points of certainty given us, a certain cast of mind in the character who is to give unity to the drama, and a certain goal to which destiny is leading him. Beyond this, all is uncertain,—that is, events are allowed to group themselves apparently at random, but really linked together by the thread which is placed in our hands at the beginning. Hence the wild boldness of the great poet. He can dare to avail himself of storms and ghosts, of fools and gravediggers. Secure in the

unity, insured by the centre idea of the play, he can afford to use materials of every description, to use them as freely as life offers them, and hence the region of the Romantic drama is of itself boundless. Man is the same in every generation, and there is no scene in which he can display himself, which is not within the range of a system admitting of adaptation to any condition of the external world.

If with our minds full of these wonderful creations of the Romantic drama which Shakespeare has presented us, we turn to Corneille and his system, we feel a strange wonder that a system so much narrower, and a genius so much inferior should yet have produced works which deserve to be called great, and which possess attractions for some minds more powerful than the wilder and freer beauties of Shakespeare. But whatever may be the distance that separates them, at least their historical position in the literature of their respective countries offers many points of comparison between Shakespeare and Corneille. The latter as the former came into the arena exactly at the moment, when there was room for the display of great deeds. The way for great men is prepared for ages before they are given to us. France had at length, just as England in the time of Elizabeth, settled down into an established order of things after long conflicts, and weary struggles. As in England, the mind of the people had been awakened to a relish for something like literary refinement and poetic excellence, by the labours of poets whose names have been now deservedly forgotten. And France has clung to Corneille as England has to Shakespeare. Each nation has imbibed ideas generated and maintained by the admiration for the founder of their national drama. It is true that in France the laurels of Corneille have been shared, and perhaps more than equally by Racine. But if we only look at the mode in which French dramatic poetry sprang into being, Corneille stands alone. He is the father if not the legislator of this poetry. It was to his genius, to his instinctive perception of truth that France owes her escape from the platitudes, the conceits, and the pedantry which his literature exhibited at the beginning of the 17th Century.

Corneille had two antecedents, his thoughts and writings were moulded by two influences which were, perhaps happily, wanting to Shakespeare; the prevalent taste for the learned languages, and an established body of critics. The power of Rome has never perished in Gaul. As Franks and Goths rolled over the surface of the country, they conquered the Roman inhabitants of Gaul, only in their turn to be conquer-

ed by them. Though they remained masters of the soil and the liberties of the degenerated countrymen of Cæsar, they yielded to the empire which a cultivated mind is sure to exercise over a barbarian. There is something of a Latin spirit which has never died away in France. The French have always been characterized in their mental efforts by a success limited within certain bounds comparatively narrow, the characteristic of that type of mind which we, vaguely enough, call the classical. The recent revival of letters had made this tending to Latin habits of thought peculiarly marked in the age of Corneille. It was one, from which it was impossible he should himself escape.

The French Academy received its letters of registration in 1637 from Cardinal Richelieu. It was perhaps an institution which was almost imperatively demanded by an age, and in a country in which literary taste and cultivation were the property of individuals, rather than the inheritance of the whole nation, and when the language was so unsettled, and criticism so unformed. But however necessary and well adapted to the exigencies of the time it may have been, it must have exerted some of that influence which critics and criticism always possess even over men of great natural power—the influence which prompts men to seek a safe mediocrity rather than an excellence which exposes them to animadversion. The sensitive mind of Corneille was sure to be affected by the literary storm which hung over the head of any one that should venture to transgress the rule of art. Would Hamlet have been followed by Macbeth and Lear if it had been reviewed, analysed, admired, blamed and discussed by a body of savans and men of letters founded by Burleigh and patronised by the Queen?

Pierre Corneille was born in 1606 at Rouen. His father was an *avocat*, and he was himself destined for the bar. But he early felt impulses towards the career in which his genius was soon to display itself. Love inspired him with his first poetical ardour, and to it he has attributed the glory he afterwards attained

Charmé de deux beaux yeux, mon vers charma la cour,  
Et ce que j'ai de mieux, je le dois à l'amour.

Perhaps however it was not a very heart-rending passion for he says in another place of his love.

Par là je m' appris à rimer

So that if he felt the sting of love, he was wise enough to get a little useful honey out of his pains. Corneille first appeared before the public with the play of "*Mélite*." It



was a successful effort though to any one who should peruse it now, it would probably appear jejune and uninteresting enough, and would show but little promise of the great works that were to follow. Four or five comedies published within a short interval after "*Mélite*" placed Corneille so high in public reputation that Richelieu thought it worth his while to patronize the new candidate for fame. He was employed by the Cardinal to work in conjunction with others of his protégés in the composition of pieces for the theatre. Happy in the calm enjoyment of bad taste, his fellow labourers were far from foreseeing the revolution which was so soon to overturn their empire.

But it must be confessed that Corneille was as far from apprehending this revolution as any one. It was only by a sort of accident that he was led to the subject of the "*Cid*," and it was hardly by conscious efforts that he escaped from wandering in the field of second rate comedy—at the time that he was penning the loves of "*Chimène*" and "*Rodrigue*" he still understood himself and his powers so little as to publish a poor comedy called "*L' Illusion Comique*." It was only the success of the "*Cid*" which taught him how he succeeded. It was the creation itself which revealed to him his creative genius. When indeed the "*Cid*" had achieved a triumphant success, when in spite of the adverse opinion of the Cardinal, the criticism of the Academy, and the envious detraction of Scudery and other rivals, this play had worked itself into a permanent and deep seated empire over the popular mind, then Corneille felt how it was that he had succeeded, and what had been the true character of his triumph. "France knew nothing" says Voltaire "before the "*Cid*," of that struggle of passion which rends the heart, and beside which all the other beauties of art are beauties without life." In fact on the stage of that day, passion, and duty, tenderness, and grandeur were never heard or thought of. It was love, it was honour, exalted as high as the most glowing imagination can picture them, which for the first time, and as on a sudden, appeared in all their glory before a public, in whose eyes honour was the chief of virtues, and love the chief occupation of life. "Enthusiasm," says Pélisson, "was carried to transports. Time after time, people crowded unwearied to see the piece: nothing else was talked of in society, every one knew parts of it by heart: children were taught it and in some parts of France it passed into a proverb to say "*cela est beau comme la Cid*.""

It was not to be expected that the beauties of this successful drama should be universally recognized. But the animosity (for so strong a term is not misapplied to the furious persecution of Richelieu) with which it was regarded by the Cardinal must have been unexpected. Richelieu was probably offended with the free and independent spirit of the poet. He insisted that the poem should be submitted to the judgment of the academy. The academy never criticized any work unless the author requested their decision. Corneille would not make the request. Still Richelieu insisted, and so strongly, that Corneille could not but acquiesce. The learned body fulfilled their task, and it was probably from fear of the minister that their verdict leant more to the side of blame than that of praise. But the poet knew by this time his own strength. The "Cid" was followed by "Horace" and "Polyeucte," and "Pompée" and "Cinna" and though perhaps in these plays there was something wanting of the boldness, and careless vigour of the "Cid," yet they were quite worthy to be accounted productions of the same author. But they were the last of Corneille's plays that sustained his reputation. He survived for many years, and did not lay aside his pen till he was past seventy, but his genius did not shew itself equal to this prolonged effort. forcible lines, and well conceived scenes occur in almost every one of his works, but the master spirit which could animate a whole drama seems to have departed.

He himself bitterly lamented the loss of fame: not that he ever ceased to be famous, but his fame rested in the past and this galled him. It was a trial for a man who wrote a play almost every year, that he should hear nothing praised that he had written within twenty years, and Corneille's mind was at once sensitive and proud. Voltaire indeed regrets the want of pride he displayed in the humble supplications and dedications he addressed to the Cardinal. To be humble to the great man was in his eyes a mere matter of business. It came as a matter of course to him: it was a part of the manners of the age in which he lived. He lived on Richelieu's bounty, and thought of no disgrace. In return he was Richelieu's most humble servant." And he, and every one of his contemporaries would have laughed at, if indeed he could have understood, the feelings which made Voltaire mourn over the servile uses to which was sometimes devoted

"l'âme qui crayonna

L'âme du grand Pompée et l'esprit de Cinna."

It is impossible to say to what heights the genius of Corneille might not have soared, or to guess the beauties to which

he might have led the way, had he boldly abandoned himself to the inspiration of his soul. But though he was not the man to quail before an attack, he sought security by quitting dangerous paths. He saw the love of Chimène in the "Cid" treated as something monstrous and absurd. Thenceforward he hesitated to paint the weakness of the heart. He devoted himself to depicting its strength. He made the resisting not the yielding heart the subject of all his dramas; and thus shut himself out from the half of man. And as admiration is the sentiment especially awakened by heroic resistance, admiration became the favorite passion of Corneille.

Boileau and Voltaire unite in rejecting admiration from the number of tragic passions; but this is perhaps an opinion dictated by the same criticism which has held love to be the topic on which of all others, the plot of great dramas ought to turn. Love is the only passion, which is felt in a degree by all, in intensity by a few, and which all, or almost all, flatter themselves they could feel intensely, if occasion were given. It therefore has an interest which appeals to the personal and private history of each of the audience. But the drama is apt to degenerate into triviality and vulgarity when it looks too much to personal interests. Admiration is a high faculty of which the use is a pleasure. But as real every-day life offers but little to admire, the stage naturally offers a world in which something to excite the dormant faculty may be presented. The mind, released from the pursuit of individual interests, gives itself up to speculative combinations, and thus prepares for man one of the most lively pleasures he can taste. Admiration is the enthusiasm of virtue. It bears us away till we become in imagination that which we admire. We rise to the height we contemplate. It is not the greatness, it is not the virtue of the old Horace which seems to bear us aloft. It is our own greatness; our own high courage. It is that sentiment, which too often buried in real life beneath the weight of selfishness or circumstance, here plays in the free sphere of the imagination, and attains without effort, that elevation which is the last degree of happiness, our feelings can give us. There is no one capable of appreciating the sublime beauties of Corneille who can fail to feel what admiration can do for the soul of man, when he witnesses the representation of any of Corneille's dramas. He is raised to a height, at which no low idea can any longer reach him. He finds no expression trivial. Even words and phrases beneath the style of dignified poetry borrow a kind of dignity from the spirit that breathes through them.

But the brilliant covering certainly veils some defects. In order to arrive at that invincible force of soul, which makes all bend before it, it is necessary to be absolutely separated from all else that enters into the composition of human nature. Every thought must be lost of all that, which, in real life alters the shape of this ideal grandeur, dreamt of only by the imagination as possible, when it isolates it from the other affections, and so forgets all that renders it so seldom realized. To this isolation the imagination of Corneille willingly abandoned itself. The lofty character of his inventions derived support from his inexperience of life. Just as in his own life he never thought for an instant of exhibiting those actions which he extols so much in his heroes, and laughed at the proposal of a rival to settle a literary difference with the sword, so in the conception of his heroes he introduced none of the ideas which he carried into ordinary life. Corneille did not occupy himself with the observation of nature. He guessed what nature in a few rare instances would shew itself. His imagination by itself grouping together a few traits of the simplest character, enabled him to compose a sort of model being, moved by one single impression, and borne in one single direction. It did not enable him to point opposites, and unite contradictions.

It was thus that he formed an absolute idea of the force of soul which might be indifferently excited, for crime, or virtue, patriotism or treachery. And it was thus also that too exclusively engrossed with the particular situation he was describing, he omitted those adjuncts, necessary to complete the outline, if his picture was to be a truthful representation. He could not even see when he was hurried into ideas of a painful and perhaps ridiculous character. He devotes himself entirely to the subject of the moment. Chimène, the daughter, calling for vengeance on her father's murderer, seems as if she had never known what love meant. Chimène, the mistress of Rodrigue, loves so tenderly and passionately that we should expect she would forget her father as easily as Desdemona did. In the same way, the personages of Corneille's dramas enunciate maxims of the most opposite tendency, and all in terms of the most undoubting confidence. Perhaps it is this which has won him the admiration of so many men of illustrious names. The only poet that Napoleon cared for besides Ossian was Corneille. Ambitious and imperious men have been almost surprised to find sentiments

they hardly would avow to themselves stated by a great poet as indisputable truths. Livie, for instance says

Tous ces crimes d'état qu'on fait pour la couronne  
 Le ciel nous en absout alors qu'il nous la donne ;  
 Et dans le sacré rang, où sa faveur l'a mis,  
 Le passé devient juste, et l'avenir permis.

Enough of Corneille's countrymen have since his time committed "crimes d'état" to make this doctrine a very acceptable one. The Maréchal de Grammont used to say "Corneille is the breviary of kings". Probably kings like a breviary that flatters their prejudices as much as subjects do.

If the circumstances are really such as to demand greatness of soul, Corneille's hero walks in an atmosphere that seems natural to him, but if an exhibition of power is scarcely warranted by the situation in which the hero is placed, we feel that there is something disproportionate and almost repulsive in the energy displayed. Again in order to defend their course, in order to gain the ground on which alone they know how to stand, the characters of Corneille's plays make speeches in a strain of close but rather heavy reasoning which diminish considerably the interest we should feel if we could but leap to a conclusion that they were in the right. And lastly even the truth at which Corneille especially aimed, was a truth that belonged more to the age in which he lived than to human nature. The harangues of his heroes, boasting of what they had done and could do, belonged in reality to the French gentleman of the 17th century : and the love which is detected in some at least of the tragedies of Corneille, is a duty rather than a passion ; a kind of servitude into which it is agreeable and honorable to fall, but which binds the victim to an enforced obedience to a number of arbitrary rules, and imposes on him the fulfilment of a number of arbitrary tasks. Men loved in this way in the days of Madame de Maintenon but if they had so loved when the world was younger, Troy would never have fallen, and Antony would never have thrown away an empire for a smile.

The Classical drama then presents us with a world limited, but, to a certain extent, complete. It aims at conveying a single impression by the expenditure of the fewest possible means. Its tendency is to eliminate all that is not strictly necessary. Hence its subjection to criticism and rules of art. And hence too it has become the favorite of a cultivated people. It is possible to pronounce with but little hesitation in

what it offends, and how far it fulfils, the laws laid down for its guidance. It thus requires, or at least allows, the presence of critics as well as spectators. It demands too, something of cultivation to be able to transport the mind into scenes so unlike ordinary life. And thus both in what it allows and in what it exacts it appeals to a cultivated taste. While the Romantic drama sees and apprehends the thread that really connects the shifting and tangled events of human life, the Classical drama shows how a conceivable conjunction of events and men may be made to exhibit the impression of one great idea. To men of English tastes and English educations, it is hardly possible that the attraction of the latter should rival those of the former. It is absurd to compare systems so different with a view to pronounce on their rival merits. But if we are overawed by the great name of Shakespeare, and have delighted from our youth in his wild and varied beauties, we must remember that the Classical drama bears in its front the name of Corneille, and has obtained the almost exclusive admiration of the nation which has for two hundred years led the literature of Europe.

*London, August 1852.*

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## THE MAGISTRATE.

—  
Otium Divos rogat &c

HOR LID: II. CARM: 16.

For ease the harass'd Foujdar prays  
When crowded courts, in sultry days,  
Exhale the noxious fume ;  
While poring o'er the case, he hears  
The lengthen'd lie, and doubts and fears  
The culprit's final doom.

For ease, for ease he constant sighs,  
Invokes the moon and starry skies  
To lend their friendly light,  
That no dacoit his peace invade,  
Nor burglar ply his boring trade  
Secur'd by gloomy night.

But all his plans and toils can ne'er  
Fulfil his hopes, his wishes dear,  
For ever and anon  
The daring crime, the affray, the theft,  
The wail of those of all bereft,  
Keep pouring ceaseless on.

Yet all the numerous ills among  
That foil his plans, his purpose strong  
Remain unshaken still ;  
The consciousness of truth and zeal,  
And labor for the public weal,  
A solace sweet instil.

Then why uneasy should he be,  
Or hope e'er perfect peace to see  
Unmixed with vice or crime,  
For evil passions shall prevail,  
And with their train man's race assail,  
Till Heaven's eternal time.

## INDIAN SALARIES.

Travellers to a country and residents in it, are both apt to fall into a common mistake. Travellers forgetting that a country has a thousand aspects each influenced by the standpoint of the observer (if we may borrow a word from the German) affect to give a complete view, when the real fact is, that they can only represent it in the respects of which they are capable of judging. This has been very observable in accounts of the United States. People have gone to America for a few months and have returned fully prepared to give their opinions not only on the scenery or the society, or the towns or the shops or the railways or the roads, but on every question of social and political science, on the whole phenomena of the national system, and the general working of republican institutions. Out of this has arisen the ludicrous spectacle of Captain Marryatt dictating on points of social philosophy, and Mrs. Trollope assuming the character of arbitress in matters of taste and fashion. Harvey Tuckett tells an amusing anecdote bearing upon the subject in this country. "The subject of Indian Land Revenue," he says "at the same time that it is one of the greatest importance, is one of the greatest difficulty. There is an old anecdote well known in India, of a French traveller, who having run over the East, arrived at Calcutta for embarkation to Europe. His book was ready,—all he had seen and all he imagined he had seen, accurately described. For Indian travellers, from Emina Roberts to Jacquemont, consider themselves authorized to describe scenes as from actual observation, if chance has taken them within three hundred miles of the spot. The only thing wanting was an account of the Revenue System. By chance he met, on the eve of his departure, Mr. Holt Mackenzie at a dinner party, was introduced and preferred his request, that Monsieur Mackenzie would accord him the favour of ten minutes' conversation to explain the Revenue System of India, and thus enable him to complete his book, 'Sir' Mackenzie is reported to have replied, 'I have been employed on the Revenue System of India for the last thirty years, and do not yet understand it myself.'"

But if travellers have their faults, residents in a country have theirs also. They are apt to attach a far too great value to their knowledge of the vernacular language and local habits, to forget that the mist of familiarity is often nearly as



thick as that of ignorance, and that the very minute acquaintance with portions of a country, of which they are so proud, is likely to incapacitate them for judging fairly of the whole country. We think this an excellent remark of Mr. Mill. "As no fact is more certain, so none is of more importance, in the science of human nature than this; that the powers of observation, in every individual, are exceedingly limited; and that it is only by combining the observations of a number of individuals, that a competent knowledge of any extensive subject can ever be acquired. Of so extensive and complicated a scene as India, how small a portion would the whole period of his life enable any man to observe."

Residents in this country then must check the feeling which would prompt them to exclaim, "What can people in London know about India?" because there is no reason why people in London should not be in even a better position for judging of Indian affairs than residents themselves.

But this always supposes that the people in London take the trouble to study the subject, because it is quite obvious that a person partially acquainted with India, as a resident must be, cannot fail to know somewhat more than a critic who has neither visited nor enquired about the country. Now we think we have some ground of complaint against London writers on India in this respect; we do not complain of the obliquity of their judgements, we do not charge them with want of candour, nor lately can we upbraid them with indifference; we simply say this, that it is incumbent upon every person entering on a discussion to previously take average trouble in acquainting himself with the facts of the case.

Sometimes the disregard of facts to which we refer, arises from the writer determining to generalize from particulars. Thus it has been well said by a writer in the *Calcutta Review* (generally understood to be Mr. John Thornton of the Revenue Board,) "If the Editor of the *Spectator* wishes to prove that it is the pressure of the Government revenue, which prevents the supply of cotton to the English market, he draws his conclusions from assertions of Bombay merchants, which, whether true or not as regards that presidency, are certainly quite inapplicable to Bengal. Even Professor Jones, with his peculiar means of information, has erred in a similar way. When discussing the nature of ryot rents in India, and lamenting that Sir Thomas Munro's advice to reduce those rents in certain parts of the Madras Territory was not complied with, he seems to have been totally unaware that, in the larger and richer portion of our Eastern Empire, the Government is no

longer the sole landlord; the agricultural management now rests with other proprietors, whose interest in the soil has been created by the limitation of the public demand; and that the amount of rent paid by the actual cultivators, where not limited by special circumstances, is regulated by natural causes, with which the revenue paid to the state has no connexion."

But sometimes, too, we fear we must believe, this disregard of facts arises from a carelessness as to their investigation, from a superficial glance at statistical information, which of all information is the most likely to mislead if not collaterally examined, and from the contemptuous idea that the rude and primitive state of Indian Institutions can present no difficulties which a London mind, accustomed to abstruse home questions, cannot intuitively unravel.

We have read with pain a recent article in the *Examiner* newspaper on Indian Salaries. We say with pain, because we consider the subject a very important one, and when an influential journal treats that subject in a way which is open to immediate refutation, we think the subject is so much the less likely to be thoroughly canvassed before the Select Committee of the House of Commons.

Every subject, affecting the finances of this country must be one of great importance. We do not agree with Mr. Campbell when he says "After all, the important question in considering any administration is this simple one, does the country pay?" An administration must be judged as to how it carries out the object for which it was instituted, *considering* its means of doing so. But it is certainly true that no Government which is crippled for money can fully and effectively carry out the ends of its existence.

And the financial affairs of a country must be of great importance, when the state of its revenues depends so much as they do here—on the prospects of peace, and partially on so precarious an item as the *Opium*.

A comparison between the civil charges of this country and those of the United Kingdom, with which the writer in the *Examiner* commences, we think useless: because the simple fact that the population and extent of India is so much greater and the revenues so much less than those of the United Kingdom at once disturbs the parallel.

That the civil charges in India however are very high, that is, far higher than they need be, there can be little doubt.

The writer assigns as the causes, the multiplicity of superfluous governments, and the monstrous redundancy of salaries.

We agree partially as to the first cause, but we shall only touch upon the salaries at present.

He says "A civil officer of the Indian Government the very day he arrives in India, is put on the pay of a Lieutenant Colonel of Her Majesty's Infantry who may have been in the army for five and twenty years, who may have done the state some service, in the five different divisions of the globe, and who most probably, has paid the sum of 6,000£ for his various Commissions, while our civil and youthful aspirant, perhaps not more than eighteen, has paid nothing at all, but his passage-money and a bow to an Indian Director."

On this only one remark is necessary,—the young civilian does not receive *one third* of the salary of the Queen's Lieut.-Colonel in India.

From the youthful Civil Officer the writer suddenly passes to the Governor General. 25,000*l* a year certainly is a great deal and must have seemed a rise in the world, with a vengeance, for our good Laird o' Cockpen. But if it was absolutely all he received, we scarcely think it too much for the office as it is at present constituted. Whether it should be so constituted is another question.

But the worst of it is, that 25,000£ a year is well known to be only about two thirds of what the salary really is worth; there are a variety of little matters of the nature of what in the pantry are called perquisites.

So too there does seem something most anomalous in the circumstance of the Commander-in-Chief receiving 10,000£ a year for sitting at a board, where he never does sit, and for giving counsel which he never does give. But if this were taken from him, his position with respect to other dignitaries would certainly require that his military salary should be higher, say 10,000£ instead of 6,000£.

The Counsellors are undoubtedly over-paid, six thousand a month would be ample, and indeed very handsome.

We do not agree with the writer in the *Examiner*, that the Judicial Establishment is at all over-paid, though we certainly think it is a great deal too large.

It is too large—by the Queen's Courts, in our humble opinion, and we yet hope to live to see the day, when these ludicrous anomalies will be finally done away with.

The Ecclesiastical Establishment, if it is once granted that such a thing is necessary or desirable, cannot be found fault with on the ground of expense, and what a vapid little bit of sneering this is, "The first bishop was appointed near forty year ago, but what progress these bishops and ministers have

as yet made towards the conversion of the Heathen is not known. In the language of the House of Commons, they have not "reported progress" though they take "leave to sit."

The Chaplains have nothing to do with the heathen and were never intended to carry out missionary work; in fact in some places they could not do it, without neglecting their own duties.

The Chaplain in charge of a European regiment, for instance, has plenty of work to do amongst the fiends of his own color, without troubling himself about 'outside barbarians'.

But let all men listen to this paragraph. "The reward of Indian Civil Service, we have now to add, is by no means in proportion to the dignity, importance, difficulty or responsibility of the functions to be discharged, but proceeds on the principle that every office, whatsoever its nature, shall be well paid or over-paid. The most vulgar and the most dignified duties are as near as practicable rewarded alike. Thus the Judges of the Supreme Appellate jurisdictions of Bengal have salaries of 5,200£, and the Commissioners of the Land Tax have exactly the same sum. This is about as decent and proper as if we were to pay our Commissioners of Custom or Inland Revenue the same salaries as we do the Judges of Westminster Hall. A Secretary of state is paid the same as a Commissioner of the Salt and Opium Monopolies, and an Ambassador 200£ a year less than a Monopoly Agent. A chief Provincial Judge has 3,800£ a year, and a Collector of excise and Land Tax exactly the same." Now all of this is misrepresentation and a great deal of it untrue. We will pass over verbal mistakes, we will suppose by the 'Commissioners of Land Tax' are meant the Board of Revenue, and we will suppose 'Ambassadors' to mean Residents.

The Residents' salaries differ according to the importance of the place at which they reside, and some Residents' salaries are far higher than that of any Commissioner of Salt or Opium.

A chief provincial Judge has always a higher salary than a Collector, and in these provinces there is no separate office of Collector; it is always associated with that of Magistrate.

There is not the most distant analogy between a member of our Sudder Board and a Commissioner of Inland Revenue at home. The Inland Revenue Commissioner does not correspond to any functionary out here, but his office most resembles that of Tehsildar.

We need not remind our readers that all the difficult questions arising out of our settlements and of the intricate tenures in this country come under the cognizance of the Revenue Board.

Our Commissioners of Customs have a great deal of patronage in their hands, and the Office is usually held by men of standing, we do not know that the salary is excessive. What is the excessive scorn in the expression "monopoly agent?" Pray what is the President of the Board of Control?

Curiously enough the writer has said nothing about the Commissioners of Revenue and Police, and there, we think was an opening for something to be said. We do not think they are too highly paid, considering the power which is given them, but what a very anomalous office theirs is. If they exert their power, they harass and hamper their subordinates in the execution of their duty, if they do not interfere, their appointment subsides into a sinecure. Now for another passage curiously incorrect. "Although the members of the Governments of Madras and Bombay are not paid so highly as those of Bengal, the subordinate functionaries are equally well paid; and the principle of the Equalisation of emolument through all manner of departments, from the Excise to the Secretariat of state, equally prevails. The 1,000£ a year pensions of the twenty-two years' service in India, a considerable portion of which is an apprenticeship and a large portion subordinate service, applies alike to every functionary, from a small collector of Land-tax and excise on 2800£ a year up to an Indian Counsellor on 10,000£."

The commentary on this is that the pension is not 1,000£ but 500£ a year, that it is not given for service at all, but for twenty two years' thrifty habits, which thrifty habits are involuntary. This sounds strange, but the strangeness is in the theory of the Fund; the fact is exactly as we have stated.

To the next sentence we have no answer: it is painfully true, and in sorrow we shall transcribe it without remark.

"Let us now see how the Indians are served. There are 100, 000, 000 of them and perhaps in all India there may be 40,000 Englishmen. We begin by remarking that the condition of the Indians, as to public employment, has of late years been considerably ameliorated. As ameliorated then, the following are examples of their pecuniary rewards. There are three classes of native judges, and their respective salaries are as follows: 522£, 306£, and 134£ a year. The highest of these draws just *one-tenth* of the salary of a judge of the

highest tribunal, being an Englishman. The second receives *one-twelfth* part of the salary of a provincial English judge. The third less than *one-twentieth* part of what is paid to an English provincial judge."

If this passage had appeared alone and in capitals, we could only have rejoiced ; but we fear it comes in amidst so much that is careless and declamatory, that it will attract no attention.

Our own opinion about salaries is, that reform is necessary more in doing away with officers than in lessening the emoluments attached to them. An honest observer cannot say that he sees any class living in extravagance in this country, who live within their incomes, nor any retiring on large fortunes, and this is a fair test of whether people are over paid or not. You cannot expect people of any station or education to come out to this country, for the *same* remuneration which their services might command at home. At the same time we admit that the salaries, especially the higher civil salaries are munificent and handsome, but in our opinion, with the exception of those of the Counsellors, not too much so. A comparison of Indian salaries with home ones, is as unfair as to compare the social position of people in India with that of the corresponding grades at home. Fancy an Attorney in a barouche, an Ensign with a wife, or a clergyman keeping two or three men servants. You would sooner fall in with a dead exciseman, than any one of these anomalies at home, but they are common enough out here.

But we must admit that as the higher civil appointments are handsomely paid, the foolish old system of seniority promotion should be done away. If you pay a long price, you ought to have the best article, and none but the best men, by analogy, should be placed in positions which are expensively endowed. The real way to lessen the drain of the civil charges on the revenue is to lop away the unnecessary offices. We believe that the supreme Courts might be abolished without the least disadvantage to the country, and we believe (this is gross heresy, so we had better be quick about saying it) that the State Church establishment might be done away with, and still spiritual ministrations in no way be crippled.

These two reforms to begin with, would make a very considerable difference in the civil charges.

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## THE PURDAH WITHDRAWN,

BY

A MIDDLE AGED GENTLEMAN OF UNCERTAIN TEMPER.

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I was reading a favorite book of mine the other day, and one which should be in the library of all young ladies, yeelped "Memoirs of the literary Ladies of England from the commencement of the last Century" by Mrs. Elwood, and published in 1843, when my eye fell upon the following passage in a sketch of the character and life of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, "Pleasing as are her published works, it is said that Mrs. Grant's conversational powers were even still more attractive, her information on every subject combining with her uniform cheerfulness and equanimity, to make her society very delightful. There was a dignity and sedateness, united with considerable sprightliness and vivacity in her conversation, which rendered it highly interesting, and withal, it was so unaffected and natural, and seemed to emanate from her well-stored mind with so little effort, that some of her most profound and judicious remarks, as well as her liveliest sallies, appeared as if they had been struck off at the moment, without any previous reflection. The natural simplicity of her mind and an entire freedom from attempts at display, soon made the youngest person with whom she conversed, feel in the presence of a friend." This is certainly a delightful picture; but hark! I hear the voice of some angry reader crying out, "Who was Mrs. Grant of Laggan?" I am of an amiable disposition and will not refer them to the book for an answer. Mrs. Grant was a Scotch lady, the wife of a Minister in the established Church of that country. Left a widow at 46 years of age, utterly destitute, and with a family of eight children, she had in the autumn of her existence to fight over again as it were the battle of life. Gifted with an independent and courageous spirit she cheerfully betook herself to her task; and happily being possessed of considerable literary talents, she acquired by their exercise the means of providing for the wants and education of her family, and a justly deserved reputation. In Edinburgh her society was courted by the towns people and strangers, and her friendship sought by the most eminent persons of the day; amongst whom may be enumerated the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, Sir W. Grant, Lord Jeffery, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Wal-

ter Scott, Mrs. Hemans and a host of others. She lived to a very old age and died as she had lived, honored and respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The passage which I have quoted, set me a thinking of old times and the old country, of familiar faces and the happiness which surrounds an English fire side, of evenings at Home, so different from evenings spent in India, and of the very unfavorable contrast which Anglo Indian Society presents to that in which most of us were accustomed to move. Finally I could not help wishing that a few such women as Mrs. Grant of Laggan were to be met with in this our land of exile. Here was a lady, who from the time that she sprung into woman-hood until she had reached the age of seventy and upwards, mixing much in society, lived courted and admired for her virtues, talents and conversational powers, the delight of her friends, charming alike the young and old, and taking her proper place in the world of intelligence, as the equal and fitting companion of man. Are such women to be found in India? have we even a moderate supply of clever and highly educated women amongst us to give an higher tone to the conversation, habits, and thoughts of the men? It must be admitted that such women are rare in India, and seldom appreciated when they do mix in the world; they are "caviare to the general." No, "our time is frivolously passed in our visits, our scandal brought from thirty miles distant, our tittle tattle, our jealousies, our audible whispers and secrets which every body knows." This was said in 1752 and verily there is nothing new under the sun. The remark applies with similar force to our Indian society in 1852, with the additional observation that the men in and out of season talk their own peculiar "shop." Civilians amongst themselves deal chiefly in Cutcherry and Bonus funds, Military men in regimental matters, the Clergy are ever discussing the subject of allowances, and the Doctors who in all other parts of the world but India, are mostly very pleasant fellows, in this country not only smell of, but talk, feel and think of nothing but the hospital. Now why is all this? It simply arises from the unfortunate fact that the women in India are so generally inferior to men in point of education and years. Mark this, I do not say that they are inferior in point of natural ability, I simply take my stand upon this that they are under or not sufficiently educated and have not enjoyed the inestimable privilege of any extended acquaintance with English refinement and manners. On the contrary the younger portion



of the fair sex, resident in the East, step out from the school room on board one of Green's ships and land in India totally unfit for the companionship of men of thought or feeling. It can not be expected that young, such very young ladies should have any sympathy with the thinking part of the community; conversation in the sleeping apartments of a ladies' boarding school forbids any such supposition. Again, most men marry in this country, or if they do so at home, the choice falls upon very young women. (This is a remarkable fact, but capable of statistical proof. I presume however that it arises in a great measure from the number of young couples who make up the sum of Indian Society. The ingenious may speculate on the subject and send the result of their labor to the *Editor of Ledlie* for the writer of this paper—post paid.)

But even if a man on furlough succeeds in making a prudent match and brings out with him a sensible and well educated woman as his wife, what happens? The lady finds herself settled down in some station without any amongst her many female acquaintances of whom she can make a friend, or in whom she can find a congenial companion. She is driven to associate more with the clever men who may be about her; these are generally members of a class, and being class men are too much addicted to discuss their own matters. The conversation of one woman however sensible and agreeable is not sufficient to overcome this temptation. She gives up the task of endeavoring to act or talk reasonably, in despair. She is unassisted by the unthinking girls, and women about her, and abandons the hope of reforming Indian society as a bad job, and if wise, contents herself with endeavoring to make her own home an exception to the general rule. The result of the whole being, that the best and noblest part of the men, for relaxation talk only to men, and the ladies, demoiselles and matrons, are left for their amusement to the idle visits of, and ball room flirtations with dissolute *roués*, hopelessly dull, but vicious young men, or beard-lacking boys, the gloss of whose first tail-coat is still as fresh as when it left the artist's shop. All this is very bad and fraught with evil, but of the darker shades of Indian society it is not my province or indeed my wish to speak. But there is one sad fact of which mention ought to be made, which is, that young people after their arrival in India appear to degenerate. Surely many of us have seen numbers of young ladies shortly after their arrival, and admired them chiefly for that native English modesty and reserve which shrinks from rude familiarity. But see those same young women a

year after in some large station, and mark the change. They have become bold, noisy and flippant instead of maidenly, gentle and wellbred, they have

Roughen'd to the sense and all

The winning softness of their youth is lost.

Now what is the reason of this? It undoubtedly must be attributed to the early age at which young ladies are imported into this country, and the absence of any thing like an English Home on their arrival. They find in a large station, for instance, that it is not the custom in India for people only to know those intimately with whom they could associate as friends. On the contrary every body knows every body, more or less; there is an underbred familiarity on all sides; the men exhibit this in their relation with the women, and *they* submit to it unhesitatingly. Of course there are exceptions. God forbid that there should not be, but what I have asserted is generally true. I challenge contradiction. The same pernicious familiarity is seen in a ball room. The number of young unmarried ladies is so small in most of our stations, that they become of minor importance, and it follows of necessity, the married women are called upon to dance the whole evening. This the greater part do with a spirit which does more honor to their heels than their hearts, and how frequently does it happen that the men whose arms are encircling their waists are notorious profligates, men from whose mouths, in the absence of the other sex, a noble sentiment, or a pure thought has never been known to find expression. You see on the night of a public ball, married ladies of some standing, dancing repeatedly, waltz after waltz, polka after polka with the same partner, perhaps some young boy, courting his admiration with a freedom of manner, which nothing but the total neglect of nature to provide them with a heart can excuse. They do this, utterly heedless of that harm which they may be doing him, that what is sport to them may be ruin to the opposite party, that they may be sowing in his mind the seeds of a rank vanity, and pernicious disbelief in the virtue of women, ultimately to ripen into mischief, disgrace and the hopeless destruction of his earthly hopes not to speak of what may befall him hereafter. Young girls on their arrival see this picture constantly before their eyes, and be assured that they do not see it to their own advantage. Two years' perception of such scenes leaves them as I have already described. There is no restraint of any kind in such a public society. There are no old ladies to watch the gambols of the

young. No body is old in India. The generality of us are ever in the pursuit of pleasure, whatever gaiety is got up is for the amusement of the married ladies, not for the few spinsters who may happen to reside in a station. There is no denying this; even sophistry would be at fault if it attempted to object to my position. In the midst of sickness and disease, when the pestilence is walking in darkness and destruction is wasting at noon day, when the natives are dying by thousands around us, the same giddy career of pleasure is madly going on, subscription balls, expensive fêtes, follow each other in endless succession, but none will see the shadow on the wall, none will hear the rustling in the air made by the wings of the Angel of death. The writer of this paper has experienced the truth of this since his sojourn in India, and let those who doubt it spend a hot season in the hills. I have known parts of the country nearly depopulated by the ravages of cholera, hundreds falling on all sides, when there has been no medicine to distribute and no hospitals to receive the victims when attacked. I have known the European inhabitants of a hill station, when called upon to render pecuniary aid on that occasion for the benefit of those people from whose exertions they drew the means of subsistence, all but refuse that aid. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the general feeling, if not actual expression. "Let the Government see to that!" Yet in those days of sorrow and trouble I have been told that from six to eight hundred rupees were spent in a night by ladies and gentlemen who call themselves Christians, in music, eating and drinking.

Such is the school in which the young girls who come out to this country are to take the degree of matrimony. The result is too painful for present consideration but it is as inevitable as it is sorrowful to reflect on. Of any permanent change for the better there is at present but very little hope. The great drawback to improvement is the absence of the old from our society; there are none amongst us to exercise a wholesome restraint over selfishness, none to whom we can pay that respect and reverence which venerable old age demands. We have no homes, no friends, no relations, not an old association throughout our Indian career. Those amongst us who have children growing up in England take no thought of preparing a home for their reception on arrival in India: they do not realize their own position, they will not admit that the shadows of life are lengthening in their path, and the sand of their existence rapidly running out. They too are young and must be gay and their children become their equals

and impatient of control on account of that very equality. Married people in India must learn this lesson, that a home must be made for their children betimes, before, long before they arrive in a country in which the remainder of their life is to be spent. Married people in India must learn that society does not consist in meeting daily crowds of persons in the ball room or on the parade, regarding whose principles and dispositions they can know nothing, whose sole talk and thoughts are of the follies and vanities of this life, who are of the earth, earthly and fit for no other sphere. They must construct a home even in India, and this they may do by devoting themselves more to the wants and necessities of the wretched beings about them, by exercising amongst the natives of the country those Christian virtues which we would hope they have seen exercised amongst the poor in the neighbourhood of their English homes. They must busy themselves especially in raising that race whose existence is a blot on the English name from the degraded state in which a very large proportion are sunk. I allude to the lowest order of Eurasians, who, in my opinion, are in a state infinitely worse than that of the native community. Outcasts from two societies, English and Native, disregarded even by the more prosperous of their own order, they exist amongst us a perpetual shame and disgrace to Christianity. Their restoration has been all but left to Roman Catholic Priests and Sisters of Mercy. In some quarters indeed praiseworthy exertions to effect this object have been made for years, and of course my observations will not apply to them, but they are exceptions to the prevailing inattention and culpable negligence on this subject throughout the greater part of India. Social life must be made more domestic; we must not be called together by twenties and thirties to eat unwholesome hermetically-sealed meats or drink wines that never saw Alsace or the Rhine and to spend an evening in prosaic stiffness and flunkey-like attendance upon self-imagined great people. But we must meet for the purpose of conversing rationally and cheerfully as a relaxation after the business of the day,—for the sake of hearing and talking of what is doing in the world around us with a view to enlighten and benefit the brotherhood of man and restore the created to the image of the Creator. We must think less of ourselves and more of mankind. Our sympathies must not be with little Pedlington alone, but with the broad world around us. Above all, our homes must be made habitations of healthy enjoyment; they must not be abandoned for excitement abroad. The

English wife must not allow the hand which in other days and another climate was skilful in producing sounds of harmony or guiding the magic pencil, to forget its cunning. The accomplishments obtained at so great an expense at home must not be thrown aside abroad. The habits of reserve which good breeding imposes in England must not be lightly thrown aside in India. Disappointment in expectations regarding the East, the sense of disgust at perpetual confinement within doors, must be struggled against and the heart must learn, against its will, to be content with that state in which the Disposer of events has deemed it fitting to place the body.

[There is truth—who can deny it?—in this discourse, but we suspect the middle aged gentleman is a Bachelor and was recently met with a reverse.—  
ED. L. M.]

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## THE PILLAR AT COEL.

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This Pillar stands on high ground in the centre of the old Fort in the town of Coel, and forms, with the adjoining mosque, a conspicuous landmark for miles around. It is a plain round tower on a square base and appears to have been divided by external cornices into stages, or it may be that balconies were at one time thrown out as in the Delhi Pillar. At present there is left standing the first stage entire and a part of the second. The base is of block kunker with a few pieces of Sung Surkh, the first stage entirely of block kunker, and what remains of the second of burnt brick. From the somewhat irregular termination of the block kunker at the top of the first stage, it would appear to us that that stone had originally been carried higher, and indeed it is by no means improbable that the second stage, as it now stands, is the work of a far more modern era than the original pillar. If the inscription can be depended on, and there can scarcely be a doubt of it, it must be so, as we believe burnt bricks are not to be found in any Pathan architectural remains. To the north is a doorway, opening on a spiral staircase, which originally led to the top of the column but now is perfect only as far as the first stage. This stair case—also of block kunker—is lighted by several apertures in the outer wall, and a doorway in it opens on the cornice, or balcony, at the top of the first stage. The lower stage is 54 feet high, the remains of the second 20 feet, so that the extreme altitude is 74 feet. The external circumference at the base is 80 feet; the thickness of the walls at the base is 6 feet, at the top of the first stage 4½. Immediately where the block kunker staircase terminates there is laid across the stairway, as it were to form one of the steps, a Hindu pillar carved and ornamented with mythological figures. This is the only Hindu stone we could discover in the whole pillar. Above this, several beams of wood are laid across shewing that the architects who built the second stage, as it now stands, were very different persons from those who erected the first, and as the top story of a pillar is not usually built before the lower it can scarcely be doubted that the remains of the second stage are of comparative modern origin. Over the doorway is an inscription, in the ornamented character called Toghra, which we have translated thus. “ *This*

*building was founded during the reign of the Most Noble Sultan, master of the necks of manhind, defender of the world and of the faith, Sultan of Sultans, guide of the faithful to safety, heir to the dominion of Solomon, lord of the signet ring in the whole world, Abool Mozuffur Mahmood, son of the Sultan—may God make his Empire and Government perpetual—by order of the perfect master of wisdom, Azum Kootlagh Khan, the mirror of truth and religion, chief of the chiefs of Serv and China, Bulbun Shemshee, during the time of his Government—may his exalted rank be lasting—On the 10th of Rujjub 652."*

In a former number we stated that the Mahmood here mentioned was Nasir-ul-deen Mahmood, youngest son of Shems-ul-deen Altamsh, and that the Kootlagh Khan here mentioned had married after the death of Altamsh, the mother of this Mahmood and that Kootlagh Khan fell into disgrace the year after the pillar was erected. Some persons, however, have questioned the accuracy of this, as Elphinstone styles Nasir-ul-deen the grandson of Altamsh, and also informs us that "he reposed with entire confidence on the conduct of his vizir, whose name was Gheias-ul-deen Bulbun." The Bulbun mentioned in this passage was supposed to be the Bulbun Shemsee of the inscription. We will now shew that this latter supposition is wrong and that Elphinstone was in error as to the paternity of Nasir-ul-deen Mahmood. Elphinstone appears to have been misled by the following passage of Ferishta—this portion of his history is but an abridgement of Ferishta. "We have already related that when the elder son of Shems-ul-deen Altamsh died in Bengal, he conferred the Government of that principality on his youngest son Mahmood, to whom he also gave the title of Nasir-ul-deen." Briggs' Ferishta 1.234. He thought, probably, that Mahmood was the youngest son of the first Nasir-ul-deen, which would have made him the grandson of Altamsh. But in the very same page from which we have taken the above quotation there is the following passage, "He was accordingly seated on the throne of his father Shems-ul-deen Altamsh &c." Altamsh had styled his eldest son Nasir-ul-deen, and upon the premature death of the latter in Bengal, he, Altamsh, bestowed the same title on his *own* younger son. See Briggs' Ferishta 1. 210. See also pages 229, 230. In the *Taj-ul-Muâsir* a work of that time, and in every other Indian history with which we are acquainted Nasir-ul-deen is always styled the son of Altamsh. It may just be that Elphinstone adopted the error from D'Herbelot. With regard to Kootlagh Khan the

following quotation from Ferishta will suffice. "In the year 653, the king had some personal quarrel with his mother, Mulika Jehan, who, after the death of Shems-ul-deen Altamsh, had married Seif-ood-deen Kootlagh Khan, a noble of the Court. Nasir-ud-deen in order to remove his mother from Delhi, conferred on her husband, the Government of Oude, and shortly after removed him to Beiraich. Kootlagh Khan, dissatisfied with this arrangement, prepared for rebellion, and being joined by the ex-minister, Inad-ood-deen Zungany, and Eibuk Kishly Khan revolted. The Vizier marched against them, and defeated the insurgents; the late minister, Inad-ood-deen Zungany, was taken prisoner, and put to death, but Seif-ood-deen Kootlagh Khan effected his escape and fled to Chittoor. The Vizier destroyed the fort in which Kootlagh Khan held out, but, being unable to secure his person, returned to Delhi." The Vizier here mentioned was the very Gheias-ul-deen of Elphinstone, who, as all the world knows, succeeded to the throne on the death of his master: so that he and Kootlagh were very different persons. Kootlagh Khan found means afterwards to raise an army and march to the very gates of Delhi; but, being disappointed in his expectations of finding many friends within the walls, disbanded his army and is never afterwards mentioned in history.

There is no proof or likelihood of the Coel Pillar having been designed as a minar for a mosque; on the contrary, the existence of an inscription over the doorway is incompatible with such a supposition, it being contrary to Manometan practice to engrave inscriptions on the minarets of mosques. The Pillar (as we mentioned in our August number) has no connection with the adjoining mosque, being several yards distant outside the enclosure of the mosque, which also is a comparatively modern building, having been founded nearly 500 years after the date of the Pillar, by Sabit Khan, Governor of Coel, in the time of the Emperor Mahmood Shah; and there are no traces or traditions of a mosque of earlier date having stood on the site of the present one. Our conclusion, therefore, is that the Pillar was not designed as the minaret of a mosque, nor as a watch-tower (as we formerly suggested) though it may have been afterwards used as such, but as a monument of a second and final subjugation of the Hindoo Rajahs of Coel; the first temporary conquest having been made in A. H. 590, by Kootub-ood-deen Eibuk, in the time of the Emperor Shahab-ood-deen Ghoree. From the fact of fragments of pillars and idols being found amongst the



materials of the stair-case of the column, we may safely conjecture that its site was once occupied by a Hindoo temple, which was destroyed by the Mahometan conqueror, and part of its materials used in the construction of his trophy.

The Hindoos are of course unwilling to take this view of the question, and claim the column as the work of their own Rajahs. The following is their legend on the subject.

In Sumbut 429, or A. D. 372, Rajah Bikram Seyn of the Dor tribe of Rajpoots was ruler of Burrin (now Bolundshahr), and his brother Kalee Raja was ruler of Jullalee, both being tributaries to Raja Arrungpal. Bikram Seyn had two sons, Indur (Seyn), and Mokundur Seyn; the former succeeded his father at Burrin, and the latter his uncle at Jullalee. Mokundur Seyn was succeeded by his son Gobind Singh, and he again by his son Nurhur Seyn, who built the fort of Sumbhul. After him came his grandson, Dusruth Singh, the founder of the fort of Jaleysur, who dying childless, was succeeded by his brother, Bijjeyram. The next ruler of Jullalee was the latter's son, Rajah Boodhseyn. One day as he was riding from Jullalee to Delhi, considerably ahead of his followers, he came to a jheel, (in old Hindee called Kól) he dismounted, and was waiting for his retinue, when a fox came up, and began to bark at him. The Rajah very much irritated, drew his sword, and struck at the fox, but reynard retreated into a convenient hole, and from thence continued yelping at the Raja, and occasionally sallying forth whenever the Raja turned his back.

This state of things continued till the Rajah's suite arrived. After consoling their master, they suggested that there must be some excellent inherent quality in the soil, which had imparted to a contemptible creature like the fox, vigor and audacity to enable him so to set at nought a royal Rajpoot; and that therefore it would be a desirable site for the foundation of a city and fort. Rajah Boodhseyn, after consulting his astrologer, found that it was an auspicious moment for the purpose, so at once he dug up a little clay from the jheel with his own dagger, and laid the foundation of a city, which he named Kól after the jheel. In seven years, the fortress and city were finished, and the seat of Government was removed from Jullalee to Coel, which became the capital of a large Kingdom, comprising Puttialee, Budaon, Sumbhul, Kumpill, Jaleysur and Burrin. After a reign of 55 years, the Rajah was succeeded by his son Mungulseyn. The latter made an alliance with Rajah Been of Mahrerah and Etawah, and gave his daughter Pudmouttee in marriage to his heir. On Rajah

Been's death, his sons deposed and murdered their eldest brother, and Pudmoutee returned a widow to her father's house at Coel. She became a devotee of Gunga and her father built for her a lofty column in the centre of his fortress, from whence she might be able to view daily the sacred river.

Another version of the legend is that the unfortunate Pudmoutee was immured alive in this column, like the Constance of Marston.

"What was this tower of strength? within its cave

"What treasure lay solock't, so hid? a woman's grave."\*

Although we would much rather look upon this pillar as the shrine whence the sad and gentle Pudmoutee paid her orisons to Gunga, than as the trophy of a conqueror, we are bound, by a regard to truth, to confess our utter disbelief in the above fable, and to us it appears quite as probable (if not more so) that Coel was founded by old king Cole, of glorious memory, as by the Rajah Boodseyn of the Hindoo legend.

We will conclude our account of the pillar by expressing a hope that either the local authorities, or the Government may be induced to interpose in behalf of this relic of antiquity. It ought to be restored either wholly or in part, or at all events repaired and covered in from the weather. Though vastly inferior to the Kootub Minar in size and beauty, it is of almost equal historical interest, and deserves to be rescued from the grasp of "decay's effacing fingers."

\* Childs Harold.

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## THE WAHABEES OF DELHI.

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The British residents of the North West of India, from Patna to Peshawur, as well as the respectable portion of the Hindu population of the large towns, have lately been startled by the rumours of a wide-spread conspiracy, among the self-styled true Mahommedans, having for its object the re-establishment of the supremacy of their faith. It appears that *Jahad* has been preached, and not unsuccessfully as far as mere promises of support and contributions in money are concerned, far and wide throughout the Punjab and along the valley of the Ganges; and that some preparations were being made to enable the devoted Ghazees, again to erect the standard of Islam and carry it victorious through the ranks of the scattered infidels, or to obtain, in the immediate possession of Paradise, the rewards of martyrdom. In consequence of information received by the authorities, extensive seizure of correspondence, and some arrests of persons, have been made at Lahore, Meerut, Delhi, and other places; every ramifications of the dangerous mine has been completely discovered, and the kafirs may now consider themselves safe from the Ghazee swords. As it is well known that the origin of all these troubles was the doctrines taught by the Wahabees of Delhi, we trust that some account—most imperfect tho' it be—of these latter will not be unacceptable to our readers. We will begin first with the personal history of the leaders.

About the middle of the last century there flourished in Delhi a famous doctor and Moulvee, Valee-ullah by name. In religion he was a puritan, and is believed to have been well acquainted with the struggles then going on in Arabia and Syria between the Wahabees and their opponents. However this be, he was not fated to take part in any civil and religious struggles; he died early, leaving behind him three sons, Abd-ul-azeez, Rafee-ul-deen, and Abd-ul-kadir. Though these were very young, when their father died, yet they inherited his abilities and his desire for learned distinction. The eldest, Abd-ul-azeez, is said to have been no more than sixteen years of age when that event took place, yet he continued to apply himself diligently to study and the instruction of his younger brothers. He was, according to the accounts of the most learned Mohammedans of the present day, by far the ablest of the Moulvees of Delhi; he possessed a sound knowledge of

Logic, Medicine, Geometry and Astronomy, but he devoted the greater part of his time to the investigation of traditions and the writing of a commentary on the Koran. Learning was inherited by his family from generation to generation, just as royalty was inherited by the family of Tamerlane. From his family all Hindoostan profited, and all the learned men of Delhi were his pupils. He was better acquainted with the writings of the Sheas than any of that sect, his contemporaries; and he wrote amongst many other works—a book called *Tofa Isnat Ishreea*, to confute their peculiar opinions. He preached regularly twice a week to immense crowds; and he died on Saturday the 7th Shuwwal 1248, when upwards of eighty years of age. During his lifetime, his younger brother Ruffe-ul-deen also employed himself in teaching and was his successor when the infirmities of age pressed too hard on Abd-ul-azeez. Ruffe-ul-deen becoming celebrated for generosity and liberality as well as for learning. The youngest brother Abd-ul-kadir also taught a school, but his pupils never appear to have been numerous and he chiefly lived a life of retirement in a room of the Akberabadee Musjid in Duriagunge—a quarter of Delhi.

While this family were at the height of their fame there arrived from Bareilly, Syud Ahmud Shah, a member of a distinguished family of Syuds that had long been resident at that place. Of course we are informed that his object in migrating to Delhi was the acquisition of religious knowledge. He took up his residence at the Akberabadee Musjid and became a pupil of Abd-ul-kadir, by whom he was instructed in grammar. Being of a pious and charitable disposition he devoted himself to the service of the musjid and of those who arrived there from distant parts, especially those who came to acquire from Abd-ul-kadir the knowledge of hidden things. In attention to worship he surpassed all other devotees. Abd-ul-kadir frequently observed that he perceived in him the marks of excellence, and prophesied his future celebrity. Having spent some time in the class, as it were, of Abd-ul-kadir, the Syud thought it necessary to be admitted into the class of the eldest brother, Shah Abd-ul-azeez. The latter, knowing the history of the Syud, remarked that for appearance sake only, was it necessary that Ahmud Shah should become his pupil, as in reality the latter was already acquainted with all that he himself could impart. After some time the Syud resolved to travel in various directions in order to make himself perfectly acquainted with the opinions of the truly religious. Adopting a religious habit he wandered from

place to place; and, his fame spreading abroad, crowds of people from all parts began to gather round him, and regard him as their religious guide and as their immediate means of salvation. Restless in disposition, however, or perhaps desirous of obtaining military renown, the Syud laid aside his religious dress and betook himself to the great military leader of Tonk. Amir Khan hospitably received him, reposed in him great confidence, and made him one of his officers. Here the Syud is said to have performed many deeds of valour, inasmuch as courage and bravery are inherent in Syuds of noble family. We are likewise informed that he continued to keep up his spiritual character, and indeed he appears to have served as a military priest in the armies of Amir Khan. When Amir Khan's forces were disbanded in 1818, the Syud again repaired to Delhi and took up his residence at the Masjid of Akbarabad Begum. Abd-ul-azeez and Rafi-ul-deen, were yet alive but both very old. His first master Abd-ul-kadir, had died about the year 1812, and Moulvee Mahomed Ismael now discharged the duties of priest and teacher in the Akbarabad mosque. Of course the fame of the Syud's return was immediately spread throughout the city and he was surrounded by those in quest of the knowledge of hidden things. Moulvee Ismael and Moulvee Abd-ul-haee, however, were in these days but worshippers after the common sort, and had no idea of the nature of spiritual religion. They resolved to put the sanctity of the Syud to the proof, and the result was their own conversion.

Moulvee Mohammed Ismael, soon to become the most famous of all the Moulvees of Delhi, was the nephew of Abd-ul-Azeez, Rafi-ul-deen, and Abd-ul-kadir. He early became an orphan, but he was adopted by Abd-ul-kadir, whose grand daughter he afterwards married. His adopted father brought him up, in all respects, as if he had been his own son, and bestowed all imaginable pains on his education. The powers of his mind were unrivalled, he knew instinctively what others can only acquire after long labour, and, in short, could get up his lessons without looking at them. Sometimes he would raise such doubts as to the meaning of particular passages that his master had great difficulty in solving them. At the age of sixteen he had acquired a perfect knowledge of all things recorded, or discoverable by reason. The most learned Moulvees of the city, jealous of his fame, used to select the most difficult passages from various authors—passages which they themselves had made out after long study—and attack him with them in the streets. This was done lest he should

have time to go home and consult his books; but they failed in puzzling him, an immediate answer was always given. His mental vision pierced through all clouds, and the breath of his explanation dispelled all clouds from the intellect of others. No pen can write, no tongue can relate the exalted abilities of Moulvee Ismael. His slightest conjecture was equivalent to certainty. He was acquainted with the Korân and tradition in every department of religion and law. On almost all written books he wrote commentaries, and he wrote pamphlets on logic and other sciences, and so powerful were his arguments that Aristotle, had he been alive, would have esteemed his own weaker than the spider's web. Another work of his was\* *Rufu-yedain*; and at a later date he published the *Tukreent-ul-eman* the standard work of Wahabee faith in Delhi, and of which we will endeavour hereafter to give some account. Every learned Moulvee of Delhi, of whatever sect, acknowledges that his reasoning is just. However, with all his great abilities and splendid acquirements, he, as well as Abd-ul-Haee, another great controversialist and the son-in-law and pupil of Abd-ul-azeez, was entirely unacquainted with the spiritualities of religion.

Ismael and Abd-ul-haee, jealous perhaps of what they considered the unearned fame of the Syud, or wishing to expose what they believed imposture, went to Ahmud Shah, and represented to him that they had never yet been able to pray with a sincere and pure heart, and that their chief desire was to obtain this fervency through his guidance and direction. The Syud, knowing full well with what intent they thus addressed him, smiled and returned for answer:—"Give me the pleasure of your company this night and perhaps you will obtain your desires." They were astonished, but they accepted the invitation, and that night repaired to him, and prayed along with him. When the Syud himself had ceased praying, he requested the two Moulvees to go apart and repeat the prayer of two inclinations. During the prayer they fell into such contemplation that the whole night passed away unobserved. When they discovered the Syud to possess such powers over internal things the two Moulvees, the next morning, publicly chose him for their spiritual director, and became his constant followers. It was now that the great qualities of Ismael came into full play, and when we say great qualities we are not speaking merely after the manner of Mohammedan eulogists for we really believe him to have been

\* Concerning the proper method of holding the hands at the time of prayer.

possessed of very considerable controversial powers. He began immediately to bring about a reform in religion. His principal topics were\* *shirk* and *bidat*. His stated days for preaching were Tuesdays and Fridays, and so powerful were his discourses that as many people used to assemble at the Musjid every day as now only assemble on the Feds. The effects of his powerful exhortations were immediate and extensive, and they remain to this day. After sometime employed in this way, Syud Almud informed Ismaeel and Abdul-haee that it was the will of God they together with himself, should make a pilgrimage to Mekka and thereby attain to perfection. These three started for Mekka by way of Calcutta and were joined by others on the way to the number of a thousand. All these the Syud is believed to have supported on the road. They performed the pilgrimage to Mekka, and perhaps to Medinah though this is not well ascertained—and returned again to Hindoostan by way of Calcutta. On his return from Arabia the Syud made some delay in the city of Palaces and from this time commences his career as a leader of the faithful against the infidels. Some Mahomedan writers are full of the wonderful reform of manners that took place during his stay in Calcutta. All customs contrary to the Koran or the practice of Mohammedans were abolished and the true customs were restored. No wine was drunk, no intoxicating liquors of any description sold, no shops for the sale of forbidden beverage remained open. He was attended by lakhs of disciples, and most of his deputies became saints and religious chiefs. Being aware from his knowledge of hidden things, that he, together with many good Mohammedans, should obtain the crown of martyrdom he now despatched Moulvees Ismaeel and Abdul-haee throughout Hindoostan to preach, and to convince the people of the duty of fighting against the infidels and of the blessings resulting from martyrdom. It is said that these Moulvees were not as yet aware of his ultimate intentions, but being his sincere disciples they obeyed his orders without murmur or question. For several months they travelled to various towns and exerted their utmost endeavours to arouse the warlike spirit of the Musseelman inhabitants. Nor without success. Many professed themselves ready to follow the Moulvees and their master to death. But some portion of prudence lurks even in the fierce spirits of the Ghazees. The slaughter of the

\* Nearly equivalent to 'idolatry' and 'heresy' or perhaps the latter term would be best translated 'a bad innovation.'

kafir is preferable even to martyrdom. The weaker infidel is to be attacked first. When the Syud deemed the time ripe he recalled his preachers, repaired to Delhi, and without about a thousand followers marched thence, by the circuitous route of Tonk, Khyrpoor, and Caudahar, to Punjtar in the Eusofzaee hills beyond the Cabul river. At the first of the towns here mentioned the Syud was enthusiastically received, numbers, amongst whom was the son of the chief himself, enrolled themselves in the list of his followers.

The remainder of the career of the Syud is too well known to require more than the briefest outline. At the first he was received by the Eusofzaees with the greatest enthusiasm and his supremacy was generally admitted. In 1827 attacked Akora, to the south-west of the Cabul river, and was only prevented obtaining a complete victory by their entrenchments. He compelled Yar Mohammed to respect the territories of the Eusofzaees; and, afterwards, in 1829, completely defeated his army, killed Yar Mohammed himself and had nearly succeeded in capturing Peshawur. According to Wahabee accounts Yar Mohammed well deserved his untimely death. He had attempted to poison the Syud, the drug was actually administered, but Almud, like Mohammed himself, could not fall so ingloriously, although in both cases much inconvenience, throughout their whole lives, resulted from the, to all ordinary men, fatal draught. The influence of the Syud now prevailed throughout the whole of the hill tribes and Cashmere. In 1830 he attacked the Sikhs under Hurree Singh and General Allard and was beaten off with difficulty. Shortly afterwards he completely defeated Sooltan Mohammed, the new Governor of Peshawur, and captured that town, causing at the same time a coin to be struck in the name of Almud the Just and proclaiming himself Kaliph. This however, the Wahâbees pronounce a base calumny of his enemies. The sun of the Syud was now in its zenith; from henceforward his affairs began to decline. He imprudently levied tythes from his Eusofzaee adherents, and it is said assigned their fairest and wealthiest maidens, in marriage, to his needy India followers. He was compelled to abandon Peshawur, his Eusofzaee adherents abandoned him by degrees, and, though, in the desultory fighting that followed, his devoted band of Ghazees performed wonders, yet he was at last overpowered and killed near Balakote, his head was severed from the trunk and carried to Lahore in order that it might be identified and all men might know that the leader of the Ghazees was no more.

In the same field fell the learned Moulvee Ismaeel and his



soul obtained, as a learned native has it, "the reward of martyrdom, an abode in paradise. To this day the excellent custom, to which he in this country gave rise, remains. In Kohistan every year some Ghazees are prepared for battle with the infidel, and their souls always obtain the rewards of such pious actions."

The fate of Abd-ul-hace was more inglorious. After enduring numerous adventures, braving the dangers of the sea and the toils of a pilgrimage; after he had girt his sword on his thigh for the destruction of the detested infidel, he was attacked—alas for the vanity of human wishes!—by an enemy, that knows neither Mussulman nor kafir, neither Wahabee nor bidattee, neither Ghazee nor the peaceful worshipper—he was attacked by Hemorrhoids (to give the disease the most high sounding name) and ignobly died. The family and may of the followers of the Syad retired to Tonk where a hospitable asylum awaited them, and where it is said there are numbers of Wahabees to the present day.

Yet notwithstanding the death of the Syad, let it not be supposed that the Ghazees are left entirely without hope. Ah-mud, before the last fatal field, informed, or is supposed to have informed, his followers, that, tho' he should be taken from them for a time, he would speedily return. It is now believed that the season is rapidly approaching. There are certain caves in Kohistan from which mysterious voices we heard to issue forth announcing the speedy return of the Huzrut. Mysterious turbans on mysterious-looking heads have shewn themselves at a distance to exulting Ghazees, who rejoice that the hour for Juhad is again at hand. All this we may look upon as, not only ridiculous, but, the acme of insanity, but even insane soldiers are not to be despised as enemies, and the Government ought not to overlook the slightest movements resulting from such pernicious principles so widely diffused.

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**ROUGH NOTES OF A TRIP TO REUNION, THE MAURITIUS AND  
 CEYLON WITH REMARKS ON THEIR ELIGIBILITY AS SANATORIA  
 FOR INDIAN INVALIDS BY FREDERIC J. MOUAT M. D.  
 BENGAL MEDICAL STAFF. \***

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There is some good after all in the world, and what is more wonderful still, the Doctors are not so bad as they are painted. People live and learn, and old prejudices yield the wall to experience. We confess to having entertained an antipathy to the medical profession. We have looked upon Doctors as men opposed to the continuance of human life in tiresome patients, and as a body darkly leagued with the fraternity of undertakers. Rough notes of a trip to Reunion have completely effaced this impression from our mind. Dr. Mouat, for the writer is a medical man, having professionally brought his patients into an unpromising state of health, has generously provided them with the means of recovery. Compelled by sickness in 1850, to leave for Bengal and search for health in some more genial climate, Dr. Mouat was visited with doubts and perplexities regarding the country in which this desirable consummation was to be attained. The world was all before him, where to choose, that is the particular portion of it within the latitudes laid down by the Hon'ble East India Company, as the limits of Indian Medical Furlough. The Doctor in truant disposition was inclined to wander amongst the islands of the Indian Ocean, but information regarding Sanatoria in these islands was scanty. The result of his doubts and musings developed itself in a trip to Reunion, Mauritius and Ceylon, and in something more desirable still, namely renewed health and considerable pleasure and amusement. The former Dr. Mouat has kept to himself, in the latter, the publication of his rough notes has made us companions and participators. Of his own work, the Doctor thus modestly writes, "the Rough Notes pretend to no literary excellence, attempt no researches into the arcana of science in any of its departments, and are simply intended to guide others in the path that proved eminently beneficial to myself." Now it is precisely this absence of all pretension which constitutes the charm which the volume before us undoubtedly possesses. What we have got, is a matter of fact account of what it was desirable we should

know, described in very readable language. Dr. Mouat's self-imposed task was to find some sanatoria for invalids within an easy distance of the Presidency, suitable not only for wasting patients but also for consumptive purses. His next duty was to let people know in simple English that his undertaking had been successful, and to describe, without using unnecessary hard words, the resources and capabilities of the place which he had selected. This task has been satisfactorily accomplished, and the Anglo Indian community owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Mouat for the business-like way in which he has catered in their behalf. That debt of gratitude can be best discharged by the purchase of his *Rough Notes*, for the labourer is worthy of his hire. The sanatoria of Reunion, Mauritius and Ceylon are fully and picturesquely described. Anything likely to interest the sick, relative to the climates, winds, rain, temperature, fine weather, mineral waters of these islands is fairly and simply committed to paper. We are told besides of the amusements which the three sanatoria afford, and of the expense of living in each, and all this is stated unaffectedly and with a proper contempt of sesquipedalian words. Indeed we only met with one hard word in the volume and that is "*etiolated*," which occurs in the 76th page and is used with reference to the fair sex. "The life of inactivity, seclusion and utter ennui to which most of the fair sex are doomed in India, rapidly converts their roses into lilies, and leaves them pale and *etiolated* as a flower deprived of light. Now what does *etiolated* mean? "Is it a congruent epitheton, appertaining to our young days which we may denominate tender, or an appertinent title which we may term tough?" Our spelling having been neglected in early youth, we are compelled to sit with a pocket Johnson at our side. That large man has omitted to give the word *etiolated*. But we find etiology thus rendered and explained "as account of the causes of any thing."

We must however refer our readers to the book itself for information on all points relating to the three islands; they can form their own opinions on the especial fitness of Reunion as a Sanatorium for the recovery of health, neither our time or space admit of any long extracts.

But Dr. Mouat is entitled to our thanks for something more than a mere attention to the wants of private individuals; we are glad that his eye has been more universally observant. Nothing has escaped his watchfulness; he has taken particular pains to introduce prominently the excellence of

the French arrangements for securing the cleanliness and comfort of the European Soldiers in Reunion, and he has not neglected to point out the very reverse in the English Government of the Mauritius. We shall quote both passages. "The infantry Barrack of St. Denis is a long range of stone building, two storied, and not unlike that of Chinsurah, except that it has small wings projecting from its extremities on the sea face. It has broad verandas running the whole length of the structure, on the same side, large enough to muster the guards, and to serve for all interior parades and inspections in wet weather. The rooms are large, ventilated, and admirably arranged; each soldier having an allowance of space. His kit is upon a shelf above his head, and the arm racks are neatly arranged around central pillars. This is a superior means of disposing of them to the disfigurement of the walls along which they are usually placed in Indian barracks. The stands are arranged high above the ground, and each niche is marked with the name and number of the soldier to whom the musket belongs. There are twenty six beds in each room, and the dining tables of the men run between them in the centre of the apartment. Above the tables are suspended from the ceiling, safes for provisions and goglets of drinking water, the cleanliness, cheerful and airy appearance of the whole are all that could be desired."

Again, "the site being well chosen the difference of a few cubic feet of fresh air for each man, with the comparatively small proportional outlay in buildings, makes all the distinction between a healthy and an unhealthy barrack." So much for the French Barracks, "the great glory of the town of St. Denis." Now for those of the English troops in the Mauritius.

"The barracks in Fort Louis are very ill-placed in a low position at the Western end of the town, with stagnant, swampy, filthy puddles and pools in their rear. They are enclosed in an extensive parade ground, and consist of two ranges of stone buildings, which seem to me to be low in the roof, and ill-adapted for the accommodation of a large body of men. Fort Louis is confessedly the hottest place in the island and the barracks near the base of the signal mountain are in about as hot a position as could have been selected." Look on this picture and on that! Strange it is that the best served nation under the sun should be the worst and most inconsiderate master! Yet undoubtedly that master is stubborn and prejudicial old John Bull. The Government of India might take

a hint from this part of Dr. Mouat's book, and at the same time hear of something to its advantage.

There are several other interesting passages to which we should have been glad to refer, but are compelled to refrain from doing so. Mr. Dampier the Superintendent of Police in Bengal might however profit by the hints thrown out in the Rough Notes, of the superiority of the French Police, and the advantages derived from the establishment of horse patrols by night. A similar system in the Lower Provinces might perhaps tend to diminish decoity. However we remember the story of the little gentleman in Wales who amassed a large fortune by minding his own business, and as the police arrangements in Bengal are not our business, the less we say about them the better. So let us take leave of Dr. Mouat, heartily commending him and his Rough Notes to the attention of our friends in the North West. He has written an agreeable, sensible, useful and interesting volume. Would that all travellers were gifted with a small portion of his observation and common sense.

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## WOOD ENGRAVING.

However well lithograph drawings are executed, there is something very unsatisfactory about them. In this country where lithography has usurped the place of wood-engraving we suppose that Mr. Wagentreiber makes the art as available as it can be made for comic illustration, and Mr. C. Grant for picturesque subjects. But we admire their works with a proviso:—"pretty well" we say "for India." Now there is no sort of reason why wood engraving should not be introduced with great success into this country. We have the material; there is plenty of box wood in the Hills, and there is every reason to think that the natives, who have amongst themselves so many arts requiring delicate and patient manipulation would become, under proper education, proficient with the graver. It is quite astonishing what an apathy has existed out here with regard to almost every species of elegant art. Cookery and Coolness appear to be the only two subjects which have the least called forth ingenuity. We remember once having a gentleman pointed out to us, who was said to be a distinguished character and a very clever artist. We naturally supposed that he was a painter or a sculptor or skilful at modelling or accomplished, at any rate, in some of the beautiful arts of modern days. Nothing of the kind; his fame hung solely on the circumstance that he had *invented a chutnee!* So we have seen some mechanical adeptness brought to bear upon the Thermandidote—for the speedier revolution of the fan or the production of a stronger current of air.

But there seems to be little interest in the arts, or when there is, it consists in a taste for procuring works of art from England, and not in producing them here. The natives, as it is well known, show both a fondness for and also considerable skill in illumination. Of course their style is rude and defective, because not founded upon thoroughly understood principles, but in obtaining brightness and permanency of color they have singular success. We know a man now holding a trumpety employment in the village school department, of whom, we are quite sure, Mr. Owen Jones could make a first rate illuminator, in a few months. But the subject has never been taken up.

Wood engraving has been known to our neighbours the Chinese for many centuries; their printing is a specimen of

it. Those little, soft books that accompany the puzzles, we are accustomed to call printed, but they are really a series of wood-engravings. Most people know the outlines of the History of wood-engraving in Europe: how it arose first in the fifteenth century: how Albert Durer and Holbein carried it to great perfection and how after the time of Papillon at the close of the seventeenth century, it died away till revived by our own countryman, Bewick who may be considered indeed the Father of the modern school. How well do we recollect the delight with which as a child, we hung over Bewick's pictures in his *Aesop's fables*; and the whimsical *tail-pieces*, so full of point and often too, of pathos,

The art is now carried to very great perfection, and is a general source of pleasure and instruction to the public.

We think there are two ways in which wood-engraving may be introduced into this country. First, if some of our amateur artists, of whom we have several of high ability amongst us, would try their hands at engraving some of their own drawings. We believe it is really not a difficult art to learn; the good eye, the steady and delicate hand must belong as a matter of course to the artist before he can draw at all, and with patience and full instructions obtainable (as for instance in Jackson's Treatise on Wood-engraving—Charles Knight, London. 1839) we believe our amateurs would soon be able to give us some very good engravings. Amateurs at home at any rate do engrave on wood with a large success, and amongst the most successful have been ladies. We copy a passage from the Westminster Review, 1838; and we trust some of our ladies, who complain so much of the insufferable *far niente* of a long Indian day, will kindly think whether they could not employ some of their listless hours on this interesting and simple art, requiring as it does little exertion of strength and presenting no inconveniences in the way of dirt and untidyness. "To that large portion of educated gentlewomen of the middle classes who now earn a subsistence chiefly as governesses, we wish to point out this art as an honorable, elegant, and lucrative employment, easily acquired, and everywhere becoming their sex and habits. We have already done honors to the exquisite delicacy and elegance of the engravings of Mary Ann Williams; we venture to say that few women of taste, whatever their rank in life, can look on "*Le Jardin du Paria au lever de l' aurore*" without envying the artist her power of producing a scene so beautiful, and of exciting in thousands the pleasing emotions inseparable from it.

Apart from all pecuniary considerations, to be able to do it is an elegant accomplishment; and the study of the principles and details of taste which it implies, is a cultivating and refining process to every mind. All that can be taught of the art may be taught in a few lessons, and an acquirement made which will afford no slight protection against misfortunes to which, in this commercial country the richest are exposed—and a means of livelihood obtained which, without severing from home, without breaking up family assemblies, is at once more happy, healthy, tasteful, and profitable than almost any other of the pursuits at present practised by women. The lady we have named is not alone in the practice of this art. We might name also Eliza Thomson, and Mary and Elizabeth Clint, who have furnished excellent engravings for the “*Paule et Virginie*,” and we have heard of several daughters of professional and mercantile men, not likely to be dependent on their own exertions for support, who have wisely, by learning this art, acquired both an accomplishment and a profession. The occupations, we may also add, are few indeed to which gentlewomen of this class can more worthily devote themselves, than to an art which is peculiarly fitted to enhance the enjoyments and refinements of the people, by scattering through all the homes of the land the most beautiful delineations of scenery, of historic incidents, and of distinguished persons.”

Private exertions then, we think would effect a great deal towards introducing wood engraving, but of course if Government took the matter up, a much greater stimulus would be given to the experiment.

If an experienced wood engraver was imported from England and established at one of the colleges, there would soon rise up around him a skilful body of Native engravers. The employment too, would present a profession for some of the students; their education might progress as they learnt the art and when it was completed, they would be able to set their shoulder to the wheel and strive for an honest livelihood, instead of kneeling down and praying to Jupiter of the sunny Agra, as they are rather disposed to do, at the first appearance of the mud of difficulties. Perhaps still better would it be if the introduction of this art could be made the foundation for establishing a school of arts in one of our principal cities. To Wood-engraving might as occasion offered be added illumination, and carving and the other elegant arts to which so great attention is now being paid.



There are many things which would be taken up, if a beginning was once made : it is only the trouble of originating which daunts most of us. And as no one can look on our local society without seeing, that refined tastes are now in the ascendant and that the days of apathy and coarseness are beginning to be numbered, (we aver this in the face of the *Calcutta Review*) let us hope that it will not be long before an interest is excited in the introduction of useful and elegant arts, and amongst them, Wood-engraving.

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# LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER, 1852.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Time, which sweeps away so many celebrities, literary and other, has almost consigned to oblivion the name of Thomas Holcroft. It was a name however well known in the days of our fathers. The literary and dramatic world of London at the beginning of this century paid considerable honour to a man whose pen gave birth to comedy, opera, and farce with surprising rapidity and great success. But few of his contemporaries could have known his private history, or been aware through what struggles he had passed, and how manfully and cheerfully he had borne himself. A reprint of a memoir of his life given to the world some years since by Mr. Hazlitt has brought this story of a battle well fought and a life well spent to the knowledge of a generation which would otherwise have forgotten the existence of an obsolete dramatic writer. We can well afford to let comedies and tragedies of a second rate order become the food of mice and the wrappings of pepper—but when a man has lived well, and his life has been made known, his history is a gain to every one who studies it, to the end of time. Whether the proper study of mankind is man or not, at any rate the most interesting study for mankind is the lives of men. The tale of successful patience, boldness, and genius can never cease to charm.

Holcroft has left a record of his own life to the age of sixteen. He was born in London in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, on the 10th of Dec. 1745. His father was a cobbler and his mother sold oysters and greens. But his father had a mind above his station. He gave his son the education which the Persians thought included all that was requisite for the greatest of heroes. He taught him to ride, to speak the truth, and to use the bow—but as archery was no longer in fashion, the bow he learnt to wield was that which awakens the violin. The cobbler did not stick to his last very well, and a natural fondness for horses prompted him to try to make an honest penny by selling and letting them. Young Holcroft, buckled to the saddle by straps, accompanied his fa-

ther on a little pony when the horses were exercised. But fortune fled, as fortune is wont, from the house of a shoemaker who was out all day on the back of a horse. The family had to leave London and thenceforward led a vagrant life, maintaining themselves with great difficulty by hawking pots and small haberdashery about the country. Young Tom, who was of a delicate constitution, suffered much from the coarse and uncertain food and weary wandering of such a life. But the powers of his mind, too keen to be deadened by the cares and struggles of a childhood spent amidst want and toil, were stimulated, more perhaps than they could have been in any other way, by the novelties which a pedlarship constantly presented to him,—by the change of scenery, the sight of different towns, and the contrast of the faces, language and manners found in the several counties. Sensitive and superstitious, gifted with a singular power of observation, he was yet obedient and courageous and an excellent son to a father alternately foolishly affectionate and cruelly harsh. An acquaintance gave him a book containing the history of the seven Champions of Christendom. He read and pondered and caught something of the heroism which he admired. One day he was sent out by his parents to beg—and the readiness of his invention betrayed him into innumerable falsehoods. On his return he was able to boast that he had told a different story at each house he had visited. His father, greatly shocked, told him that his facility in deceit would lead him step by step to the gallows, and forbade his going on such an errand again. The boy's notions of heroic virtue came to the aid of his father's lessons. For to be a liar and rogue and get hanged did not, he says, square well with the confused ideas he had of goodness and greatness or with his conception of a hero.

But the cobbler's love for horses was destined to produce a considerable effect upon his son's life. The family of wanderers happened to be at Nottingham during the race week. The general excitement and his father's enthusiasm awoke an answering spirit in the breast of young Holcroft. By chance he fell in with a stable-lad from Newmarket. He accompanied this new companion and, after one or two changes of service, was at last engaged by one of the first trainers of that day, John Watson. His skill and courage soon placed him high in his master's estimation. A dun horse, by no means a tame or safe one was committed to his care. One wintry day he and the other lads in the stable were ordered up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet, the wind became uncommonly cutting, and the dun being remarkable for a ten-

der skin, found the wind and the sleet which blew directly up his nostrils so very painful that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat his rider, and endeavoured to set off at full speed: and when he found he could not get head began to rear, to snort and plunge. Holcroft having felt the horse's uneasiness before his violence began was fortunately prepared, sat firm and upright and came off the victor. From that moment his Newmarket reputation was established. He was appointed to lead the gallop, the greatest distinction a stable-boy can have conferred on him, and was changed from horse to horse as often as a new animal of greater power and spirit was brought into the stables. In his Autobiography he gives several anecdotes of this time of his life, not perhaps very interesting in themselves, but shewing that he possessed at an early age a persevering spirit, and an undaunted heart. He felt the change in his new mode of living to be really luxurious. From the half-starved leader of a hawker's donkey he had become the well-fed, clean, flattered favorite of a horse-trainer. But he was not content to be this and nothing more. His active mind demanded the means and material of thought. The kind fates introduced him to a literary cockfeeder, This strange votary of learning made him acquainted with Swift and Addison, with Gulliver's Travels and Sir Roger de Coverley. It must have been a sight such as Newmarket does not often see,—a cockfeeder teaching a stable-boy the beauties of English literature. Perhaps a rarer sight was that of the same stable-boy throwing himself, as Holcroft did shortly after, into the depths of devotional excitement. The Whole Duty of Man was his favorite study, and he ranked John Bunyan among the most divine writers he had ever read. One day he happened to be passing a church and heard voices singing. He joined the group, was invited to try his voice, and so pleased the choir and their instructor that he was asked to join their meeting. He consented, and purchased Arnold's Psalmody which he diligently studied in a hayloft, though sorely tried by the obscurity of the technical words, and almost giving up his task under the difficulty of attaching a meaning to the mysterious terms "Major and Minor Keys". His success however was so great that he obtained the nickname of the *Sweet Singer of Israel*. His instructor in music also taught him arithmetic, and in three months he had mastered Practice and the Rule of Three. So great indeed was his reputation for literary powers and tastes, that a schoolmaster at Newmarket offered to teach him gratis. When the new scholar arrived,

the teacher wished to shew off the prodigy he had secured, and astonished the class by making Tom spell Mahershalal-hashbaz, which his quick ear enabled him to do. At length these pursuits produced their natural effect. Holcroft grew tired of his illiterate comparisons. He longed for a wider field, and quitting Newmarket to the great regret of John Watson, he proceeded at the age of 16 to try his fortune in London.

As the greatest of geniuses must eat, he had to set about some means of gaining his daily bread. His father's occupation promised the easiest opening. He cobbled a little, but he read more, and after three years' patient endurance, (during which he had added to his cares by marrying at the early age of 19,) he threw away the awl in despair and by the advice of a friend, who saved him from enlisting in the East India Company's service as a common soldier, he tried the last chance of a desperate son of the Muses, and became a strolling player. His first engagement was in Ireland. For a guinea a week he underwent the mortification of having to submit to the caprices of a despotic manager, and of devoting his time and talents to alternately prompting and playing foolish old men. At last even this hardearned guinea was stopped and it was with difficulty he could collect money sufficient to take him back to England. A danger greater than any he had encountered on land awaited him at sea. A storm arose, so violent and of such long duration that even the hearts of the sailors gave way. Fear and superstition prompted them to seek the cause of their disaster in the presence of a Jonah. Holcroft, as following the profane calling of a player, was selected as the victim. He was reading *Hudibras* at a time when all the other passengers were at breakfast. A group of drunken and furious sailors attacked him. "You are the Jonas" said one "and by Jassus, the ship will never see land till you are tossed overboard, you and your plays along with you." Fortunately Holcroft had presence of mind enough to begin explaining to them the nature of the book he held in his hand. He thus gained time to slink away to the quarterdeck, and placing himself under the protection of his fellow passengers completed his voyage in safety. At Hereford he joined a company under the management of the father of Mrs. Siddons. Thence forward for seven long years he wandered as an itinerant actor. He was not at all successful on the stage; his best part was Polonius. But he was one of those men who know how to get honey out of wild flowers. The study of numerous books, the cultivation

of the mind gained imperceptibly by an acquaintance with the best works of great writers, the habit of speaking in language raised much above the phraseology of the vulgar, and the constant change of the subject of thought combined to improve and stimulate the powers of a man, whom nature had endowed with refinement of feeling and wonderful versatility and activity of intellect. In his novel of "Hugh Trevor," Holcroft has expressed, with considerable force and eloquence, the bright as well as the sober side of the picture which the life of a strolling actor presents—"Know" he says "there is a certain set, or society of men, frequently to be met in straggling parties about this kingdom, who by a peculiar kind of magic will metamorphise an old barn, stable, or outhouse in such a wonderful manner, that the said barn, stable, or outhouse shall appear according as it suits the will, or purpose of the said magicians; at one time a prince's palace, at another a peasant's cottage: now the noisy receptacle of drunken clubs and wearied travellers called an inn—anon the magnificent dome of a Grecian temple. These necromancers although whenever they please they become princes, kings and heroes, and reign over all the empires of the vast and peopled earth: though they bestow governments, vicerealties, and principalities upon adherents, divide the spoils of nations among their pages and parasites and give a kingdom for a kiss: yet no sooner do their sorceries cease though but the moment before they were revelling and banqueting with Marc Antony, or quaffing nectar with Jupiter himself, it is a safe wager of a pound to a shilling, that half of them go supperless to bed. A set of poor, but pleasant rogues, miserable, but merry wags that weep without sorrow, stab without anger, die without dread, and laugh, sing and dance to inspire mirth in others while surrounded themselves with wretchedness."

Even after he abandoned this life of mingled gaiety, and gloom, it was long before Holcroft emerged from the obscurity of his position, and rose to fame and fortune. He procured an engagement in very inferior parts at Drury Lane, then managed by Sheridan. But it was not any want of industry, or ability, that kept him unknown. His first literary efforts passed unnoticed to oblivion. In 1780 he published a novel called "Alwyn or the Gentleman Comedian" embodying in the form of a tale many of his own reminiscences. The work does not seem to have deserved a better fate than it met. It was what the first effort of an ill-educated man is almost sure to be, crude, ill-arranged, forced, and

improbable. But the comedy of "Duplicity" which appeared at Covent Garden in the following year, was well received, and may be considered as the first step he made on the way to the Temple of Fame. When he had once secured even a slight hold on public estimation, his eager mind, and untiring activity was sure to improve his position. He went to Paris, being engaged by the Rivingtons to discover new French publications, of which translations might be made likely to suit the taste of the British public. Among those he selected, and translated, were the Tales of the Castle by Madame de Genlis. He had introductions to several persons eminent in the literary and fashionable world. Among there was Count Catuelan, with whom he engaged in a discussion upon the attack made by Voltaire on Shakespeare. The following day he sent the Count a little allegorical poem on the subject, which is perhaps worth quoting to shew that the stableboy and cobbler could now express himself with facility, and some degree of elegance.

Clad in the wealthy robes his genius wrought  
 In happy dreams was gentle Shakespeare laid :  
 His pleased soul wandering through the realms of thought,  
 While all his elves and fairies round him played.

Voltaire approached—straight fled the quaint-eyed band,  
 For envy's breath such sprites may not endure ;  
 He pilfered many a gem with trembling hand,  
 Then stabbed the bard to make the theft secure.

Ungrateful man. Vain was thy black design—  
 'Th' attempt, and not the deed thy hand defiled,  
 Preserved by his own charms and spells divine  
 Safely the gentle Shakespeare slept and smiled.

• • Soon after his return to England, Holcroft had two operas written by him brought out at Covent Garden, not otherwise remarkable than because one of them called "The Noble Peasant" was the first attempt to bring the age of chivalry on the stage, in the manner which afterwards became so popular when scenes of extravagant romance were associated with the features and characters of those times. In 1784 the "Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais came out at Paris. Holcroft heard of the merits and success of the piece, and determined to proceed to France in order to procure a copy, that he might translate and adapt it to the English stage. He found that the comedy had not been printed, and the jealousy

of the French managers prevented any manuscript copy getting abroad. But Holcroft was not to be beaten. In company with a friend he went every night to the theatre and witnessed ten successive performances. At night when he and his friend got home, each set down as much as he could recollect of a scene and they then compared notes, and each refreshed the memory of the other. The next evening they observed and corrected their mistakes, and supplied the deficiencies of their text. And thus, though they did not venture to make a single note during the representation, the entire play was at length transcribed. If Holcroft contributed anything like an equal share to the undertaking, he accomplished a task that would tax severely the memory, and acuteness, of a highly educated man familiar with French from his boyhood. In altering it for the English stage, Holcroft made considerable changes in Figaro, but very successfully, and when it appeared under the title of "The Follies of a Day" it had a reception that equalled the most sanguine expectations of all who were aware of the merits of the original and the skill of the translation.

In 1791 Holcroft brought out the comedy of the "School for Arrogance," and shortly after that of the "Road to Ruin." It was on these two comedies, and especially on the latter, that his pretension to contemporary fame principally rested. They discover great ease, and power of expression, much skill in the management of plot and a turn for the invention, and developement of intrigue. Most of the characters would appear to us now a days unnatural and caricatured. But even in the best dramas of the 18th Century, in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals," there is a kind of unreality pervading all the delineations of society. This was partly caused by the state of society in which much that was at once foolish, and fictitious was allowed to prevail,—partly by a conventional mode of writing them current, which assigned to every character some few, striking, simple and generally exaggerated traits. Mrs. Malaprop never talks English and Sir Lucius always talks Irish. The two comedies of Holcroft deservedly ranked among the most successful specimens of the comedy then in vogue. The character of Goldfinch in the "Road to Ruin" was a great favorite with the public. He is a light hearted, thoughtless, good humoured fool glorying in the excess of spirits and carrying away the audience with the exuberance of his cheerful nonsense, and the oddity of his oft-repeated saying "That's your sort" applied to every possible subject, and on every possible occasion.



Almost at the same time that Fortune thus began at last to smile upon the weary, and hard struggling aspirant, he sustained a blow in his own family circle so severe, as to render him insensible to the delights of success, and careless of his future career. His only son died under circumstances peculiarly melancholy and shocking. He was a boy of great promise, ready, ardent, and imaginative, but of a restless and impatient disposition. During his childhood he several times ran away from his home, and he at length departed to return no more. He asked permission to dine with a friend in the city, waited till his father had left the room, broke open a drawer and taking out forty pounds, left the house. He hastened to join an acquaintance who was going to the West Indies. At length his friends ascertained that he was on board the "Fame" then lying in the downs. His father set off immediately, and found from the Captain of the ship that his son was really there. The unfortunate youth had publicly declared, that he would shoot any other person who should come to take him, but that if his father came, he would shoot himself. The threat in one so young was considered not worth regarding, Mr. Holcroft went on board—and hearing that his son was in a dark part of the steerage went to seek him. The miserable boy, guilty and frightened, heard his footstep, was overwhelmed with the sense of his situation, and with a pistol he held in his hand, put an end to his existence. Holcroft lived for several years after the occurrence, but neither courage nor elasticity of mind could enable him wholly to surmount the shock. All his subsequent writings bear the impress of a pensive and mournful spirit.

It was perhaps the depression naturally resulting from so sad a loss that turned the current of Holcroft's thoughts during the next year, or two, to writings of a philosophical character. In two novels, "Anna St. Ives," and "Hugh Trevor"—which he wrote at this time of his life, he has attempted at once to pourtray the ideals of his fancy, and to sketch the theories he had embraced. Sanguine and enthusiastic in temperament, full of benevolent and generous feeling, and conscious from his own experience how much men born under disadvantages may do to raise themselves, he was exactly the man to be captivated by the notion then espoused by many men of literary eminence that human nature was capable of attaining perfection. To us who have witnessed the contradiction which half a century of additional history has given to this dream, it seems a poor quaint, foolish sort of belief. But men who had been awakened almost to a new existence by the

glories which, in their imagination, encircled the first outbreak of the French Revolution, could believe any thing of a race of which one part had done so much, and indeed there is at all times something enviable in the fond simplicity which errs on the side of a generous credulity. It is not much to boast of that we see the frailties and follies of mankind more clearly than our fathers. Certainly however the tenet of man's perfectability was sure to make a bad basis for a work of fiction. Faultless heroes are as dull as they are improbable. Frank Henley the hero of *Anna St. Ives* is a kind of moral puppet worked with the virtues for strings. The author pulls the cord of benevolence and the doll-hero throws away his purse: or he puts candour into motion, and his automaton makes a clean breast of all his peccadilloes. In Hugh Trevor vices are depicted with the same unity of colouring. The vicious characters are so obviously set up as warnings, they are so clearly painted monsters and not real, that no one who reads their deeds and fate feels more warned or more afraid than a man who sees the sign of a green dragon on a high way. It is in mixed characters that the poet or dramatist must shew his power and seek his success.

Such writings as these of Holcroft, though not likely to charm or enlighten future generations, might reasonably have been expected at least to be considered innocent and harmless. But in moments of political excitement, there is nothing which may not be twisted and perverted into an evidence of guilt. The excesses and horrors, which had defaced and dishonoured France frightened the English Government into an alarm which made it at once ridiculous and tyrannical. Among other victims Holcroft was selected, although his voice had been repeatedly uplifted in the cause of order, and his pen was constantly engaged in tracing the praises of sobriety and virtue. But to write at all was something of a crime, and to write what was intelligible only to the good and the thoughtful gave grounds for the darkest suspicions. In November 1792 he became a Member of a Society for Constitutional Information, the object of which was nothing more than to collect facts from which to judge of the influence which political institutions exerted upon the morals and happiness of nations. When Holcroft heard in 1794 that some of the Members of this Society had been taken into custody on a charge of treasonous language held in discussions among those present at their meetings, he could not contain his indignation and astonishment. Surely, he said, either there have been practices of which I am totally ignorant, or men are running mad. The

fact was that Parliament had declared that treason existed and the authorities felt bound to establish the truth of the assertion. Holcroft was at length informed that a warrant was out against him. He entirely refused to withdraw into retirement, or avoid the publicity and danger of a trial by a prudent retreat. He even abandoned a project of leaving town for sea-bathing to which he had been previously persuaded by his physician. Even after he knew that an indictment had been preferred against him he resolved to maintain his ground. The next morning he appeared in Court and addressing Lord Chief Justice Eyre offered voluntarily to surrender himself. His boldness and air of innocence seemed to disconcert those who were engaged in the prosecution : at length his surrender was accepted and he was committed to Newgate, having named Erskine as his counsel. He remained within the walls of the prison nearly eight weeks. He employed himself in arranging his defence as well as it is possible a man could, who was ignorant of what he was accused. On the first of December he was brought to the bar, but it was only a mock trial that he had to undergo. No evidence was offered against him, and in the language of the court he was honorably acquitted—and thus a man against whom there was not the shadow of a suspicion had to wait two months before he could get his prosecutors to say that he was not suspected. The truth was, that the real battle was fought in the case of Thomas Hardy, who was named in the same indictment, and when he was acquitted no one was in any danger. In Holcroft's own energetic words. "The whole power of government was directed against Thomas Hardy ; in his fate seemed involved the fate of the nation, and the verdict seemed to burst its bonds, and to have released it from inconceivable miseries and ages of impending slavery. The acclamations of the Old Bailey reverberated from the furthest shores of Scotland, and a whole people felt the enthusiastic transports of recovered freedom." Unfortunately Holcroft found that though freedom was recovered, tyranny had left its sting behind. Society could not, and would not believe, that a man had been tried for high treason without having given some grounds for the charge. Windham even applied, when speaking in the House of Commons, the term "acquitted felons" to Holcroft and his companions in misfortune. Such an indignity coming from the lips of a man so respected, so generous, and so moderate as Windham could not be overlooked. Holcroft published a letter addressed to him, in which with great force, dignity, and eloquence he re-

buked a statesman whom he admired and loved, for using inconsiderately a phrase so severe, and so unjust. It was one which Windham must have regretted having ever given vent to. But there are times of political terror and fanaticism, when even wise and noble-minded men are seized with a panic, and seem to shield the doubts of their conscience behind the asperity and violence of their language.

During the following two or three years, Holcroft gave to the world four or five comedies and operas with considerable success, but not in themselves sufficiently striking to need a particular mention. In 1798 he began a diary which he continued for about 9 months, and which has been preserved and published. It is written with great minuteness, and great freedom of description. It was not perhaps intended for publication, but its manner is such, as to lead to the supposition that its author meant, that the eyes of others should peruse it. It is principally filled with accounts of his own health, always feeble, and now beginning to give way—with memorandums of the progress he made in the different works on which he was engaged, with anecdotes and sayings of the public characters of the day, and criticisms on books and paintings. He had for several years bestowed great attention upon the art of painting and the productions of the chief masters; and living in habits of intimacy with Opie and other painters of celebrity, he had acquired a sound judgment and correct taste in estimating the merits of pictures and prints. He even relied so far on his own discrimination as to buy with a view to selling again. And the result justified him in running the risk. The diary is written with much perspicuity and careless ease, but though Holcroft was an acquaintance of Godwin, Sir Francis Burdett, Erskine and many others of note, he has not given much that adds to what we otherwise knew of them. It is indeed the light gossiping character of its details, and the personal interest attaching to the record of a man's daily life, that lends a charm to the diary rather than any instruction or amusement it affords.

In 1799 Holcroft went abroad having just married his fourth wife. The animosity of party spirit had much reduced the income he had hitherto secured by the productions of his pen. His active mind was also anxious to turn to foreign languages and literature as a new field for industry and thought. The state of his health made it indeed almost necessary that he should seek a retreat for a time, from the incessant combat he had to wage, against the hostility and prejudices of persons whom reason could not persuade to

candour, or justice. He crossed to Hamburg and made a considerable stay at that city. He became acquainted with Klopstock and Voss, and had the satisfaction of hearing that his writings were known and admired on the continent. From Hamburg he proceeded to Paris where he stayed two years. The result of this long stay was the "Travels in France" which he published in 1804 and which met with a most favorable reception. The work is chiefly devoted to a criticism and exposition of the national manners and character. It would probably interest but few modern readers. The style of travel-writing is wholly changed within the last twenty years, and the differences and singularities of habit and manner, on which Holcroft loved to dwell, are now treated as matters of course. But at the time when it was written, his book was a real gain to the British public.

He lived nearly six years after his return to England, in the summer of 1803. But failing health and weakened powers prevented his doing anything to increase his reputation. He died on the 23rd of March, 1809, aged 63, having shewn himself in death as in life, firm, patient, and considerate. We will give the description of the last sad scenes in Mr. Hazlitt's own words.

"A little before he died he called for wine, and refused it from every hand that held it to him, till his eldest daughter took it into hers: he then bowed his head to her, and drank it: thus in some way or other, shewing signs of regard to all, till his last moments approached. Hearing a noise of children on the stairs, he said to his wife—"are these *your* children, Louisa," as if he was already disengaged from human ties. On Thursday night about half past eleven, he seemed in great pain, and said to Mrs. Holcroft "How tedious—my affections are strong." It was that thought from this that it would be a relief to his feelings that they should retire: they all went into the next room, Colonel Harwood still keeping his eye upon him; but seeing his struggles increase, and being desirous of sparing his wife and daughter a sight they could not have borne, he returned into the bedroom, and gradually shut, and fastened the doors: which Mr. Holcroft observing showed evident signs of satisfaction. And seeming then easier, he smiled, and fixing his eyes on his friend, took them no more from him till they were closed for ever."

Thus died a man in many ways remarkable. Considering from what, and to what he rose, there is much to wonder at, and much to honour in the Story of his Life. The son of a

pedlar, and the favorite of a stable-keeper taught himself to write so as to charm thousands, and win fame at home and abroad. It is true that many have risen from an origin equally humble to far greater eminence. But it is not a paradox to say, that it is the absence of any thing like first-rate powers that distinguishes Holcroft's career. His success was the success rather of character than of genius. The interest we feel in reading his life is not that we are astonished by the brilliancy of his achievements, but it arises from our seeing how step by step he rose superior to circumstance. It does not cost a boy gifted with a marvellous power of calculation much effort or much self-denial to become an astronomer or a mathematician, and the child to whom the sense of harmony is instinctive becomes a world-famous composer almost against his will. But one whom native refinement and love of self-improvement enabled to resist the depression of poverty, the whispering of vanity, and the long neglect of a busy world, and to cultivate to its utmost a mind of only moderate capacity under circumstances the most disadvantageous, deserves a passing tribute from all who love to see a man, in the language of the great Greek, not only live but live well.

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## A BALLAD.

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The sons of evil, ever strong,  
Combining, vexed the land,  
Until arose a knight of worth  
Yclept Sir Heart-in-Hand.

And east he pricked and westward  
All deeds of dought to dare ;  
When Virtue sighed, or Crime grew bold,  
Sir Heart-in-Hand was there.

Till once it chanced upon a day,  
He met the Prince of Evil,  
And, trusting in his cause, essayed  
A combat with the Devil.

He broke his lance, he drew his sword,  
Cut down, with might and main,  
The cunning foeman gave the point  
And stretched him on the plain.

Then buried, as befits a knight,  
In harness, as he fell,  
It seemed a downfall of the Truth,  
A victory of Hell.

But soon a wonder rose which gave  
The sons of Hell the lie,  
And taught the fearful friends of good,  
That virtue cannot die.

For, from the Knight's lone tomb there came  
An influence strange and fine,  
More strong for evil and for good  
Than all the fumes of wine.

The virtuous gathered heart and strength,  
When on their ranks it fell,  
But a pale and sickly tremor came  
On all the hosts of Hell.

So, in few months the strife was past,  
That suffering land was free ;  
And what had seemed the people's loss,  
Ensured their victory.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD VACATIONS.

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Every one who has been at a University must remember his "Longs" to the last hour of his life. There is no forgetting the delightful plans, the arrangements for reading parties and tours, which occupy the last weeks of the Summer-terms—nor the hurry and bustle as the time draws near when the academical year closes, and the student is dismissed to four months' uninterrupted enjoyment of leisure, travelling, or reading. Still less can be forgotten the interchange of letters fixing time and place of meeting, the flutter of expectation which is felt by the friends who are spending a fortnight or month in their country homes before they set out for their excursion, and who keep writing to each other respecting the great event that lies before them. At last the day arrives, the party meets together, and in the full glory of health and spirits, in the morning of youth, and with hearts ready for anything from a German ball to a quarrel with the Duke of Atholl, they are off to the rivers and mountains.

An'O for ane and twenty Tam

An 'hey, sweet ane and twenty Tam.

When I recollect my 'Longs' I feel as strong a wish for ane and twenty as Burns's lassie. Perhaps I was fortunate, perhaps others can look back with still fonder remembrances than I can, but now that I am past forty, a sober, sedate, white-waistcoated man, even now my blood runs faster in my veins, and my heart beats high when I remember these delightful summers. In my first 'Long' I went to Wales. I was to join my companion at Liverpool. Early in the morning we started by a packet for Bangor. I had never been to sea before, and never seen a mountain. The Welch hills being lower than I expected, did not produce much effect on me, as we steamed by them, but I must confess that the sea did. So much so indeed, that a sailor having stared me hard in the face for a minute or two, by way of a cheering and soothing remark, expressed his opinion that I was not long for this world. A sentiment which I received with proper contempt. At Bangor I saw two things which astonished me, one, a man whom I was to ride ashore, and the other, a woman in a beaver hat. The tide was too low for a boat; so with much laughter, and many jokes my friend and I mounted two very useful strong-built Welsh fishermen easy to ride and accus-

tomed to carry a lady. In the streets there were so many other women with large white caps, and the black hats that I soon thought nothing of seeing the new costume. It was indeed but a poor thing to be astonished at, but what a supreme delight it is to be able to be astonished at all. Alas! it is gone like the other pleasures of youth. I could see a man clad in the old fabulous garb of the scholar hurrying to morning chapel—a surplice and straps, and should hardly take my cigar out of my mouth, it would seem so natural. Nil admirari is no piece of sound advice, for it comes of itself like grey hairs or the gout. I only wish I could admire and could walk thirty miles a day as I used to do—but away with gloomy thoughts; let us think of the blue Welsh mountains.

At last we reached our destination—Barnmouth, having passed by Beddgellert, Llanberris, and all the other lions which it belongs to a guide-book, and not to a prosy old collegian, to describe. Evening had closed in by the time we arrived. We had written to a friend who resided there to take lodgings for us. But it was too late and dark to find him out, and all we knew was that the land-lady was named Jones, about as good a guide as the direction of the letter addressed to “My mother in the Strand.” We applied for assistance at a respectable shop which was still open, and the owner being unable to decide upon his own responsibility among the numerous Joneses, one neighbour was called into a conference, and then another. The Council at length announced that the particular Jones in question was in their opinion Jane Jones. After much weary searching we found her asleep in a public house. We were delighted to hear her disclaim having anything to do with us, and at the same time inform us that the real Simon Pure was Jane Jones of some pleasant little word compounded as it appeared, almost exclusively of ws. and ds. We were conducted to the place referred to and in answer to a loud knock Jane Jones, our own Jane Jones, appeared. She received us with all a lodging-keeper’s civility but still with something of embarrassment. We asked the reason. After considerable hesitation she confessed that true to the proverb of ‘a bird in the hand,’ she had taken in a couple of elderly ladies and assigned them the beds destined for us: but her penitential confession ended in a sudden burst of triumph, for inspired with a happy thought she immediately added, “Shall I make them get up, gentlemen?” We were horror struck at the thought of making two travelling Dianas raise their tired heads from their chaste pillow, unscrew their papered locks, put on their

girdles and turn into a dismal little Welsh street at ten o'clock at night. So we left them alone in their glory and went to an hotel. The next morning we found that the cuckoos had flown, and the hedge sparrows made themselves comfortable in their own nest.

Barmouth is a nice place enough. Guide-books speak disparagingly of it, and hint at drifting sands and houses placed on inaccessible cliffs. But with Cader Idris to walk to, and an estuary half a mile broad to row in, we felt ourselves well established. We made a pretty constant attempt at morning reading, enough to satisfy the conscience and not enough to spoil the appetite (that is the golden mean.) After an early dinner we amused ourselves with different small pleasures, of which lying very quietly and easily on a plaid in a fruit-garden and knocking off tomtits with an air gun was among the chief. Then followed long evening walks and climbs up the grand face of rocks which hangs on either side over the river from Barmouth to Dolgelley. Coming home we lightened the way by repeating to each other odd scraps and pieces of favorite poets with which our memory happened to furnish us. Homer and Wordsworth sound well when rolled out by the side of a broad sheet of water, with the grey eternal rocks keeping watch, and the moon and stars floating overhead. Not that we were always in so poetical a vein, as stone walls thrown down in a wild run, and shepherd dogs limping away from the effects of a well directed paver could testify.

One day the walls of the quiet little town were varied with high yellow placards, of which the upper half was occupied with a gigantic woodcut representing three ostriches and a piebald poney, cantering away with lady riders in what may be delicately described as a Godiva costume. The lower part announced that on the following afternoon we might expect not only to see this wild vision realized, but even greater improbabilities worked out on the arrival of a certain Circus troop, the great heroes in the undertaking being the St. Petersburg Snow Tumbler, the true Shakesperian Zany, and the incomparable India Rubber Clown. Though long past the age of Astley's we determined not to lose a sight so rare at a minor watering place. All the fashion of the town and neighbourhood gathered together to witness the spectacle, anything doing in the country as an excuse for meeting together. I cannot say that the details of the performance have impressed themselves very vividly on my remembrance, except that I can distinctly call to mind my feeling of surprise

at the sight of two men in the tightest of tights lying on their backs and kicking up their legs so as to toss and receive two great balls, being considered either a decent or interesting exhibition. My attention was diverted by the attractions of my next neighbour, a young lady with the gayest of faces and the blackest of hair. And then her laugh. She found something to laugh at in what she saw, in which she had the advantage of me, but I think nevertheless I enjoyed the two hours the most. When it was over I observed the carriage which she entered and thus easily learnt her name and local habitation. She was the daughter of a retired navy Captain who had sheltered his declining years in one of the prettiest villas possible, on the sunny side of a neighbouring hill. The exact spot was about five miles off, and rather round a corner, but with the aid of a small telescope, which made my eyes water till I looked like Augustus Moddle, I fancied I could see where the sweet nymph was or ought to be as I gazed from the window of my lodgings.

By the end of a week I had procured an introduction to my Captain—a full faced, easy-going man whose talk ran on what he had done in the *Wasp*, and wished to have done in the *Arrow*, and who calculated all the events of the last thirty years not by the date of the year of grace, but by a nautical Chronology running, “when I was in the *Rasper*” or “when I had just joined the *Firefly*.” His wife was the best of helpmates, fitting into all his oddities, rounding off all his angularities, and admiring him as if he had been a sea deity instead of a weather-beaten Post Captain—Caroline was their only daughter. I like only daughters for one thing. They have no brothers and brothers are so excessively earthly and prosaic at times when the heart is warm, and the lips long to speak. Fortune favoured me. The next day was to be devoted to a picnic up Cader Idris—and I and my friend were invited to join the party. We agreed, or rather I agreed, with raptures. Fair and fine smiled the following morn. Having recovered from a temporary ophthalmia produced by using my telescope from an early hour of the morning, I mounted a fiery steed, and followed by my Pylades dashed off to worship Nature and Nature’s fairest daughter. We had a delightful ride to the foot of the noble mountain, and then as delightful a climb. But shall I confess it? Though everything went off brilliantly, though the air was balmy, and the scenery majestic, long before we came down I began to feel that if any detached piece of rock fancied tumbling on my head and producing the usual effect of heavy granite impinged

on the human skull, I should be rather obliged to it than otherwise. My sorrow and vexation was this. Caroline would gather flowers. It sounds as if nothing could have been more charming and that no occupation could have been a more propitious opening to a closer acquaintance. So I thought, and I went by her side and innocently gathered dog-daisies and the commoner kinds of fern which she rejected with a polite smile. But I found that these flowers were a business—a duty which she discharged with a kind of virgin pertinacity particularly offensive to me. All her mind was set off an Herbarium—Hecuba was a good deal to me, but I was nothing to Hecuba. How I hated blotting paper, and dried leaves, and rotten stalks. The only division of Linnæus I could bear to think of was monogamy, at least I thought that was a division though I could not feel sure, and it would have been rather a heavy piece of artillery to have fired off this as a beginning. So the day wore on, and the flowers were gathered, and the sun went down, and I felt indignant and ill used, not with much reason perhaps—but what is reason at twenty?

A day or two afterwards, I determined to repair my lost ground by making an early call and spending a quiet hour or two with the family. But after walking there on a dusty hot morning, I found on my arrival that the fair Caroline was out, gathering, I suppose some more of those execrable flowers. Destiny seemed against me. An iron hand seemed to repel me. I was conquered. Too shy and too sensitive to go again, I allowed the precious weeks to pass by, and abandoned myself wholly to the pleasures of memory and my telescope. And with a heart nearly broken and sight nearly ruined, I returned to England at the beginning of October.

The next year I went to France—quite a different sort of thing. No Carolines there, no bare rocks and early bathing—but coquettish soubrettes, and fire-works, and old churches. We crossed from Southampton to S. Malo. In one respect S. Malo is a very good place to begin France with, in another it is a very bad one. By a good place to begin, I mean a place which shews what the country is like and yet leaves better things of the same sort to come after. S. Malo contains the filthiest streets, the dirtiest estaminets, and the most contemptible looking little soldiers I ever saw. So far, so good; but then it also contains an hotel the “Hotel de la Paix”—and the hotel contains a *salle à manger*—and the *salle à manger* offers a tabled’hôte of almost fabulous excellence. I felt like Ulysses in the gardens of Alcinous. There

were, as the *Odyssey* says, melons upon melons, and peaches upon peaches, and grapes upon grapes—and then these banquets, these *cœnæ deorum*, occurred at such odd, pleasant hours; twice a day were the fleshpots boiled, and the luscious fruits prepared. But the worst of it was, that every other place seemed in a state of siege and on garrison allowance. When we got to Avranches (I say “we” for of course I had a companion, the cheeriest, pleasantest of friends,) I felt so hurt at the reception offered by the way side inn, that the view from the hill reckoned one of the finest in Normandy was little better than Cowley Marsh to me. From Avranches we went to explore S. Michel a strong castle on an island near the coast, where state prisoners used to be confined (they send them to Cayenne now, where they are devilled with *poivre rouge*.) There is not much to see at the place itself, but its situation is imposing, and is curiously like that of its namesake off the Cornwall coast. The only pleasure that a prison ever gave me is the pleasure of knowing I might go away from it, and we enjoyed that as we drove a broken down buggy back over the wet sands. We went by diligence to Caen on the same day. As *compagnon de voyage* we had a jolly gentlemanly looking priest whom I selected as a fit victim to try a few phrases from a guide book on. With a polite smile he replied in English and then proceeded to teach me how to pronounce the sentence I had addressed to him; and so at the expense of a little mortification I got a cheap lesson. Caen I thought a fine town, fresh, white, and conveniently built. I do not recollect any thing that happened there except that on Sunday evening there was a display of fireworks, looking on at which we met an Irishman, who in a spirit of friendly confidence imparted to us his previous history, and that of his family, ending with the interesting communication that his aunt had just been buried at Kensall Green. Caen to Havre, and Havre to Rouen, were our next stages. Its cathedral and its historical associations make Rouen interesting, we did honour to the first by going to the top of its iron spire, and to the latter by seeing where Joan of Arc was burnt. It must have required some art to burn a woman in Rouen. The streets are so narrow that one wonders how a pile large enough could have been erected. But when the end of a heroine’s drama is come, the fire is sure to burn, and the victim to be consumed. At last we reached Paris and were at home in the city of wonders. Happy is the man who can take delight in Paris, and who stays there long enough to see its lions, and not long enough to

affect its ways. The fashion of our day was this. Breakfast at Meurice's (of course we were at Meurice's John Bull's haven of refuge)—consisting of gigantic cups of coffee and an English newspaper—English—for French newspapers were a regular business and had to be done in a business like sort of way, that is, directly after breakfast, out of doors, in the sunny part of the court-yard, and well smoked over. We were then primed to discharge the heaviest duties, and went off to the Louvre, or to the top of Napoleon's column, or Notre Dame. Lions produce thirst, and thirst suggests ices; and so to Tortoni's; as Pepys would say. There is an ice called Plombière, consisting of different strata of the most delicious ices of all kinds, for which I could have lain myself down and died—at least as much as the author of that over sung song could have done for Annie Laurie. A fiacre was always at hand to bear us away to some fresh and rather easier sight. It is a great art to regulate the degrees of difficulty in sight-seeing according to the times of the day. From 3 to 5 requires a very easy sight—as examples of an easy sight I may instance sauntering in the Champs Elysees, lounging in a glove shop, or possibly looking at all the fine blue and red and gold in Notre Dame de Lorette. Half-past-five brought table d'hôte which is at Meurice's a creditable but expensive repast, and very far from the regal magnificence of S. Malo. The country mice *there* need never come to see the town-mice in order to taste dainties. Perhaps I exaggerate the excellencies of S. Malo, but it is so pleasant to puff off a place that few people know, and I really believe in its merits. After dinner came the great treat, because great novelty, of a cup of coffee at a little round table among the gay groups of the Palais Royal. It is a very pleasant thing for a young Englishman whose only experience of *al fresco* tea-drinking has been the annual gala of school children in a country village, and who associates the idea with tin mugs, and cabbaged ends of plumcake, and the 100th *Psalms*, to see ladies in beautiful dresses and men with unexceptionable hair and beards, sitting in groups dotted here and there like islands in the sea of a great area, and sipping their coffee amid light laughter, and gay chattering and wreathed smiles. The Theatre Français furnished the concluding entertainment of the day. It is true the foreign tongue marred the pleasure, but Rose Chéri's capital acting spoke eloquently though her words were to us often of little meaning. During this stay at Paris I had also the exquisite pleasure of hearing Rachel. Of all works of art I ever saw, Rachel's acting

seemed to me *at the time* the most wonderful. Of course there is nothing to reflect on and to treasure up as in a first-rate picture or statue, but whilst the spectacle was being exhibited the effect was the most thrilling and peculiar I ever experienced. Other actors and actresses remind me by an appeal to my senses of a portion of the thought which they attempt to express, that is, supposing it is a master-piece with which they are engaged. But Rachel seemed to rise superior to the poet and the drama she was illustrating. And yet the poet was Corneille, and the play was *Les Horaces*. We all know how far the lighter moods of the mind can be represented by action without words—but how seldom are the sterner emotions so conveyed, or even attempted to be so conveyed. I saw Rachel express by writhings and motions of the body, by heavings of her whole frame, and rapid changes of posture, such a profundity of dumb agony that the interest could hardly have been more exciting or more painful, if I had seen her there and then stabbed to the heart. It was much more real and much more grand than the idea of sorrow and distress awakened in my mind by the mere words of the scene—that namely in which the father of Horatius relates to Camilla the death of her Sabine lover. Some evenings however were passed in a much lighter and more commonplace manner, and the glories of dramatic art gave place to the *Maison Rouge* and the frolicsome dances in which the dwellers of the outskirts of Paris delight. As *Acres* says “we rubbed up our balancing and chasing and boring” But I confess our legs were true-born English legs and “did not understand their French lingo.” There was no keeping pace with the slashing boisterous waltzing of a Parisian. But when we could last no longer, we were quite happy looking on and admiring the prodigies we saw. Indeed with happy lookings on at many prodigies, our days fast went away and we were soon getting to the end of the time allotted to Paris. We might have stayed longer, but our sojourn was cut short by the state of our finances—we had crippled ourselves with ruinous tailors’ bills. Being so well known on the Continent, and so very French in our natural appearance, we had thought it absolutely necessary to procure blue trowsers plaited at the waist, and waistcoats of a kind of solid white brocade—*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*.

In my third summer, just before I took my degree, I went to Germany. I had three companions—with one of whom I started, leaving the other two to follow. The friend who accompanied me, was a most excellent being, but given to



the most constant and curious mistakes. It seemed as if fortune was perpetually setting traps and little pitfalls for him, and always catching him. We went down to Dover by the night-mail. There was some little confusion at one of the stations, and my friend who had been sitting next me shifted his place and got beside a comfortable elderly gentleman who was just dozing off into a quiet nap. We might be 14 miles from Folkstone or thereabout's when we passed by some low land enveloped in mist on which the moon was shining. Deceived by the appearance, and thinking he still was sitting by me, in his enthusiasm at getting to the end of our journey, my friend came down with a sounding blow on the shoulders of the unfortunate sleeper and exclaimed "The sea, old boy, the sea." The stranger, who looked like an archdeacon, or a bank-director or something of that sort woke to see a ploughed field on one side and an apologizing youth on the other.

Our destination was Dresden. And in this beautiful city I passed three months. Hard work in the morning and then a plunge in the Elbe—and then dinner at a restaurateur's over-looking the river, and then billiards, and a good walk and tea and a long read before an early bed. On Sundays English, or German Protestant service, and then a long lounge in the Picture Gallery—and a table d'hôte dinner, and a drive into the country. So week passed after week, each bringing no great excitement, but a good deal of calm pleasure, of small amusements, and varied objects of interest. We lodged with a little Polish widow—at least widow by courtesy—for she had a husband somewhere, though no one knew where. My friend occupied himself a good deal with the solution of this domestic mystery, and at last thought he had discovered its solution in the theory that religious differences had parted them, and that the lady was too good a Protestant to live with a Catholic spouse. But as her religious feelings seemed entirely to expend themselves in constantly exclaiming Ach Gott, and in pronouncing that everything from the Great Bear to the mud of the Elbe was "wondrously beautiful," I received this explanation with some scepticism. She had a little daughter named Celestine who was a general favorite and who could talk English very tolerably though quite a child. She was intended for a governess—and almost all educated Germans learn English now-a-days. Dresden is a very nice place for reading—not only is there plenty of quiet but there is plenty of variety, and many little pleasant devices to break the tedium. In the first place there are the

allies. Whenever pens and paper were not absolutely necessary, it was my delight to take my book to these cool green walks, and occasionally refresh my eye with the prospect of the passers-by, lessening as they receded till they vanished in the distance, and of the little children hurrying to and from school at their different hours. Then there was a man about three streets off who made chocolate in a most superior manner—and a cup formed a natural halfway house between lunch and dinner. Again, there is always some little thing to be done or seen in the afternoon, plenty of terraces, and palaces, and pictures, and jewels, some fine and some not, but all offering an object for a walk. Then there are some pleasure gardens about 2 miles from the city, where there is excellent music and a beautiful view to reward the exertion of walking. For walking is an exertion on German roads, the dust being almost always ankle deep. However according to the beautiful system of compensation which prevails throughout human things, the cabs are so cheap at Dresden that it is a person's own fault if he does not avoid the dust and escape to one of the many places of the neighbourhood, in which walking is agreeable. One above all, deserves mention, the Plauische Grund, a valley with grass and a clear stream, and bold, bare rocks coming straight down to the water.

When we had been there a month our other companions joined us, and thenceforward the time passed, if possible, more pleasantly. We had the pleasure of introducing them to all our favorite places and people, and of shewing all the treasures we had discovered. One of the new arrivals was an old acquaintance of mine from boyhood, a man of rare ability and of the most kindly heart, but simple in his ways, and puzzled with the wonders of a foreign land. Billiards were a mystery to him—but we would not abandon our after dinner game, nor leave out any one of the party from the amusement. His cue however seemed to have a positive aversion to his ball, and would have nothing to do with striking it. The waiter of the dining-place, who acted in his leisure moments as an amateur marker, suggested the mace, which he called a spoon—and as the remedy was found efficacious, this excellent garçon used to present the serviceable instrument daily, blandly saying, "Here is your spoon Sir" much as the child in Miss Edgeworth's story says to the porker that eats up her bread and milk. "Take a' poon, pig." It happened that this friend's birthday fell whilst we were at Dresden. A day or two before we happened to mention the circumstance to our Polish hostess.

She received the intelligence with a burst of delight. It was an "event." She would celebrate the festive day with becoming honours. She was happy with secret preparations. We knew something was coming, but what it was, lay hid in the arcana of her inner-sitting-room. The day came. She and her daughter rose at some unearthly hour of the morning. Busily and merrily they worked till we came down to breakfast. They then took one of us aside, and begged that we would under some pretence get our friend to absent himself from his room for half an hour sometime in the morning. It did not require much diplomacy to effect this. There were two things he was ready for any hour of the day or night, conversation and chocolate. It was therefore but proposing a quiet chat and a demi-taste at Jacob Thimm's and he was as ready as a lark. During our absence the lady of the house wreathed his sofa, chairs, and table with flowers, and prepared her daughter to go through a little scene. The hero returned. On his entering the apartment, the little girl advanced with a song about birth and happiness and smiling morn, and wished to throw a wreath over his shoulders, and as she said "crown him with the crown of love." Being however unaccustomed to German ways and suspecting that some practical joke was being played off, the intent of which was to make his room uninhabitable, and possibly to strangle him, he tossed away the flowers, pushed poor Celestine aside, and merely saying—"What a horrid mess" fled to his bed-room for safety. Poor Polish lady, poor Celestine. All these wreaths and smiles, and aspirations for the happy return of the morn, and long arranged plans so thrown away. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! If Apollo had come down at some great Greek festival, and asked why they wasted so much good beef in sacrifices to him, the denouement could not have been more prosaic.

When we had been a couple of months at Dresden, a holiday of four days was voted, in which we might explore the Saxon Switzerland. We first went to the king of Saxony's country palace which lay on the way. The public are here admitted to the gallery from which they can see the royal party at dinner. We were there at the right time of day, and saw the interesting spectacle. The king is a venerable-looking old man—but there is nothing very remarkable about the manner of his eating. After seeing this feed of the great lions, we resumed our journey up the river to the curious groups of rocks which bear the inappropriate name of the Saxon Switzerland. They rise in fantastic peaks and in all manner

of grotesque shapes from bases of splendid foliage, and as their range extends for some miles, and they are intersected by the broad waters of the Elbe, the effect of the whole is superior to that which the different parts would suggest. There is quite enough to occupy three days of hard walking, and three days of hard but very pleasant walking we had. Our greatest annoyance was the conversations of the guides who took advantage of the queer forms the rocks assumed to din into our ears a long list of objects to which they had been compared. This peak was thought like a fox, and this like a man's toe, and that like a bottle of brandy—till at last having already paid them to tell us all they knew, we were obliged to give them something extra to hold their tongues.

When September had passed away, and October had just begun to brown the leaves, the approach of term-time made us bid farewell to all the delights of Dresden, to the farfamed Madonna di San Sisto, and the Weeping Magdalene, and the cheap theatre, and the plunges in the rapid Elbe, and chocolate, and Celestine. So one evening we tore ourselves away, and getting into a railway carriage, took our last farewell look at the beautiful city, through the clouds of smoke rising from the pipes of our German fellow passengers. Even now I feel something of melancholy, as memory presents to me how Dresden looked sleeping in the calm loveliness of that autumn evening.

I took my degree before Christmas, and so my three summers of student life were over, three bright happy summers, full of sweet memories, and pleasant after-thoughts. Sometimes now-a-days when the wind whistles round the quiet old house where I dwell, and the sea moans in the distance and the twilight is closing in, I throw myself on a sofa near the fire, and give fancy and memory the rein, till I am transported to the places and times of my youth, and again took with unwearied eye on the rocks and waters of Barmouth, or the gay Boulevards, or the green walks of Dresden. The old voices sing in my ear, and the wonted smile lights up the well-known faces. Truly Oxford vacations give rise to some recollections I should be loath to part with.

But if I may claim the summer after my degree as an Oxford vacation, and perhaps I may, as I resided till the summer began, I can add to my list a time surpassing, far surpassing, all in the happiness it gave then, and since, nay that it gives even now. Like a bird that has been a wandering, I flew back to my old haunts. Once more Bar-

mouth—once more the same old companion ; and once more Caroline. I cannot express the delight with which I drove towards the close of a July day along the well-known road from Dolgelley. I felt that I was myself so altered and yet so much the same, but that the grand rocks I had so often pictured to myself were exactly as they had been, change had not come over them. There they stood, as they had stood, silent, immoveable, friendly. There was no disappointment ; nothing was less or worse than I had expected.

I duly adjusted my telescope the next morning, but experience had so far tamed my youthful enthusiasm that I no longer believed the laws of light were altered, in order to enable me to observe a place out of the line of sight. Moreover I would no longer trifle with my eyes. I took a surer and easier means of seeing what I wanted. I ordered a car after breakfast, and soon found myself where I wished to be. I had not heard anything of the family for a long time, and did not know but that the fair Caroline had permanently established elsewhere herself, and her hated herbarium. If I had met with this intelligence on presenting myself in the circle of her friends I might have felt a momentary pang, but do not know that I should have been long discomposed—absence and three years of business and of pleasure can do so much to cool down young admiration. But I was not fated to be put to such a test. As I drove up to the door, I saw the Nymph of the place among the flowers she loved. I had a vague idea of pretending to be ill, and bribing the driver to go back as fast as he could. But before I could do so, the bell was rung and the door opened. In a minute I found myself in the presence of the Captain who gave me a hearty welcome, and compared his emotions on seeing me to those he had experienced twenty years before when Smith (now Admiral Smith) came from the Rattlesnake to see him in the Terrible. It was not without a slight palpitation that I went into the garden. However, roses and geraniums were more propitious to me than heather and orchides. Caroline was not quite absorbed in horticulture and half an hour flew pleasantly by. I drove home, with all my old feelings not only revived, but heightened. There followed constant meetings, and the beginnings of a familiar acquaintance. Step by step we advanced along the path that leads to the pleasant land. At last the great triumph was achieved. We again ascended Cader Idris. But this time the herbarium was neglected ; not a single specimen was added to its contents, and the poor worthless daisy that I threw at her feet was not rejected.

She too then, my best and dearest of companions, was thus added to the list of those with whom the delight of my Oxford vacations were shared. Who can feel as I feel how much of the happiness which these vacations witnessed, derived its secret source from these beloved ones, and how truly it is Love and Friendship that have clad the memory of those days with colours so lasting and so beautiful?

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## THE GAMBLING DEBT.

(Translated from the French of P. L. JACOB,

FOR LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.)

(Continued from Page 449.)

### VIII.

The king silently contemplated the city, which appeared as if illuminated for some festival, and from which an indistinct hum arose.

Suddenly the great bell of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois tolled.

"What is that?" asked Charles suddenly starting, as if from sleep at the sound of this bell. "*Madame ma mère*, I did not give the order?"

"It was I" answered Catherine de Médicis. When you ordered the Louvre to be cleared of the Huguenot gentlemen, living there, I ordered the admiral's knell to be tolled. Sire, you will be royally avenged I assure you, and already ought you to feel, that you are really king."

"Many thanks, Madame, for your good intentions in regard to us; but God is my witness that I wash my hands of all that may be done! Above all things has care been taken that no blood be spilt within the precincts of the Louvre which is the inviolable abode of the kings of France?"

"According to your orders, sire," said the Count de Retz "it is death to any one, who dares to pollute your dwelling by a murder."

A tumult at first vague and smothered, and then bursting forth reigned throughout the interior of the Louvre.

Piteous cries, and threatening shouts with the clashing of arms and clanking of armour, reverberated from all sides. Lights appeared at the windows, and they being opened, were crowded with people, for the most part women, on the look out for a spectacle.

In the corridors and galleries, across the court-yards and grass-plots, soldiers were running with drawn swords and torches in their hands; several shots told of the resistance made by the victims, who were being thus pursued, though not yet massacred.

At length the great gate afforded a means of exit to these victims, followed by their butchers.

The latter were the Swiss of the royal guard, and those of the Duke d' Anjou's, who had received orders to seize all the gentlemen of the King of Navarre's and Prince Condé's households.

The former, were these gentlemen being led disarmed outside of the Louvre, for the purpose of having their throats cut.

The Swiss made use of their arms against their prisoners, as soon as they had passed the stone bridge adjoining the principal entrance to the palace; then, shouting "*Tué! tué!*" they precipitated themselves upon the unfortunates, who cried: "*Grace! merci!*" whilst endeavouring to fly or defend themselves.

By chance, or perhaps from a previously determined design, they were pushed on at the point of the sword, to the four corpses, which had protected Jacques de Savereux, still senseless, and almost dead drunk, and there, they were knocked over, with pikes, partisans, daggers and pistols.

The King assisted passively at this horrid scene, which seemed to have been expressly placed under his eyes; but his mother, brother, and favorites encouraged the assassins with voice and gestures.

"Kill! kill!" shouted the Duke d' Anjou, applauding the blows he saw struck, "They are villanous traitors, and false scoundrels who conspired against the King your Sire!"

"They had taken up their abode in the Louvre," said Catherine in a loud voice, "that they might seize the person of the King, and reign in his stead!"

"And thus is the conspiracy frustrated and destroyed!" continued the Duke de Nevers. "They wanted to exterminate the Catholics this very night!"

The Swiss, already excited by the wine, and the money which had been distributed to them, became frantic at the sight of blood and at the news of a plot against the King and the Catholics; they excited one another to redouble their fury and their cruelty by pointing to the dead and saying:

"These are the same, who wanted to force us to kill the King, our good and beloved sire!—Kill! let us kill them to the very last!"

The gentlemen, whom they were thus immolating without pity, had been torn from their beds; some from the arms of their wives; several had even sought refuge in vain, in the apartments of their masters, the King of Navarre and Prince Condé who were unable to come to their aid.



They had no means of parrying the blows, which showered upon them, from all sides at once, and they fell covered with wounds, one of which would have been in itself sufficient to have caused death.

But at least they had not time to suffer, for they were already dead, when their features were mutilated, and their hands cut off. Those who were still conscious before receiving the death stroke, trusted to God for vengeance.

The lords de Bourses, de Saint-Martin and de Beauvais, (tutor to the King of Navarre), were brought out together, halfnaked and died embracing each other.

"There is Captain de Piles!" exclaimed Charles IXth.

He pointed out with his finger a gentleman richly dressed, whose fierce look and proud bearing inspired the murderers with awe.

"I see, that I must die;" said Captain de Piles. He unclapped his gold-embroidered mantle and threw it to a soldier whom he saw standing sentinel under the King's balcony.

"Here comrade, take this in remembrance of the Huguenot Captain, who has so well feasted the Catholics at Saint-Jean-d'Angely."

An archer ran him through with a great halbert and threw his body on the others.

The pity of the slaughterers was almost being moved, in favor of a fine looking young man, who advanced between two archers, with a firm step, and saluted the king with noble self-possession, as though he were not interested in what was passing round him.

Charles IXth recognised him and leaning over the balustrade, made him a sign to approach.

But the young lord whose countenance expressed sorrow and indignation, pointed with one hand to the heap of slain, to which he was soon going to be added, and then raised it towards heaven to call that to witness against the murders which had been committed.

He then pressed ardently to his lips, the scarf of blue silk, embroidered with gold, which he wore across his chest.

The Swiss had drawn back on seeing the gesture of the King, which they considered to be an order to spare this victim.

"Gondrin, my friend," cried Charles to him "I beg of you for my sake to become a Catholic, as well as your master, the King of Navarre!"

"Sire," replied the bastard of Gondrin, baron de Pardailan, whom the King was addressing. "I might perhaps abjure

my religion for your sake, but I cannot, on account of my lady, who is of my creed and would not espouse a Catholic."

"Wretched man!" returned the king contemptuously, "do you prefer your lady-love to your king? She is very beautiful then, this Anne de Curson?"

"Ah! Sire, she is the most lovely girl in all Bretagne—— But, in the name of justice, why these abominable murders?"

"The Huguenots have formed a treasonable conspiracy to deprive me of my crown and of my life. You were not a conspirator you, Gondrin, who so lately played at tennis with me? Make haste to abjure your faith, my dear son; if not, I can answer for nothing——say, are you not a good Catholic!"

"No, Sire! I am betrothed to the demoiselle Anne de Curson, and like her, am Calvinist to the scaffold, if necessary!"

At these words an archer lit him a severe blow on the head with a partisan, and having brought him to his knees, stunned and blinded by the blood, which ran down into his eyes, continued striking him, till he thought him dead, notwithstanding the cries of Charles IXth.

This prince, perceiving that Gondrin, added to the mass of dead bodies, no longer gave any sign of life, concealed his face in his hands, and remained for several moments absorbed in feelings of regret.

More than eighty gentlemen had been massacred and were lying heaped up in one pile, which almost reached to the balcony.

The citizens, whom the sound of fire arms, the cries of the murderers and their victims, the glare of the torches and the tocsin of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, had attracted from out of their houses, ventured to the scene of the massacre, and left it exclaiming, that the Huguenots had endeavored to break into the Louvre and kill the king.

This calumny spread in a moment throughout the whole of the city, and the signal from the belfry of the palace, was all that was waited for, in order to commence a general massacre, for as yet it had not extended beyond the quarter of the Louvre.

It was in this quarter, round the Hôtel de Béthisy where the admiral lived, that the gentlemen of the Calvinist party had also taken their lodgings. An indistinct uproar, coming from that side, made it evident that the Duke de Guise, the chief director of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, had no longer retarded the execution of it.

All of a sudden, a rocket shot up from the top of the steeple of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, and describing a luminous curve in the air, fell, extinguished into the Seine, in front of the Louvre.

"Sire, the Admiral exists no longer to be the destruction of you, and of the kingdom!" exclaimed Catherine de Medicis: "Thank God and the Duke de Guise, who have delivered you from him."

At the same moment the chimes rang out from the great bell of the palace, and their merry clang became blended with the solemn vibrations of the tocsin at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Immediately a terrific clamour of thousands of shouts, growing louder and louder arose from all parts of the city.

In every street, in each house, there were assassins and their victims, these, endeavoring rather to escape, than defend themselves.

The former who seemed a prey to a species of phrensy, spared neither kindred nor friends. Old men, women and children, were slain in cold blood, because children, women and old men were amongst the slayers.

"Are there no more Huguenots in the Louvre?" the king asked of Captain de Losse who had been appointed to see the preliminaries to the general massacre carried out.

"One, only, the Sire de Lérans has been saved by Madame Marguerite, who has promised to make a Catholic of him. There only remain the king of Navarre and Prince de Condé."

"Sire, come" interrupted the Queen mother, "here they are bringing you the head of the Admiral de Coligny as an offering."

"Ah! we are anxious to see it!" exclaimed Charles IXth with ferocious joy; "but it is an offering which does not benefit me, and which I shall send to our most holy father the Pope."

He quitted the balcony with his suite, and entered his apartments, there to receive the bleeding trophy which Besme was bringing him from the Duke de Guise.

De Losse, as soon as the king had retired, ordered the Swiss of the guard into the Louvre, the gates of which were closed, and which seemed to take no part whatever in the slaughter organised throughout the whole of the city. One might have believed that the massacre had not extended to the royal abode, had not an immense heap of dead bodies lying on the strand, borne evidence to the contrary.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew had commenced there.

## IX.

Amidst this pile of dead there were however two living beings.

The baron de Pardaillan who still breathed, although having several mortal wounds ;

Jacques de Savereux, not yet recovered from his swoon, and half suffocated by the weight of the corpses with which he had been mingled. The want of air restored the consciousness of existence to him, and he came to himself by degrees, making prodigious efforts to throw off the load which hindered his breathing ; he was fortunate enough to get his head out into the open air, and to disengage his chest a little.

His inebriety had considerably diminished, through the effects of the lethargy which had taken hold of all his senses and faculties ; he opened his eyes, but to close them again instantly in terror, as seeing nothing else but distorted and bloody figures, which he took to be the fantastic creations of a dream.

But on unclosing his eyes a second time, and keeping them well open and fixed on the objects which surrounded him ; and on stretching out his hand to touch them, he felt assured that he was awake.

The remaining fumes of the wine which obscured his brain, were suddenly dispersed.

He nevertheless could not render himself any account of the circumstances, which had brought him amongst the dead, no more than he could explain how these dead came to be heaped up at a couple of yards from the Louvre.

He supposed some scuffle, some duel had taken place, and asked himself if he had not fought with the guests of Captain de Losse as the second of de Curson,—this was a vague recollection, which floated about in his memory.

But he perceived that his sword was still in its scabbard, and remembered that the appointed meeting was to come off on the morrow at the Pre-aux-Clercs.

After the first moment of hesitation during which his ideas had some difficulty in following a regular train, he thought seriously of extricating himself from the pool of blood, in which he lay.

He worked so with hands and feet, that he succeeded in opening a passage through the corpses.

He was on the point of getting out altogether, when he found himself stopped by an arm, which could but belong to a living person.

At the same time a sigh, and some broken words convinced him, that all were not dead, in this heap of inanimate bodies.

"Hallo!" said he in a loud voice, "Who is groaning here? Is it any one, who has life enough left to come with me?"

"Silence, in God's name!" was the answer returned in a whisper. "If they hear you, they 'll return to the carnage, and we shall be done for!"

"Eh! who are they, I beseech you, who will return to do us harm?" Jacques de Saveretix asked, speaking in a more subdued tone.

"Those who have left us for dead!" said the voice, which seemed almost expiring from suffocation.

"Night-robbers? Roysters? Pon my soul I know nothing of what has happened—I am neither dead nor asleep I believe?"

"Are you not grievously wounded as I am?"

"I do not perceive it, but wounded or not, I feel myself capable of using my sword right well. But why all this slaughter?"

"You must be in a bad way, if you no longer have any recollection of these horrors! attacked and massacred by the Swiss of the royal guard, under the eyes of His Majesty and the Queen his mother!"

"Under the eyes of the king!" exclaimed Savereux.

He raised his head, listening to the tocsin, the cries, and the shots which mingled confusedly in the air.

"Is the city being sacked?" he asked.

"This fine massacre has not been begun, to be put an end to so soon, and my consolation in dying is, that I shall not behold the murders of this fatal night!"

"They are fighting in the streets!" continued Savereux who wished to stand up, but was still retained by his neighbour.

"Do not move my friend! or else you are a dead man to a certainty! But, verily you have not even been wounded!"

"I believe it now, but the devil take me, if I can understand, how I come to find myself here! You were not at supper with Captain de Losse? You have not met M. de Curson?"

"De Curson?" interrupted the voice having apparently gained more strength: "Where is he? Has he been able to escape the butchery? God grant that it be so!"

"I do not know, what has become of him, since I left him; we have supped, drank, and played together, so much so that I have become his brother in arms."

"You!" replied the voice, seemingly weaker again, whilst from the midst of the dead a head rose, all covered with blood. "Your name?"

"Jacques de Savereux, gentleman *périgourdin*, the best player at cards and dice, and the most triumphant toper, to be found at Court. And you?" "Batârd de Gondrin baron de Pardaillan, gentleman of the chamber to the king of Navarre?" "*Par la messe!* I should not have recognised you in this pitiful plight, you the glorious baron de Pardaillan the favorite of Monseigneur Henri de Bourbon!"

The voice had become silent, and Savereux waited in vain for an answer.

The disfigured head, which had risen up before him, had sunk back again amongst the dead, but he could distinguish it from all the others by the mask of blood which covered it and the horrible wound which had cloven the skull to the eyebrows.

The baron de Pardaillan lay without movement, yet his pulse still beat, and his hands retained a little warmth.

Savereux did not hesitate in affording him all the aid he could: he lifted him gently off that bed of corpses, and carried him to the water's edge.

There, he washed his face, and used the shreds of his own shirt, which he tore off to staunch the bleeding from three wounds, the least of which was mortal.

Then Savereux sought in his mind, the means of completing his good action, by procuring the necessary assistance for the wounded man; he only saw the Louvre, where that help might be found, which humanity never refuses to any one, whoever it may be that seeks it.

Pardaillan, however had told him enough to make him doubt the reception they would meet with that night at the Louvre; not that he placed implicit reliance on the strange declarations of Pardaillan, accusing the King and the Catholics of treachery and assassination; he supposed simply that a quarrel had arisen between the Huguenot and the Catholic gentlemen and that wounded and dead had remained on the ground.

Nevertheless, he was astonished, he was terrified at the state of Paris.

The shouts he heard were not shouts of joy, the firing, on account of a public rejoicing, the tocsin, a ringing of festive bells.

What extraordinary, what terrible events were happening? He could not repress the dread of some great catastrophe.

Pardaillan had not recovered his senses.

Savereux was interrogating him, in vain, in the hope of receiving some more explicit account, when, a number of armed men and of the populace, came down from the cloister Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois towards the Seine; vociferating and carrying torches.

Savereux did not waver in marching straight up to them, after having drawn his sword.

They were soldiers, dragging a headless trunk, soiled with mire and blood, by the feet: a hideous train of wretches in tatters moved about and pressed around these unrecognisable remains, which each one in his turn wished to look at and outrage.

"To the gibbet with the admiral!" screamed these furies. "Let's go and hang him at Mont-faucon! He'll be better fêted at the *pilori des Halles*! Oh! the dog of a heathen! Death to the Huguenots! no truce or quarter! Kill! kill! When the reptile is dead, the venom is gone! This here then is the great enemy of the Mass? Let's burn his heretic carcase!"—

"Salaboz, is it you, who have been making this fine expedition?" asked Savereux perceiving that Captain who had much to do in defending the corpse, the rabble wanted to tear it from him. "The admiral is really dead?"

"How does it seem to you?" retorted Salaboz turning round with a menacing air towards the unknown who had called to him by name.

"*Cà* who art thou?" asked one of the most excited of the band turning to Savereux and presenting the point of a dagger to his throat. "Shout: *Vive la Messe*—if not, to the devil with your patron!"

"Ah! it's you, Monsieur de Savereux!" exclaimed Salaboz.

And running up to him, he freed him from the hands of his adversaries whom Savereux found some difficulty in keeping off, with his sword.

"If I understand anything of what's going on may I be condemned never to drink anything but water all my life, and never to touch cards or dice again!"

"You have nevertheless done your duty gallantly?" said Salaboz seeing him all covered with blood: "How many have you already killed?"

"I'll count them some day, to let you know—but who are they, whom it is necessary to kill?"

"All who are Huguenots either avowed or concealed, all who hate the pope, the King and the Duke de Guise, all those in fact, whom it may seem good to you, to kill!"

"*Vrai Dieu!* Captain Salaboz, I do not pride myself on being quite so fervent a Catholic, and will leave the best part of this killing business to you."

Jacques de Savereux, indignant and grieved at this excess of religious fanaticism which he felt unable to join in, turned his back on Salaboz and returned slowly to the bank of the river, where he had left Pardaillan, lying senseless.

Up to this time, Savereux had shared the hostile feelings of the Catholics in regard to the Protestants, not through reasoning or conviction, but from habit for he was scarcely a Christian except by baptism. He might then on this night, in another state of mind have followed without reflection the example of his usual companions, in gaming and debauchery, have believed in the justice of a general massacre of the Huguenots, or at all events have authorised it, by divine and human reasons both, have joined with a blind passion in the execution of this vast plot and have been as delighted as Salaboz to shed the accursed blood.

On the contrary, however, the circumstances in which he found himself, had acted forcibly on his manner of seeing and feeling things, in such wise, that the cause of the Huguenots appeared to him, then, the most just, and from that moment he sympathised with it.

Moreover, the generosity and frankness of his character, predisposed him to this change of opinion, in presence of an act of treachery as base as it was criminal. He could have understood a final struggle between the two parties, who divided France and in that case, he would not have thought of deserting his colors, nor even of enquiring which side had right; but he would have wished this struggle to have taken place in open day, with an equal division of ground and sun, as in a duel to the death, regulated by the Laws of Chivalry.

He therefore promised himself to remain neuter, and not mix himself up with the odious perfidy of the Catholics.

It was under the influence of these impressions that he returned to where he had left the baron de Pardaillan.

He did not know him, but from having seen him playing at tennis and at mall, and from having heard him vaunted as a brave and worthy gentleman; yet, he remembered as one remembers a dream, the beautiful lady, who that very night, had come on horse-back, attended by a servant, and pronounced the name of Pardaillan.

These motives alone, would perhaps not have sufficed in determining Savereux to attach himself to the fortunes of this Huguenot Captain, whom he had met lying half dead,



by his side, but the similarity of their fates during this night of blood seemed to him a bond which he ought not to break; besides, Pardaillan was not in a state which permitted his being abandoned, without the charge of inhumanity.

Pardaillan moved not, nor opened his eyes, as Savereux bent over him, but he still breathed and the blood had ceased to flow from his wound.

"Eh! Monsieur de Pardaillan!" shouted Jacques de Savereux into his ear. "This is not a good place for you! Do you think you could walk with the assistance of my arm."

"You are Catholic" replied Pardaillan with an accent of suffering resignation; "kill me here, sooner than any where else, I beg of you!" "Kill you? Good! but why should I kill you?" answered Savereux, offended by the suspicion he had not merited. "I shall rather endeavour to prevent your being killed."

"You are not a Catholic then? It was not you then, who just now conversed with the murderers?"

"I cannot and will not be either Catholic or Huguenot; I am a gentleman, and as you are also one, I owe you assistance and protection on that account."

"This is bold and noble language" said Pardaillan. "I beg of you henceforth to consider me as a brother and a friend."

And he held out his hand to him.

"So be it?" answered Savereux accepting the offered hand. "It is necessary to remove you from here, and convey you to a place of safety."

"If I could only cross the river, and get to the Faubourg Saint Germain ere I die!"

"You must not die, if you wish to be my brother and my friend! Have you not got strength enough to rest yourself on my shoulders whilst I swim?"

"It would be drowning yourself with me, to do so! Listen—much better leave me in this place, until I can be brought off in a boat, dead or alive, and you, who are so willing to serve me, will do more than save my life; you swim across the river and go to the Faubourg Saint Germain to the Hôtel de Genouillac, by the *porte Bussy*—"

"Imagine me to be there already, and tell me what I am to do—*Cordieu!* Here are people saving themselves on all sides, by swimming."

"Wear this scarf as a token that you come from me, and having delivered it into the hands of the demoiselle Anne de Curson—"

"Anne de Curson!" exclaimed Savereux with undefinable emotion. "Is she not a kinswoman of the young sire de Curson?"

"Yes, truly, she is his own sister, and had it not been for this unfortunate night, I should have married her tomorrow."

Jacques de Savereux stayed not to hear more, but without communicating his intention to the baron de Pardaillan, plunged dressed as he was into the river, swam with vigorous strokes towards the opposite shore, and reached the ferry boat there fastened to a stake to throw himself into it, undo the fastenings and seize the oars, in spite of the shouts of the ferryman who had come out of his hut, was but the work of a few seconds.

After the lapse of about ten minutes of absence, Savereux had returned to the wounded man, whom he lifted up in his arms and carried into the boat.

He recommenced rowing with ardor. "Ah! what a noble heart you have!" murmured Pardaillan: "you, whom I accused of having abandoned me!"

"Abandon you!" said Savereux in astonishment; "have I not told you that I am the brother-in-arms, of your future brother-in-law, Yves de Curson?"

The river was covered with dead bodies floating on the surface and wounded men trying to save themselves by swimming; several endeavoured to cling on to the boat, but Savereux pushed them off with the oars, fearing, lest they should upset the frail bark.

At that moment, the king re-appeared on the balcony of the Louvre with torches, in order to behold the Seine dyed with blood. Several arquebuss shots were fired from this balcony at the fugitives crossing the river.

A ball whistled past the ears of Savereux, who looked upon the king and his favorites as the authors of these arquebusades.

"*Dieu me damne!*" he exclaimed. "It is his most Christian Majesty, the king of France who makes targets of his poor subjects. Truly, I am ashamed of being a Catholic."

The boat touched the strand and was out of range of the bullets; but, as he prepared to land the wounded man, he was obliged to draw his sword, to keep off the ferry-man, who threatened him with a blow of the boat-hook.

"*Hôla! compère,*" said he, to him in a tone of authority: "which do you prefer of the two, my rapier through your bread basket, or five hundred gold crowns in your purse?"

"Five hundred gold crowns!" repeated the ferryman who no longer thought of opposing the landing. "What is it you want?"

"That you help me to convey this gentleman to the Hôtel de Genouillac by the *Porte Bussy*. But to make you certain of receiving the promised sum, here, I pay you in advance without counting."

"Oh my brother, my friend!" murmured Pardaillan, oppressed by feelings of gratitude. "I am going to see Anne before I die!"

## X.

Near the *Porte Bussy*, which separated the street Saint André des Arcs from the faubourg Saint Germain-des-Prés, and was situated near the street Contres-carpe, rose an old mansion called the Hotel de Bussy, because Simon de Bussy, councillor to the King, had lived there, in the 14th Century; his heirs had sold this Hotel to the noble family of Genouillac, who gave it their name.

At this period, every noble family owned an hôtel in Paris which they scarcely ever occupied, but to which they attached their name and their arms. Moreover it was a dwelling place ready to receive the proprietors or their kinsmen and friends, in case of their coming to the capital, in order that they should not be obliged to put up at an inn, like any strange traveller of inferior rank and condition.

So it was, that the sire de Genouillac had placed the keys of his house in Paris, at the disposal of the baronne de Curson, who came from Bretagne, for her daughter's marriage with the baron de Pardaillan.

In a large apartment on the first floor, the Lady de Curson sitting upright and motionless on a high and massive chair of chestnut-wood, was listening to the grave and solemn voice of a protestant minister, master Simon de Labarche, who was reading the Bible to her.

They were both so absorbed, the one in reading, the other in listening, that they would have resembled two statues, had it not been for the movement of the minister's hand in turning the page of the book.

The light of two thick candles of yellow wax, in heavy silver candlesticks, feebly illuminated this nocturnal scene to which the reflections from the tapestry of the chamber in *cordouan* or gilt and figured leather, and the colored panes of the arched windows, added a strange effect.

Silence and obscurity reigned out of doors.

At intervals only, could be heard the step of the watchman, marching up and down the terrace of the towers at the *Porte Bussy*.

At intervals also, a moving ray of light crossed the windows becoming colored ere it fell on the matted floor, or mounted to the armorial decorations of the ceiling : it was some passing foot-soldier or cavalier preceded by a torchbearer.

At that moment, the minister was reading the history of Joseph told by his brethren :

"And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood ; and they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father ; and said, This have we found : know now whether it be thy son's coat, or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat ; an evil beast hath devoured him ; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days."

"Ah ! master Simon !" murmured the Lady de Curson, with mournful accent : "my son is dead, and so is also my well-beloved daughter Anne !"

"From whence arises this evil thought, madam ?" said the minister in a tone of reproof. "Is the God of Israel not ever present to protect His own ?"

"It will soon be day, and Anne has not returned ! It is four hours and more since she left on horseback accompanied by our old Daniel !"

"The fault is yours, for having allowed her to go. Is it wise and proper, that a noble damsel of her age and beauty, should be galloping about the streets of the city in the middle of the night ? You have sinned through imprudence and now you bear the punishment of your sin, which is anguish."

"Eh ! master Simon, I was not less uneasy about the absence of my son than she was ; he is too much inclined to the passions and pleasures of this world——"

"I have frequently shared your affliction about him, messire Yves does not know how to resist the diabolical temptations of sensuality ; he gives himself up voluntarily to libertinism, to debauchery, to gambling as a Catholic would do. I have preached to him and admonished him on the subject, without his caring to amend. Only yesterday I counselled him to eschew the company of Papists, who can only lead him into evil ; so he frequents a certain Captain de Losse who incites him to drink and to gamble."

"God restore him to me, the poor dear child !" murmured the Lady de Curson, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards Heaven.

"God restore him to you, pure and immaculate, for it were better to lose life, than to soil it in the mire of vice. Papists free themselves from remorse and repentance by absolution. Sin is not to be effaced but by reparation; after the offence a good example is required——"

"Where do you think she can be?" asked the Lady de Curson following her own train of thought through the pious reflections of the minister.

"We ought to return thanks to the Divine Providence which declares itself for those of our religion," continued the minister, "but it is blindness and ingratitude to imagine that peace is granted us for the sake of banquetting, playing at cards and dice, having dissolute purposes and living in papistry. The boon of peace deserves to be better employed: it is incumbent upon us to practice charity, to perform good works, to meditate on the Holy Scriptures, to attend at church——"

"Listen! Listen!" exclaimed the Lady de Curson.

She stretched out her arm in the direction of the Louvre, distinguishable in the distance, like a black mass, over the roofs of the houses.

"What bell is that ringing? It is not the bell for matins, nor that for the Angelus: it is the tocsin!"

"The tocsin?" returned the minister quite unmoved, and without leaving his place.

"There are so many bells in this city, that one cannot understand, what they mean. The papists are not content with ringing for their Masses: they ring for vespers, complies, matins; they ring for marriages, baptisms, the dead——"

"The dead! It is the day of the dead! repeated the Lady de Curson, overcome by her presentiments; "Hearken to those cries, to the firing, and above all to the tocsin!"

"God's will be done, at all times and in all places!" tranquilly replied the minister. "Will you not be pleased to finish our lecture, madame?"

"My son! My daughter!" exclaimed the poor mother in despair.

She had darted towards the open window, and looked with eyes dimmed by tears fixedly towards the horizon.

"Where are they, where are they, great God! The tocsin still the tocsin! People are fighting, they kill, they die! Absent both of them! If I only knew, that I was to see them again!"

"It is God who knows, madame, and I invite you to intercede with Him by prayer, to restore you those, whom you mourn, safe and sound."

The Lady de Curson over-powered by grief, obeyed this counsel, which permitted her to concentrate her thoughts on her children.

Her knees bent under her of their own accord, and she fell prostrate, her eyes fixed on the distant point, whence the tumult arose, which seemed to increase and extend every moment. Her hands were clenched together, rather than joined in prayer; she prayed not, she did not even hear master Simon, praying fervently, in a loud voice beside her; but she offered up to God her own life in exchange for those of a son and a daughter, whom her maternal imagination pictured as exposed to the greatest perils.

She remained crushed under the weight of the anxiety which devoured her, continually listening, and looking out with feverish expectation.

It was a touching sight, this old lady on her knees, or rather sunk down like a condemned person before the block, whilst at her side, the protestant minister, a miserable looking old man, with a pale attenuated face, bright, fiery eyes, bald, white head, and yellow, shrivelled hands, fortified and animated himself by prayer, like a martyr.

The Lady de Curson had torn off her cap of black velvet, to enable her to distinguish all sounds more plainly, and her white hair, generally bound up in large curls on her temples, had become undone and beat against her cheek saturated with tears.

The appearance of her despair was still more striking, on account of the dress of black wool, like that of a *religieuse*; a costume which Catherine de Médicis, had imposed on all widows, since the death of Henri II.

But this plain boddice terminating in a point, this long skirt with its ample folds, this mantle trailing to the ground, with a raised collar coming up from the shoulders like a fan—not all these, nor the austere color of her garments could change the expression of gentleness and goodness imprinted on her noble features.

Being a widow, she was only the more a mother.

All of a sudden she rose, she rushed into the balcony, she leant over to distinguish in the obscurity of the streets an object of which she had a presentiment: the pupils of her eyes, dilated and shining, her lips half open, her breath suspended, her heart beating with violence!

She distinguished the trot of a horse on the pavement.

The trot increased in rapidity on approaching the *Porte Bussy*.

## XI.

Meanwhile an indescribable confusion had spread throughout the whole of the city.

The bells in all the steeples were set in motion and accompanied at the same time the tocsin of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and the chimmes from the palace belfry.

Shots were fired in every street and every house; cries for mercy were mingled with the cries of death.

The dismal light of torches moved to and fro, as if incendiarism were to succeed to the massacre.

Already the day began to break, and the sky to be colored in the east.

But the Lady de Curson heard but the trot of a horse, which she had been able to follow amidst all other sounds.

Soon she thinks to see, she does see, a horse in the street Saint-André-des-Arcs; she calls Yves, she calls Anne!

Two voices reply to each of these calls, which she repeated with less strength, but more emotion, to make certain that she be not deceived by an illusion of her heart.

"It is him! It is her! It is them!" she exclaimed with indescribable joy: "Oh! my God! my God! Blessed be thy holy name!"

She hurried, she bounded down the stair, she arrived at the street door, she pushed back the ponderous bolts, she turned the huge key in the lock with as much ease as a vigorous hand could have done it; maternal love had doubled her strength.

But once in the street, she found herself still separated from her children, by an unforeseen obstacle against which all her efforts were of no avail.

The *Porte Bussy*, which was locked at curfew, did not open again till five in the morning, the keys of the locks on the city side, were in the keeping of the warden of the quarter; the keys of the locks on the side of the faubourg with the provost of the Abbaye de Saint Germain-des-Prés.

These locks were arranged in a manner which would have defied even anew Périnet Leclerc to give entrance into the city to an enemy, and the gates renewed by Francis the 1st were thick enough, and so barred with iron, as not to give way to any thing less than artillery.

How could Madame de Curson join her children? How could they enter the hotel de Genouillac, which would at least place them in safety?

The Lady de Curson struck with both her clenched hands against the massive gate; she screamed, she implored, she

demanded that the gate should be opened, she promised a large reward to any one who would come to her assistance.

But the watchman had fled at the sound of the tocsin and the firing; the inhabitants of the neighbourhood kept themselves shut up in their own houses uneasy and trembling; the faubourg and the contiguous quarters were still quiet and as it were strangers to what was going on in the rest of Paris.

It was then that Yves de Curson and his sister presented themselves at the *Porte Bussy*, and without dismounting from the horse which carried them both, announced their arrival by a shout of joy.

"It's you Anne! Yves! It's you my much beloved children?" said the Lady de Curson, still essaying with her feeble hands to shake the gate, through which her voice scarcely penetrated. "Has nothing happened to you, are you both safe and sound?"

"No cry, no noise, my lady-mother" answered de Curson. "Try only to get this gate opened."

"The keys are partly with the provost of the Abbaye, and partly with the warden of the quarter Saint-André-des-Arcs" sorrowfully remarked old Daniel. "You ought as I wanted you, to have got out of the city by the Saint Michael gate, which is open night and day, and entered the faubourg, by the Abbey-gate."

"Yes, all right, if the street de la Harpe were not already in commotion!" returned the young man, inwardly considering what to do.

"What is happening?" asked the Lady de Curson. "Is the city being pillaged? Who are the enemies? Why this greattumult?"

"Dont you see any means for getting this gate open?" interrupted Yves de Curson; "if it be possible, do not delay; but if not, return home, wake up your people, barricade doors and windows and keep yourself on the defensive, till I return by some other way."

"Mother" said Anne in a trembling voice, "is M. de Pardaillan not with you to defend you?"

"M. de Pardaillan? I have not seen him, nor do I expect to see him before the time fixed for your marriage."

"Oh! you have deceived me, Yves, in assuring me, I should find M. de Cardaillan here!" exclaimed the demoiselle de Curson with bitterness; "I should have done better had I pursued my intention, and gone where my heart led me, when I met you by the Bastille."



"*Oui-da, ma mie*, where would you have gone to, if you please?" answered Yves; "you could have not crossed the bridges which are guarded, you could not have wandered about the streets of the city without danger of meeting with ill-treatment. Is it not I, *mechante*, who have conducted you as far as this, in spite of numerous perils?"

"I would thank you, Yves, for this kind succour, if M. de Pardaillan were present, if I knew him at this moment to be in safety!"

"He is more likely to be safe than you are, Anne as he lodges in the Louvre in the king of Navarre's own apartment!"

"The Lord help us!" cried the servant: "here are horsemen debouching from the street Saint-André-des-Arcs!"

"Mercy on us!" screamed madame de Curson, "here is a large body of men coming out of the Abbaye with torches!"

"My lady-mother go home!" said the young man, in a tone of authority which the occasion warranted. "I promise to join you, ere long, with God's permission. And you, my sister, on your life, not a word, and let me act, as is necessary for our safety!"

"Oh my son! They come! My poor daughter!" murmured the Lady de Curson.

She clung with both hands to the gate, which she imagined she was moving.

"*Par votre âme!* My lady-mother if you do not go home quickly," you will destroy us all!" said Yves de Curson, half-aloud. "*Cà*, my sister, do not utter such lamentations for God's sake!"

The sire de Curson waited for the approach of the horsemen, without dismounting.

He had drawn his sword, and covered his sister, seated *en croupe* behind him, with his body. Old Daniel also held himself in readiness to make use of his arms.

But it would have been absurd to think of resistance.

It was the cavalry of the Duke de Guise, sent under the command of Maugiron, to act against the Huguenots living in the faubourg Saint Germain-des-Prés, and the abbatial guard coming to join the military in order to assist in the execution of the massacre.

The former brought with them, the warden of the quarter, who was to open the gate for them, the latter were accompanied by the Provost of the Abbaye.

"*Qui vive?*" was called out, on perceiving a man on horseback, who appeared to be guarding the *Porte Bussy*: "Huguenot or Catholic?" "Catholic!" answered Yves de Curson.

The sire de Maugiron, went in front to see with whom they had to deal.

"You have, it is true, the white Cross on your hat, and the white handkerchief on your right arm?" said Maugiron recognising the young Huguenot, with whom he had supped and gambled that very night at the house of Captain de Losse.

"I believe you have turned Catholic, only a very short time ago?"

"Since I met you at play," answered the young man, with happy presence of mind, "since I lost to you five and twenty thousand gold crowns, which I still owe you."

"Five and twenty thousand gold crowns?" repeated the sire de Maugiron.

He comprehended that they were offered to him as ransom, and took care not to refuse them.

"Really! I remember your debt, and am obliged to you, for not having forgotten it. But, at the same time, I thought it was fifty thousand gold crowns?"

"No doubt you have a better memory than I have, sir, and I will go by your opinion; let it be then, fifty thousand gold crowns."

"*Par la messe!*" You are a handsome gambler! But pray, when do you intend paying me this sum?"

"I will pay it you, on my honor, as soon as you shall take leave of us, provided I can return to Bretagne, with my mother, my sister and my servants."

"Where do you live?" said M. de Maugiron, in a low voice, approaching Yves, and giving him his hand. "I will escort you to your lodging; I will order that the door shall be guarded, you shall be locked in with your people, and I will conclude the bargain, when I shall be able to conduct you out of Paris myself."

Maugiron returned towards his cavalry, whom he had caused to be halted, whilst he alone went to meet Yves de Curson; he announced to them with a loud voice, that this horseman had been transmitting orders from the king to him.

The warden of the quarter, escorted by the soldiers of the watch, opened the *Porte Bussy* which the provost of the Abbaye, also unlocked on his side.

The military filed in with drawn swords, and pistols in hand, past De Curson, his sister, and their servant, not without casting glances of defiance and menace towards them.

Maugiron, after having posted and instructed his troop, the command of which he made over to his Lieutenant, returned to the young Huguenot, whom he had not for an instant lost sight of.

Death-cries resounded through the streets of the faubourg, where the horsemen of Maugiron and the archers of the abbatial guard were tumultuously scattered.

Yves de Curson, thought there was nothing left, but to sell his life as dearly as he could without even waiting to be attacked.

"I asked you, where you lived," said Maugiron, who had no hostile intentions in regard to those whom he had agreed to ransom.

"The ransom I promised you, includes all the members of my family and all the inmates of my house without any exception?"

"And in addition, M. de Pardaillan who is to be my husband," said Anne, troubled by a sad presentiment, which caused her voice to falter.

"Ah! Pardaillan?" said Maugiron with a shake of his head of evil augury: "I wish for his sake he were with you but he is at the Louvre with the king of Navarre."

"I speak but of the people who live at the Hôtel de Genouillac," answered Yves; "you engage to convey them safely out of Paris?"

"Yes, and that at once, before the massacre becomes more furious. Make all your people mount on horseback or in litters, and I will conduct you myself, without a hair of your head being touched."

"If I were alone, in my own person, I would never consent to purchase my life with gold, but would sooner die with my brethren who are being so treacherously murdered."

"*C'est mon maître*" Maugiron retorted briskly "do you regret the fifty thousand gold crowns, which are you said, a Gambling Debt?"

"Here is the Hôtel where madame my mother lives," answered the young man with dignity: "I invite you to enter, in order that I may acquit myself of my debt to you."

"Eh! Monsieur de Curson? Is not that you?" exclaimed Jacques de Saverex who appeared on the balcony of the first floor: "Come up quick, your presence is greatly required!"

"I shall wait for you here," said Maugiron to Yves de Curson; "do not delay long, I entreat you, if you wish me to retain the power of keeping my promise and saving you all!"

## XII.

Anne de Curson had heard a dying voice, which called out her name; she could not mistake that voice; and she had precipitated herself to the ground before her brother thought of retaining her.

He followed her into the Hôtel the door of which had remained half open, and found her at the moment, when she threw herself all in tears on the body of her *fiancé*.

Pardaillan, about to render up his last breath, regained sufficient strength to press her in his arms and address a last adieu to her.

"Anne, dear Anne," he said in the agonies of death, "I do not wish to die without having married you, and your widow's weeds shall be a souvenir of me."

"Think rather, that you shall not die, I implore you" answered she sobbing; "I will nurse you, I will cure you! If you were dead I would bring you to life again!"

"No my well beloved Anne, no miracle of skill can make me survive my wounds, nor even give me an hour more of existence; but the time which remains to me, is sufficient for the solemnization of our marriage, and I have begged master Labarche to marry us in a Christian manner, as if we were wedded to spend our lives together."

"I do not oppose it, if such be your wish; but I require first that a surgeon be sent for, that you be placed in bed, that your wounds be bandaged——" "Oh! what delay, dear demoiselle! Have I not told you, that I am dying, that I am almost dead? Do not retard the consolation I ask of you. Here is the scarf which I have preserved as the pledge of your heart, here is the ring which I held as the pledge of your hand."

"Let it be as you wish my dear lord, and I trust in God who is about to bless our union, that He will not let death dissolve it so soon."

"Monsieur de Curson" shouted Maugiron from below. "when shall you have finished the preparations for your departure? Make haste unless you prefer not getting away at all!"

No one present, gave heed to the pressing call of Maugiron, no one heard the fearful shrieks issuing from the neighbouring houses; where the Huguenots were being massacred and thrown from the windows.

The Protestant minister had entered on the duty of solemnizing the marriage of the Baron de Pardaillan and Anne de

Curson, with as much calmness and solemnity, as if the ceremony were taking place in a temple, under the guarantee of the edicts of Peace.

The Lady de Curson and her son had knelt down by the side of the dying man, on whose features besmeared with blood, could not be traced the gentle joy which agitated him in the midst of sorrow, during the celebration of this sad Hymen.

Jacques de Savereux standing in a corner of the apartment, joined, in thought, in the prayers of the minister and became more and more interested in the fate of the family, in the midst of which, hazard had introduced him.

He did not permit himself to contemplate the beautiful head of Anne, who, with her forehead leaning on one of her hands, whilst with the other she counted the beating of her husband's heart, had concentrated her whole soul, in one fixed despairing look.

"Sire de Gondrin, baron de Pardaillan," said the minister in a firm and imposing tone. "Do you swear to accord loyal and honorable protection to the demoiselle Anne de Curson, whom you are taking before God as your lawful wife?"

"I swear it before God!" answered Pardaillan recovering his natural voice to pronounce this oath.

"And you, demoiselle Anne de Curson, do you swear to love, cherish and obey in all things messire de Gondrin, baron de Pardaillan, whom you will hold before God as your good and faithful husband?"

"Before God, I swear it," answered the bride with renewed sobs.

"*Par la messe*" cried Maugiron with impatience, "will you soon have done? Come down quickly, or if not, I'll let you go to the devil!"

"Its you Maugiron?" said Savereux, who came out on the balcony, on recognising the voice of his companion at play and at table. "What are you waiting for down there?" "Its you Savereux?" returned Maugiron, astonished at this meeting, which at once gave him the idea, that he was being laughed at: "What are you doing up there?"

"I! I am settling my account with my friend De Curson; after which we'll meet you in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, in company with ten or twelve good Huguenot blades, to settle the quarrel we had at supper."

"Are you dreaming, or rather, are you mad? I imagine you have slept until now, not to be aware, that the Huguenots are being hunted down, and that there will not be one left in

Paris by day-break. Advise then, your friend De Curson to come and settle his accounts with me also."

Jacques de Savereux returned to the apartment where his name just then had been uttered.

He saw that the baron de Pardaillan had raised himself upon his elbow, and was listening to the disturbances without, whilst his wife and brother-in-law, were endeavoring to keep him down on the carpet where he had been laid.

Pardaillan was convulsively agitated: he beat his forehead with his hands, and tore his hair, as if he had recovered his energies, to comprehend the imminent danger, which menaced the objects of his affection.

He seemed to grow calmer on perceiving Savereux and fell back exhausted and panting, speechless and almost without vision: then making signs to him to approach;

"Monsieur de Savereux" he said with a considerable effort "you have conducted yourself in such wise as regards me in devoting yourself to save me, that I am convinced of your devotion to a person whom I love better than myself: when I am dead I confide my widow to you, to guard and defend in my stead, as if she were your own wife, and you were my brother by alliance."

"Monsieur de Savereux, you are already my brother in arms," said Yves de Curson, "be also my brother by alliance."

"Brother by alliance, brother in arms, brother in Jesus Christ! exclaimed Jacques de Savereux with fervor.

"Madame my mother, is not the dower, which you are to grant to my sister Anne, sixty thousand crowns?"

"Which are in sixty sacks, locked up in this chest!" said the Lady de Curson: "they are yours, monsieur de Pardaillan."

"I give and bequeath them, to my beloved widow, to make such use of, as she pleases —"

"I want them to-day my sister," interrupted Yves de Curson: "I borrow them, and will repay them out of my patrimony, for it is important that I should pay a gambling debt, namely seventy thousand gold crowns, which I have lost to night to M. de Savereux, now present."

"*Par la mordieu!* what do you want me to do with them?" exclaimed Savereux pushing away the small chest which the young man presented to him.

"You shall lend them to me, in your turn, my brother in arms, in order that I may pay the ransom of my mother, my sister and our own into the bargain, with fifty thousand gold

crowns, which Maugiron is waiting for, at the gate of the Hotel."

"Monsieur de Curson," again shouted Maugiron, "if you delay coming, I will no longer be answerable for any thing, and withdraw my promise of safe conduct!"

Anne was sobbing, bending over her expiring husband, who no longer saw her, but still spoke to her, encouragingly. She had become insensible to every thing else; she had no knowledge of, no care for the imminent perils which surrounded her; the clamour of the frenzied populace and soldiery did not reach her ears; she felt herself as if alone in the world with the beloved being, for whose possession she believed she was disputing with Death.

Pardaillon although dying, had caught and understood some of the fearful sounds which filled the faubourg; he felt the necessity of their flying, for want of power to defend themselves; he was impatiently awaiting death, so as not to be an obstacle to this flight.

"Anne, I command you to follow him, whom I have chosen as your guardian, protector and defender; Saveroux, here, take in remembrance of your generous services, my scarf and this ring, which I hope, my widow will not take from you."

"Come, madame" said de Curson, who had been to prepare a litter and horses, to his mother; "Come my sister, there is not a moment to be lost! M. de Maugiron wishes to escort us in person, to a place of asylum or safety."

"Adieu, madame de Pardaillon!" exclaimed the dying man; "Adieu my brother by alliance! Adieu Yves! Adieu to all of you, whom I entrust to God's protection!"

Having uttered these words, he tore off violently the linen which bound his wounds, and thus brought on a hemorrhage, which suffocated him on the instant.

Anne had fainted, midst the streams of blood.

Jacques de Saveroux carried her, perfectly motionless, into the litter, to which Yves de Curson had already led his mother.

The cortege proceeded under the care of De Maugiron, who had much trouble in bringing them through the faubourg without accident.

Although Yves de Curson had made all his people and the Protestant minister even, wear the rallying sign of the Catholics, the white cockade in the hat and the handkerchief tied round the right arm, yet the murderers were so eager for carnage, that they sought victims every where, and took all those not besmeared with blood, for Huguenots.

Happily, Saverieux offered in this respect as much guarantee as these butchers could desire.

"That fellow" said they on seeing him, "has worked right merrily. May I turn Huguenot if he has not obtained pardon for his sins for a hundred and twenty years?"

When the litter got on the road to Saint-Cloud, and was sheltered from the attacks and the pursuit of the Catholic party; this road being filled with people flying from the massacre, Yves de Curson requested his people to take off the cockade and handkerchiefs, which had protected them up to that point but which further on might prove fatal to them.

He then went up to Maugiron, thanked him for his protection, and offered him the casket, containing the sum agreed upon as the price of their ransom.

"The sum is entire and in there," he said to him: "you have only to count it. But we are not altogether quits monsieur, you, as well as your friends, owe me a fair trial of arms which will not now come off at the Pré-aux-Cleres, but please God, on some field of battle, where the Huguenots will take their revenge for the perfidy of the Catholics."

Maugiron received the casket, opened it to examine the contents and placed it in front of him on his saddle; he then started off at a gallop for Paris.

Jacques de Saverieux shouted to him to stop and came up to him at fifty paces from the party; then seizing his bridle, sword in hand, cried;

"You are my prisoner, Maugiron, and I impose a ransom of eighty thousand gold crowns upon you?"

At the same time he brought the point of his sword to the prisoner's throat.

"The jest is a pleasant one, Saverieux," said Maugiron laughing. "But I have not leisure to play at this game, my business at the faubourg Saint-Germain is not yet finished. Have you not just gained Paradise there, by my means?"

"I am not jesting, Maugiron, and I beg of you to hand over to me that casket containing sixty thousand gold crowns: you will owe me a balance of twenty thousand, and I will let you go on your parole, unless you prefer accompanying me to La Rochelle, with your hands tied."

"Saverieux, it's a joke of yours, doubtless?"

"Is it then also a joke that you carry off the marriage portion of the poor demoiselle de Curson? *Cà* make haste to hand it over——"

"What! villanous traitor, you pretend to despoil me of my property?"



"Its only right that you who ransom people, should be ransomed in like manner. Do not accuse me of treachery, for I am now a Huguenot——"

"Huguenot?"

"Yes, Huguenot and I have henceforth to revenge on the Catholics, the blood of my brother by alliance, the baron de Pardaillan.

Jacques de Savereux in fact abjured the Catholic faith, married the widow de Pardaillan, and became one of the bravest captains of the Calvinist army.

He always kept at the bottom of his heart, a kind of gratitude toward Saint Bartholomew's Eve, to which he owed his fortune, his wife, and his happiness,

From that time he never again touched either cards or dice.

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## EPODE.

(*To the poet L \* \* \* departed for Italy.*)

And so thou art gone to the Beautiful Land  
 And the blue sky,  
 And the gentler gales of a southern strand,  
 But oh, say, why?

Art thou gone to lie in the tangled lanes  
 Where clings the vine,  
 And brighten thy pale lip with purple stains  
 Of juice divine?

Art thou gone to sing to thy fervent lyre,  
 Mid myrtle bushes,  
 Till catching the glow of thy spirit's fire  
 Thy wan cheek flushes?

Art thou gone to muse mid some ruin hoary  
 On elder days,  
 To bring back, in thy dreams, the ancient glory—  
 Bask in its rays?

Or to cushion thy head on a mossy steep,  
 'Neath arching trees,  
 When the waves of the lake are woke from sleep  
 By the night breeze?

When the yellow lights shine in the chapel old,—  
 When swings the bell  
 In the Tower that rises so grey and so cold  
 From the sombre dell.

And there to call up from the grave of years  
 Thy early prime,  
 The vision of youth, with its love and its tears—  
 The fairy time!

Alas! not for this: with thy feverish hand  
 —Thy sunken eye,  
 Thou art gone to the beautiful, sunny land,  
 Only—to die.

Yes! to pass from the green earth's fairest spot,  
 To perfect rest,  
 Where thy cares and thy pains may enter not  
 —Thy Saviour's breast.

## PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.—No. V.

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“Quæ mala quæ bona sunt spectes.”

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“I must say unto you in general” remarks Lord, then Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, when King’s solicitor, in his charge upon the Commission of Oyer and Terminer held for the Verge of the Court, “I must say unto you in general that “life is grown too cheap in these times; it is set at the price “of words, and every petty scorn and disgrace can have no “other reparation; nay, so many men’s lives are taken away “with impunity that the very life of the law is almost taken “away, which is the execution; and therefore though we “cannot restore the life of those men that are slain, yet I “pray, let us restore the law to her life by proceeding with “due severity against the offenders.” Now it is true that these remarks were called forth by the existence at that time of a quick and most irritable sense of honor in men’s minds, which excited them upon receiving any trivial slight or fancied insult, to seek reparation at the sword’s point. But the latter portion of the sentence which we have taken the liberty of appropriating, may be of general application in all countries and at all times. We learn from it one wholesome lesson, that if crime is suffered to increase from indifference or any other cause which results in impunity to offenders, the life of the law, that is, its execution, becomes gradually paralysed and finally extinct. It is our belief that the administration of criminal justice in India has been for years steadily lapsing into this imbecile condition, and that sooner or later the life of the law will be reported sick unto death. We do not say that there is no remedy; far from it; but the only means which can avert such a misfortune are to be found in the timely exhibition of restoratives and a return to a course of rigid and uncompromising severity. We showed in our last paper, in a review of the administration of criminal justice for a period of several years, that crime of the deepest dye was irresistibly gaining a dangerous ascendancy, and this, in spite of ceaseless efforts to the contrary made by the Magistrates and police authorities who execute the provisions of the law. We then offered several reasons for this continued prosperity of evil, and fairly proved that its progress must be attributed,

in a very great degree, to mistaken leniency in high places, and also in all our Criminals Courts towards convicted offenders, and in addition to this and certain other causes, we prominently noticed, but did not illustrate, another unhappy encouragement, if not a fruitful source of crime, in the corruption of the Police and the general inadequacy of the present establishment to protect either the lives or property of our subjects. It is proposed to supply our former omission in the present, and one or two succeeding papers. As we shall probably be compelled to handle the Police with some roughness, it is but fair to premise our remarks with the observation, that no Police force can ever arrive at a more than average degree of utility, which is not supported and encouraged by the approbation of the Government it serves, or is distrusted in its operations by those to whom is committed the duty of administering the law. Liberal pay and plentiful rewards will stimulate any Police, as a body, to activity and success in repressing crime.

But it is small encouragement for men to exhibit perseverance and zeal in harassing and laborious duty, if their exertions are suspiciously regarded, or rewarded with nothing more substantial than a few words of faintly-expressed praise. It has been the fate of the Indian Police to suffer from both these misfortunes. The force has always been inadequately paid, and the fair allowance of rewards permitted by law has been administered with a niggardly hand, and this as a general rule, when more has been expected from them in the way of detecting Crime and apprehending offenders, than the regulations by which they are governed, admit of being done.\* With this admission, which is only due to an over-worked, and in some instances a badly-used body of men, we shall proceed to show that the Police Establishment as now constituted, has not answered the expectations of its framers and after noticing some of its more startling deficiencies, we shall offer a few suggestions for its reorganisation and permanent improvement.

In order to place our subject in a clear light, and because the present system of Police is partly founded upon that which existed under the Native rule, it would be perhaps desirable to give a brief sketch of the measures adopted under the Mahomedan Emperors, which preserved the general peace of the rural districts and secured the country from op-

\* The draft of an Act has already appeared, which deprives the Police of the ten per cent. commission on all recovered stolen property heretofore allowed them.

pression and rapine. To this description we must add a short account of the abuses found in existence, when the British authorities first assumed charge of the internal administration of Bengal, Behar and Orissa ; of the early attempt made by Warren Hastings to reorganise the police, and the necessity which demanded the introduction of numerous Thannadars and a fixed establishment, and led to the promulgation in 1793 of Regulation XXII. the basis of all our endeavours at improving the system as it stands.

When the Mahomedan Rule was in its palmy state, the Emperor appears to have been the main spring which worked a peculiarly constructed police, whose functions were discharged by the landed proprietors of the country. We are not to confound these individuals with the miserable and impoverished class, who now constitute the landed interest of the greater part of India. For they were chieftains of high degree and birth, possessed of immense estates and exercising within their own limits, police jurisdiction on behalf of the Sovereign, as the Father of his people. In Zemindary lands farmed out by the Crown, and in others managed by a servant of the state, the parties in possession were vested with similar authority. Under a weak reign their duties were naturally ill-fulfilled, but when "rulers of men" sat on the throne, such as Akbar, Jehangeer, Shahjehan and Aurungzebe, these chiefs and extensive proprietors were made to understand, that fealty was something more than a mere name, and obedience to imperial orders an irresistible necessity. Excuses for neglect, or pleas of inability to put down crime and apprehend offenders, met with no respect or were listened to only as an admission on the part of the delinquent, that he was powerless to carry out his own conditions of rental with the Sovereign. It was virtually resigning his interest in the soil to the Emperor as its owner, who could readily supply his place. As long as the public tranquility and protection were secured, the state cared not by what means or measures the result was obtained. In this respect the Zemindars were left to use their own discretion. In addition to the ordinary village watch-men, the same now as then, they retained large bodies of men, both horse and foot, as occasion required, who effectually preserved the peace within their separate districts. All men moreover, subject to a Zemindar's influence, were liable to be called out at a moment's warning to aid their Chief, and as the latter was answerable to the Emperor in all cases of neglect or failure to recover plundered property or capture free-booters, we may feel certain that the former

would readily lend their best support to do both, rather than subject themselves to the necessity of providing their Lord with a sum of money sufficient to mitigate imperial wrath. The following is a copy of the particular clause in a sunned or grant of his estate, which bound a Zemindar in Akbar's time to discharge police duties with fidelity and vigour. He is required\* "to keep the high ways in such a state, that travellers may pass in the fullest confidence and security; but (which God forbid!) should any one notwithstanding be robbed or plundered of his property, he shall produce the thieves together with the property stolen. If he fail to produce the parties offending, he shall himself make good the stolen property." As the Emperor was not a man likely to say one thing and mean another, the above condition was most probably not such a dead letter, as certain Regulations now are which require from Zemindars the performance of various police duties,—but this is anticipating future remarks.

The control of the police in cities was entrusted to paid officers, and a kotwal was vested with supervising authority over the establishment, and also over the headmen of every mohulla or ward in a town. The kotwal was answerable for the apprehension of thieves and recovery of stolen property, and he very properly made his police and the headmen of the city feel that it was equally the interest of all that the guilty should not escape detection. He exacted from all his subordinates the most perfect vigilance, and insisted on the immediate communication of important intelligence regarding passing events, or the arrival of strangers within the precincts of each ward. He was Inspector of markets, trusted with the Superintendence of the conservancy arrangements, and was a Board of works in himself. But the duty of supporting the police was not only imposed upon the headmen, but the choudries and heads of crafts and professions were obliged to render a daily account to the head men of their several wards, regarding the conduct of artisans employed in each guild and were severely punished in all cases where they failed to do so, or were suspected of not exercising their influence to keep them industrious and morally disposed. Thus we see that every man of respectability and position within the walls of a city was engaged in promoting the comfort

\* This and the copy of the instructions to kotwals will be found with other curious matter in Macnaughten's "Observations on the Laws and Constitution of India, and on the system of Revenue and Finance as established by the Mahomedan Law and Moghul Government; with an enquiry into the Revenue and Judicial administration and regulations of police at present existing in Bengal, London 1825."

and securing the protection of the general community, a material support which the town police under the present rule have been deprived of, or more correctly speaking, have never possessed. The punishment in these days of the headman of a ward for harbouring and not reporting the presence of improper characters within its limits, would operate far more successfully in keeping a town free from robbery, than the dismissal of a hundred chonkeydars for neglect of duty.

But the requirements and duties of a kotwal under the native rule have been elaborately described, in a copy of instructions to his kotwals, circulated by Abkar which might also with but a few, though important, reservations serve the purpose of a magistrate under the British Government. "The office of kotwal requires one who is courageous, experienced, active and of quick apprehension. He must be particularly attentive to the night patrols, that from a confidence in his vigilance, the inhabitants of the city may sleep at ease, and every attempt of the wicked be prevented or frustrated. It is his duty to keep a register of all houses and frequented roads; and he shall cause the inhabitants to enter into engagements to aid and assist, and to be partakers in the joy and sorrow of each.\* He shall divide the city into wards and nominate a proper person to the superintendence thereof, under whose seal, he shall receive a journal of whatever comes in or goes out of that quarter together with every other information regarding it. He shall also appoint for spies over the conduct of the Meer mehal,† a person of that mehal and another who is unknown to him, and keeping their reports in writing, be guided. Travellers, whose persons are unknown, he shall cause to alight at a certain serai; and he shall employ intelligent persons to discover who they are. He must carefully attend to the income and expences of every man, he must make himself acquainted with every transaction; out of every class of artificers he shall select one to be at their head, and appoint another their broker for buying and selling, and regulate the business of the class by their reports: they shall regularly furnish him with journals attested by their respective

\* Truly, we would the Gods had made the Magistrates now a days more poetical. But we suppose that forms, and monthly statements have rendered them too scrupulous for indulgence in flowery terms and periods; or perhaps they agree with "simple featured" Touchstone that the "truest poetry is the most feigning." Certes, we think that a little less roughness in speech would be more consistent with the manners and customs of the people, and perhaps quite as efficacious as threats and menaces.

† Meer mehal, head of the ward.

seals. He shall endeavour to keep free from obstruction, the smaller avenues and lanes, fix barriers at the entrance and see that the streets are kept clean; and when night is a little advanced, he shall hinder people from coming in or going out of the city. The idle he shall oblige to learn some art. He shall not permit any one forcibly to enter the house of another. He shall discover the thief and the stolen goods, or be himself answerable for the loss. He shall see that the market prices are moderate, and not suffer any one to go out of the city to purchase grain\* (forestalling), neither shall he allow the rich to buy more than is necessary for their own consumption,—examine the weights—prevent making, selling, buying and drinking of spirituous liquors, but need not take pains to discover what men do in secret (in this way.) He shall not allow private persons to confine the person of any one, nor admit of people being sold as slaves. He shall not suffer a woman to burn herself with her husband's corpse, contrary to her inclination. Let him expel from the city all hypocritical mullungees† and kullunders‡ (sturdy mendicants), or make them quit that course of life, but he must be careful not to molest recluse worshippers of deity, nor offer violence to those who resign themselves to poverty from religious purposes."

Such is the view entertained by the great Akbar of a Town Police Officer's duty, and we confess that to our mind it is not only more suitable to the people but much more perfect than our own, but it would not in many particulars, and for obvious reason's find favor in purely English eyes, which are proverbially short-sighted. We cannot however let the opportunity pass by of strongly commenting upon and deprecating the absurd interference on the part of judicial authorities with the power of a Magistrate to interpose summarily and of himself,

\* *Forestalling*. This was done recently in our own city and in other large Cantonnments, and whatever may be said to the contrary by political economists, we avow it to be a very proper subject for police interference. The poor who live on grain suffer severely from the practice.

† *Mullungees* or more properly *Mullungs*, a kind of Mahommedan fakcers. When the processions of the Black Flag go up yearly to the tomb of Madâr Sâhib at Mukkulpore, a number of *Mullungs* may to this day be seen dancing and leaping along the roads, and shouting their dervish cry of, "*Dum madâr*."

‡ *Kullunders*, another sect of fakcers formerly of repute. The reader will remember the three king's sons of this persuasion in the Arabian Nights, written in the funny old orthography which gave us *Bedridden Hassen*,—"the three Calendars."

Indian Kullunders are a low set, and generally travel with dancing bears and exhibiting monkeys.



for the purpose of punishing shop-keepers who use false weights. Surely there is no fraud more cruel in its operation than that which stints the food of those who live by the sweat of their brow, and with continuous labour, from dawn until late at night can but gather sufficient for their daily support. How far more provident for the wants of his people was Akbar in this respect, and how contemptible must our Government appear, which requires prepayment of eight annas from some defrauded wretch, before a Magistrate is permitted to take cognizance of or redress his wrong. A few years ago the common sense and humanity of the Magistrates interfered to prevent so iniquitous a fraud as the habitual use of false weights in Bazars and Cities. Now the wisdom which crieth aloud in the chambers of the Sudder Judges, proclaims that a Magistrate has no authority to inspect weights and measures, with a view to punish those who trade with false ones. He may indeed use his eyes, with which a higher power than that of the Sudder Court has provided him, and when passing in his morning ride through a crowded bazar, he may test the measures which lay before him on a counter. To that extent he is not affected by judicial blindness, but if relying upon the general truth of the adage that seeing is believing, he summons the shop-keeper to Court in order to receive the reward of his knavery, the Law steps in to protect the knave, and the Magistrate is told, that unless the party defrauded presents a petition on stamped paper and prays for inquiry into the fraud, the rascal, who has cheated him must remain unpunished! Our readers possibly will exclaim is this Law? Our answer is, "Ay Marry is't. Regulation Law, though not the law of common sense or liberality."\*

This we believe to be a fair picture of the police Regulations in the best days of the Moghul Empire, that is from the

\* The use of false weights is punishable by a Magistrate under the general Regulations. Construction No. 1274 of the Nizamut Adawlut however in ruling this, does *not* except it from the provisions which Secs. 4 and 6 Reg. IX. of 1807, have attached to the prosecution of misdemeanors. The opinion therefore of the Sudder Court, as given by Messrs. Begbie, Deane and Brown in June 1851, (in the case of Baboo Ram Narain Government vaqueel, versus Rajah Durgah Pershad and others charged with bribing the vaqueel to ruin his clients cause in an appeal before the Sudder Dewanee Adawlut) with reference to cases of bribery, corruption or extortion holds good in regard to the use of false weights. That opinion decides that the party affected by a misdemeanor must himself institute the prosecution of it in the regular way, i. e., by petition on stamped paper before the Magistrate. The facts of the case which Baboo Ram Narain prosecuted are well known in Agra. The first proceedings were held to be irregular and a new trial was ordered, because the *Magistrate* instituted the prosecution and did not take a petition on stamped paper from the party attempted to be bribed.

time of our Elizabeth to nearly that of Queen Anne. The Hindoo population doubtless lived under a tyranny, and like the children of Israel, occasionally served harsh taskmasters. The vast monuments of Imperial greatness scattered over the country attest the gratuitous labour of a subject nation, but on the whole, the people must have found their account in the strong Government which secured to them protection from foreign raids and intestine lawlessness. An eminently agricultural population must have appreciated the privilege which enabled them to pursue their occupation in the fields, without danger or interruption. They must have rejoiced to dwell under the shadow of a throne, the occupier of which encouraged them to watch their waving crops gradually ripening into the golden hue of promised plenty, in the fullest confidence that the harvest when reaped, should grace their own barns instead of those, in a neighbouring province. The despotism which can secure to the poor the peaceful employment of their time, is not the government, which either has done or will do the greatest mischief in the world. But we must remember that it was only, when the Emperors were strong, that the zemindars were compelled to do their duty and redress wrong. In the declining days of the Empire, when its whole fabric was crumbling into dust, and anarchy prevailed on all sides, the chiefs and landlords instead of preserving the peace of their districts did their best to break it. Their retainers for police service and duty were employed in carrying on feuds with their neighbours. Confusion reigned supreme throughout the length and breadth of the land. When the British first assumed charge of the civil and criminal administration over the provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, they found a state of things existing, of which the following is but a faint expression\* "The Nazims exacted what they could from the zemindars, and great farmers of the revenue, whom they left at liberty to plunder all below, reserving to themselves the prerogative of plundering them in turn, when they were supposed to have enriched themselves with the spoils of the country." The administration of criminal justice was regarded as

\* Fifth Report from the select Committee on the affairs of the East India Company. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 28th July 1812.

hopeless : there was nothing of the kind. Every body preferred as his moral standard the convenient principle that might is right.

The good old rule  
Sufficed them : the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power  
And they should keep who can.

“ The regular course of justice,” writes the President in Council, in a letter from Fort William, dated 3rd November 1774, “ was every where suspended : but every man exercised it who had the power of compelling others to submit to his decisions. It was in a season of confusion and anarchy such as this, that the East India Company received a Royal firman in 1765, conferring upon them and their heirs for ever, dewany authority over the provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. In addition to the functions of Dewan, Lord Clive naturally assumed those of Nazim, the Nawab becoming a pensioner of the British Government. The charge however of collecting the revenues and of providing for the administration of justice, was entrusted at first to native agency. Seven years elapsed from the grant of dewany authority, before the President and Council felt themselves in a position to remedy existing abuses. Having ascertained from officers appointed for the especial purpose of acquiring information, all that was desirable should be known regarding the civil and criminal administration of the country, the Governor in 1772, with the sanction of the Court of Directors, determined for the future to retain in his own hands the entire management of affairs, and to introduce in all branches of Government the most complete reforms. The Council entrusted the reform of the administration of criminal justice to the Governor himself, and accordingly we find that no less a person than Warren Hastings, was the first man in India who attempted to organise a system of police. His reform commenced in 1775, and the new plan then introduced lasted for five years, but failed to produce the advantages expected from it. The leading feature of this police was the appointment of Foujdars, assisted by Thanadars and an armed force, to the fourteen districts into which Bengal had been divided. The duty of these officers, who were natives, was to preserve the public peace, and to expel from their strong holds the hordes of robbers and plunderers, whom a long season of misrule had attracted to the provinces. In 1781 under resolutions of the Governor General and Council, dated 6th April of that year, the judges of the dewanny adawlut “ were invested with the power as

magistrates, of apprehending dacoits\* and persons charged with the commission of any crime or acts of violence within their respective jurisdictions." There were at this time eighteen of these judges in different courts recently established, but though vested with the powers of apprehending, they were not permitted to try offenders but made them over to the Darogah of the nearest foudjdarree.

"Certain zemindars also might be invested with such part of the police jurisdiction as they formerly exercised under the Mogul Government," in which case, we are told, "the European Collector in his capacity of Magistrate, the Darogah of the nizamat adawlut, and the zemindar were to exercise a concurrent authority for the apprehension of robbers and all disturbers of the public peace."† It was now that the system of monthly reports and criminal returns of the number of persons apprehended by the police and convicted by the Judges commenced, an evil design which has been matured into a Babel of confusion. The next attempt to improve the police, lasted from 1793 to 1807, and consisted in the introduction of the Thanadarry system, and the establishment of small jurisdictions throughout the country, in extent not greater than twenty square miles. The Thanadars, were supported by an armed force, and acted under the immediate orders of the Magistrate of their district.

The zemindars in Bengal were relieved from all responsibility and deprived of all police jurisdiction, and the village watchmen, though they continued to be appointed by the zemindars, were placed under the control of the Thanadars. The town police and darogah were introduced into the cities of Patna, Dacca, and Moorshedabad, and were governed by a kotwal who regulated the police in each ward, and also all market prices and arrangements. In the city and district of Benares however, an exception to the rule prevailing in Bengal was made, and the zemindars and Tehsildars were invested with the power of police officers and made responsible for the preservation of the peace, as they were formerly under the native government. Similar exceptions were also admitted in the newly acquired and ceded provinces, and in the Doab and Bundelcund, where the "zemindars, farmers and other holders of land, were not exonerated from the duties and responsibili-

\* Dacoits are termed in the resolution of Council "a species of depredators who infest the country in gangs.

† The Fifth Report from the select Committee on the affairs of the East India Company. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 28th July 1812.

ties imposed on them by the terms of their existing engagements, or by the ancient and established usages of the country, for the prevention of robberies and other disorders, and for the maintenance of peace and good order within their limits." Reg. IV. of 1804.

We next find Reg. XII of 1807 declaring, that the great reform introduced by Lord Cornwallis had fairly broken down and that "the police of Bengal, Behar and Orissa had been found insufficient for the purpose of their appointment." This regulation attempted to repair former errors by reuniting once more in the same person the functions of revenue and police officer. It provided for the appointment of ameens, who received a sunnud from the Magistrate, as commissioners of police, and exercised a concurrent jurisdiction with the darogahs. These ameens might be zemindars, tehsildars, farmers of land or respectable men of position; the only condition of appointment was their fitness for the duty. Within three years, Reg. VI of 1810 rescinded this power of choosing ameens, thus leaving the police establishment on the same footing as it stood after the promulgation of Reg. XXII of 1793, that is, the rural police were placed under the immediate control of the darogahs, a permanent force of armed men was entertained to support the darogahs, and the zemindars were deprived of all police authority. Provision was made by repeated regulations\*, for severely punishing zemindars who failed to report heinous crimes, or who harboured notorious bad characters or concealed offenders, but they were no longer compelled to restore the value of stolen property if they failed to apprehend the robbers. The expences of the force were defrayed originally by a police tax, leviable from the inhabitants of every pergunnah or ward in a city. This tax was subsequently abolished, and it was determined to provide for the deficiency in the revenue by the substitution of stamp duties, which accordingly was notified by Reg. VI. of 1797. The next step towards improving the system was the appointment of a superintendent of police, for the divisions of Dacca, Calcutta and Moorshedabad, whose office was established at Calcutta, and who had concurrent jurisdiction with the city and zillah Magistrates in those divisions. This appointment was made under Reg. X. of 1808, and the arrangement being found to work well, it was determined to establish a similar office in the Patna, Benares and Bareilly divisions. Patna

\* Vide Reg. IX. of 1808. VI. of 1810. I. of 1811. III. of 1812. VII. of 1814 and Sec. 33. Reg. XX of 1817.

accordingly was annexed to Calcutta, and a superintendent of police was nominated for the Benares and Bareilly divisions, under Reg. VIII. of 1810. We have not sufficient space, nor indeed is it the object of this article, to notice all the modifications which may have been introduced into our police regulations, from 1793 up to the present time. It is enough, if we only allude to what were considered points of improvement. Thus Reg. VII. of 1811 took away from darogahs the power of interfering in petty offences, or of administering oaths. The reason of this prohibition is worthy of particular remark, namely, that the darogahs had villainously abused the trust reposed in them. Reg. XIII. of 1813 introduced a new assessment for city police in the cities of Dacca, Moorshedabad and Patna, on the principle that the community protected should maintain the force enrolled for its protection, with the privilege of appointing their own policemen. The provisions of this regulation were extended by Reg. III. of 1814 to all cities within the divisions of Calcutta, Dacca, Moorshedabad, and Patna, at which Magistrates resided. Reg. IX. of 1814 made the enactment applicable to British subjects in common with all other persons residing in those divisions, and Reg. XVI. of 1814 extended the chowkeydar assessment to the Benares and Bareilly divisions, but excepted the city of Benares from its operation. Reg. XXII. of 1816 rescinded all former regulations regarding city police; consolidated all the existing rules, and remains in force to the present time. Each Chowkeydar was to receive not less than two and not more than three rupees per month, for his pay.\* Two men were appointed to watch over fifty houses, and the tax demanded from each house holder was not to exceed two anas per mensem. A punchayet of the inhabitants in each ward was to regulate the assessment and nominate the policemen. A native was appointed to the particular office of tax collector, and defaulters exposed themselves to a warrant for distraint and public sale of their property; the collector of the tax might also be punished for undue exaction, or corrupt conduct, with dismissal and imprisonment for six months and if he failed to refund, might be imprisoned in a further term of six months. Persons refusing to serve in the Punchayet, rendered themselves liable to a fine of 50 Rupees, and any one presenting a frivolous complaint against the tax collector might be punished by a fine of 50 Rs., or in default of paying with six month's imprisonment. Act XV of 1837 ruled that British

\* Increased by Reg. VII. of 1817 to 4 rupees as the maximum.

subjects were also liable to assessment, and the maximum amount which might be collected from any individual was increased to two Rupees. The chowkeydaree tax can only be introduced in those stations at which a Magistrate or Joint Magistrate ordinarily resides, but the inhabitants of any town can establish the tax of their own free will and with the sanction of Government. But the most important police legislation after the passing of Reg. XXII. of 1793 was that which consolidated and amended all former rules, and arranged them in one Act under thirty-four Sections, Reg. XX. of 1817, applicable to all parts of the country under the authority of the Nizamut Adawlut. The appointment of all Police officers was entrusted to the Magistrates. A Police thanah was governed by a darogah, as the chief, a mohurrir and a jemadar, and a force of armed Police-men, or burkundauzes was attached to each Police office, the jurisdiction of which was not to exceed ten koss square. The Police officers might arrest all offenders or suspicious parties, without warrant, on condition of forwarding them at once to the Magistrate. The mohurrir was compelled to keep a diary of daily acts and occurrences, of which the Magistrate was to receive a daily copy. A diary was also to be kept of all persons apprehended, which should contain their names, the crime or offence with which they were charged, the date of their apprehension, and the date on which they were forwarded to the Magistrate. To which also was to be added a diary of every petition and complaint presented in the thanah, whether the substance of the complaint was or was not cognizable by the police. A book was also to be kept of all representations, abstracts, reports, and returns made by the police to the Magistrate, of all orders received from the Magistrate's court, of all despatches of prisoners and property, of robberies and heinous offences committed within the thanah jurisdiction, in each month, of all stolen property delivered by any person in the thanah, of all the villages comprised within the limits of the thanah, containing the names of the village proprietors and the watchmen, and in addition to these books, a register was to be kept of all offenders who had broken jail, or escaped the hands of justice, for whose apprehension order had been received at the thanah from the Magistrate's court. Arrangements were made for the rapid transmission of all communications from the thanah to the sudder station. The Police officers were forbidden to trade, or to receive money from any individual. They were not allowed to employ spies (professional) without express permission, nor to take cogni-

zance of petty offences, or to admit compromises. In heinous cases they were to take the deposition of the prosecutor on oath, then to make local enquiry, and to take notes of the information they obtained: in cases of murder, unnatural or suspicious deaths to hold inquests, to give all necessary assistance to wounded persons, and to endeavour to find out the authors of any crime. Houses were to be searched only on the warrant of a Magistrate, or on receiving a written information, charging any party with having stolen the goods, or pointing out the place in which they had been concealed. A commission of ten per cent. was granted to darogahs on all recovered property, and they were to search all houses in which persons were accused of counterfeiting coin. They were authorised to take voluntary confessions in the presence of three subscribing witnesses, who were not to be connected in any way with the police. Offenders were only to be kept in the thanah for a period of forty eight hours. They were then to be sent into the sudder station, or timely notice was to be forwarded to the Magistrate, intimating the necessity of further detention. All suspicious characters were to be apprehended, and if necessary, forwarded to the Magistrate. Persons of notoriously bad repute, when liberated from prison, were to be sent in the first instance to the thana, and there to be released in the presence of the headmen of the village to which they belonged, who were admonished to watch their conduct, and aid them in leading an honest life for the future. The landlords were punishable for neglect to report the absence of persons, so put under their charge, from the village without a cause. Due provision was also made for securing the vigilance of the rural police, and ensuring frequent reports from them concerning the state of their different villages. Chowkeydars residing two miles from the thanah were to report daily all occurrences of the last twenty four hours, those residing within six miles were to report twice a week, and those at a greater distance, once a week or fortnight as the darogah might direct. Any heinous crime, or important matter, was to be reported without loss of time. Police officers have to assist in the seizure of smuggled salt and opium, to arrest all parties not in the service of the Government, wearing badges or military uniforms, to prevent nuisances and encroachments on public roads, and to apprehend all insane persons. The regulation also made provisions for punishing resistance of process on the part of landlords and other individuals, and allowed the assistance of the police to prevent a breach of the peace in the occasion of a landlord's distraining for rent; and



further empowered them to support officers of revenue in distraining for arrears of the abkary collection. Reg. III of 1821 strengthened the hands of the police, by granting them power to arrest and detain large bodies of men passing through their district, or assembling in numbers under circumstances which warranted a suspicion that their object was to commit gang robbery, and all proprietors of land and principal inhabitants of villages were required to give the earliest intimation of such assemblies, to the darogah. The suppression of dacoity or gang robbery, and of thuggee was, as our readers know, in consequence of the peculiar nature of these crimes and the difficulty of detecting them, was withdrawn from the ordinary police and entrusted to a superintendent appointed by the supreme Government. The only important addition to Reg. XX. of 1817, which requires notice now, was the enactment of XI. of 1831 which invested Tehsildars with the power of a police officer, and placed the police of a pergunnah under their charge; the darogahs were thus reduced from being the principal officers of police to that of second in authority. The expediency of that regulation we cannot at present comment upon, but must reserve our remarks on the subject for another paper. We have now brought our notice of the police from the earlier days of its establishment under any regular plan up to the present time, and must next proceed to show how the system has worked. Our readers will perceive in the foregoing sketch of the rise and progress of the police establishment, that the British Government has entirely superseded the custom under the native rule, of entrusting the landed proprietors with police authority. Reg. XXII. of 1793 declared that this authority had been abused and therefore it was resumed. No attempt seems to have been made to modify existing abuses, or restore to its former purity a police power which had confessedly worked well under a native government, when strong. The new arrangement was in our mind, prophetic of the necessity, which in after years rendered the continuance of any very extensive private influence or individual authorities, impossible under the British rule. The law of self-preservation systematically compelled our Government to a course of policy which has tended to deprive the landed proprietors of India of any influence which might hereafter prove dangerous to its existence. Even in Bengal the landlords possess but the shadow of their former greatness, and in the North West Provinces, almost from the earliest days of our occupation, a blow was struck at their position. Such was the horror experienced at the fatal mis-

take made by Lord Cornwallis in the permanent settlements of Bengal, that the very contrary principle was established in our new acquisitions. Short settlements at first, and a steady determination not to act in the dark, but to obtain on all subjects connected with land tenure the fullest information, led to the admission of the smallest shareholders to equal rights with the largest, and to a direct settlement with Government. This principle was of itself sufficient to destroy the influence of the great proprietors, or rather occupiers, for the question of their right to be considered proprietors was decided against them. But there were other causes which operated most prejudicially to the continuance of zemindarry power and influence under the British sway, and amongst these not the least has been the law of sale in all cases where the Government revenue has not been punctually paid, and to which we may add the facility offered by our civil courts to individual members of a family to ruin themselves and house. But there is also one other cause, which has weakened and done its part to destroy the great families and proprietors, and that is the Hindoo and Mahomedan laws of inheritance which subdivide property. This must have happened in the course of time under any rule, and we confess to thinking, that in our position as invader and conquerors in a country and amongst people so utterly opposite to us in character, habits and customs, the continuance of an extensive influence of the zemindars over the people, would have been fatal to our Government. The measures may have been hard which have ruined the landed interest, and destroyed an aristocracy of birth, but we believe that they were necessary and instinctively applied. We could never have attracted the great landlords to our interests, for our views concerning the land were so entirely opposed to their own. We endeavoured to improve the condition of the poorer Ryots, and this gave the deepest offence. In all our undertakings we have endeavoured to raise the poorer and depreciate the higher orders. We may win gratitude in the one case, but could only give offence in the other. Shopkeepers, Merchants and poor husbandmen have thriven under the British rule and we have created a very large body of public servants, whose best hopes and interests are bound up in its continuance, but the aristocracy of land has sunk for ever, it is as dead as protection. Its continuance would have been dangerous to our Government, and it has gone. There can be no return to the old system; if it were possible, it would be useless, as there are no great landlords in the country pos-

possessing any influence which could be of advantage to our police. Whatever assistance is necessary, the principal men in every village are bound to give, and it rests with the Magistrates to see that they do give it. Under the new system we stand alone, supported by no local influence in any province, receiving nothing but negative aid from the proprietors of land, and depending solely upon the exertions of a fixed and paid establishment to repress crime and preserve tranquillity. Where this tranquillity is seriously disturbed, we rely on the support which a standing army well disciplined and attached to our cause by regular pay and benefits in the shape of rewards and pensions for long service, will ever be found ready to bestow. It is clear then, if the present system have failed, and we think that in some respects it must be considered to have done so, that not only some speedy means must be resorted to for its improvement and the remedy of its deficiencies, but that all improvements must be engrafted on the system as it now stands, for a return to the old one is impossible, and the present form of numerous thanahs and a fixed establishment as a basis for future operations, is the only conceivable plan which could be adopted.

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## DREAM—SONG.

“ Things are not what they seem.”

LONGFELLOW.

In the strange land of dreams there is no time :  
 The scythed pilgrim hath not set his foot,  
 His solemn foot, upon that wondrous shore ;  
 Therefore the dead, whose desolating loss  
 Has wrung the heart for many a weary day,  
 Return to us in sleep, as if the grave  
 Had known them not,—as if the ghostly shroud  
 Had never wrapt them in its chilling folds.

There may be truth, perchance, in that wild world  
 Which we, whose eyes are blinded with the glare  
 Of the immediate day, can scarce discern.

At night, I wandered in that faërie realm,  
 The flower-enwoven Arcady of sleep,  
 And she who stood beside me had long since  
 Been laid beneath an antique chancel floor,  
 Though now no trace remained of wasting death  
 But, like the eagle's, was her youth renewed.  
 And what, she said, my brother, shall I sing ?  
 Oh sing ! and then I asked a pleasant song  
 That once fell sweetly from her earthly lips.

Thou hast heard chaunted music murmuring peal  
 From out the arches of a chapel old :  
 Thou hast, perchance, upon a grassy height,  
 Heard blythesome ditty swelling from the dale,  
 But—thou hast never heard such song as this.

Like one borne gladly on the pliant wave  
 What time he lingers in the summer stream,  
 So the etherial soul was upward buoyed  
 Upon the circles of that melody.

But I awoke and for that lovely place  
A dark, dull chamber ; for that thrilling song  
Silence' how sullen ! for the gentle form  
Only that burdensóme companion——myself.

And which, I said, is right and which is false ?  
Body and spirit tell a different tale :

- Are time and death the cruel foes they seem,  
One mowing what the other gathers in ;  
Or are they phantoms in the dream of earth,  
And is it, when the mortal body sleeps,  
That then the soul awaking of itself  
Catches some feeble glimpses of the truth,  
Too soon to vanish when the day appears?
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## MEMNON.

OR A YOUTH TOO FORWARD.

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"This Fable may be applied to the unfortunate destinies of hopeful young Men."

LORD BACON.

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(Continued from page 429.)

## VII.

HETERODOXY.

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"The magnitude and the minuteness of physical nature : the romance of history : the miracles of science : the genealogy of nation and of race ; these subjects, and such as these, possess sufficient charm to withdraw men from the troubles and delusions of life into profound solitude, where they shut out the world, where they hear not the moving feet of the earthly multitudes and where they penetrate in silence into that which they desire to know. How astonishing that mortal man can ever separate himself as an individual being from the crowd, and having done so, can think of aught but the wonder of his being."

This was an entry in a dairy which Emilius had begun to keep in his second year at Oxford. Solitude and neglect turned his thoughts upon himself, and then occurred to him that extraordinary moment in every man's life, when the mist of sense first breaks, and when we perceive with dismay that our spirit is as a frail bark on a rolling stream, bearing no news of in what meadows it was launched, but rolling forward unmanageably as the stream rolls, and—the cataracts at hand.

I do not think we can fully realize how dead religion was fifty years ago. We of the days of Arnold and Carlyle and Father Newman and Theodore Parker and Dr. Cumming can hardly imagine a time when religion, unconnected with institutions, was put almost in the same category with clean linen and early rising. And yet there are many things to indicate that such was the case. Look at a most striking proof in the life of Shelley. There was a man of the noblest impulses, of the gentlest disposition, of the most subtle and delicate sensitiveness, and yet it did not really occur to that man through life, that there was anything in Christianity beyond bi-

shops and tythes and dogmas, with occasional Smithfield and commination. There was a statue of divinest art but it was tricked out in the toggery of a wax-work show, and so tricked out that an intelligent observer was deceived and positively over-looked Phidias in Jarley.

Something of the same sort may be said of Lord Byron. He was never quite clear that a warm reception of Paul and John did not also involve Lord Eldon. It could not happen now that such men should entertain such views at any rate, of Christianity. Whatever they might have been if they had lived now, they would not have been what they were.

When Emilius was at Oxford, the paralytic orthodoxy of the time was beginning to show symptoms that it was not long for earth. But as yet there was nothing to take its place.

For a man brought up as Emilius had been, and peculiarly tempered as his mind was, by the influence of his destiny, it was nearly impossible that he should be able to distinguish the wheat of truth from the chaff of system. So in his examination of Christianity he utterly mistook it. He wrote a pamphlet embodying the result of his enquiries. More need not be said of this performance, than that it was well-written misapprehension from first to last, and that Holywell street would now refuse to print it, not because Holywell street is more afraid of consequences than it was, but because even the sceptics of the shop-board and the infidels of the indentures would refuse to wade through such exploded stuff.

But the old orthodoxy, though like grandfather Smallweed tottering and shrinking in its last arm-chair, like him too it kept a cushion at hand. The veteran cripple hurled his cushion at the devoted head of Emilius, with a nervous vengeance. The pamphlet had been printed in London, but it was distributed in Oxford; suspicion soon fell on the right man and he was too honorable to deny for an instant its authorship when the charge was fastened upon him. The Dean of his college was a short, stout man, with little, juicy eyes and a puffed face which exhibited a purple pad of cheek on the ear side of his whiskers. The class this man belonged to is extinct; opinion suddenly arose and annihilated the whole clan. He was a greedy eater, an incessant whist-player, his veins throbbed with port wine and every one knew that he was far too familiar with his cook. But nothing could shake that man's churchmanship. He was down like a hawk

on Emilius. His principles injured his appetite, and reduced him to plain alcohol. In two or three days the Dean by his own exertions cast an accessory small bookseller into prison, presided at a bonfire of the interdicted publication in his own quadrangle, preached a tremendous denunciation of infidelity with crushing side-blows at schism, wrote a letter to the prime minister on Church and State, haled Emilius out of the University and retired to his bed, after all this furious excitement, with an attack of incipient delirium tremens.

Thus through that narrow wicket which he had unconsciously passed, was Emilius extruded with violence and execration.

Then to Babylon : opinions cannot matter in Babylon, who cares for aught but sin and gold in Babylon?

This was a mistake.

## VIII.

### POLITICS.

The present writer has heard an impassioned Protectionist declare, that in the event of his meeting with the late Sir Robert Peel and that baronet being in the unfavorable circumstances of a ditch, he (the Protectionist) would lend no assistance. This was political animosity. But certainly there is no party feeling in the present day at all equalling that which existed in the Regency. Perhaps few public men have ever come in for more unpopularity than Castlereagh. His opponents were unparing, untiring, unforgiving : indignation yelled at each act of his career : they hunted him to death and death even could not protect him ; sarcasm would not pass over his fearful end, and ridicule jibbered over the suicide's grave.

Emilius settled in London : the wealth, misery, sin and suffering around him drew his attention to social matters. There was plenty of corruption, misgovernment and neglect in reality, and these viewed impatiently by a mind panting for the recognition of universal sympathy appeared so dark and hideous, that nothing short of the disruption of existing power seemed a fitting remedy for such evils.

Without therefore very definite ideas of what he was *for*, Emilius had no sort of doubt what he was *against*.

It was a hot day in June, 1819 and Emilius was one amongst a vast crowd collected round a hustings in Covent Garden. The general election was going on, a time always involving a great many disgraceful scenes, and few more so perhaps than this one.



The ministerial candidate had his head tied up and his arm in a sling: on the same platform, though in opposition, stood the well-known figures of Romilly and Burdett, and the burly Cleon of the day, Hunt. Nobody could manage the crowd: it was a half-mad, wholly-drunken mass vociferating in tormenting thunder, against something they did not know what, and in favor of something they did not know what either.

The voting was proceeding briskly, when a gentleman pushing his way boldly along, declared his vote in a loud voice for Sir Murray Maxwell, and immediately turned round to depart again. No sooner had he turned, however, than such a yell rang through the air, as never echoed in the Dom-daniel caves.

"Who was that?" cried Emilius: a man answered "Castlereagh." Emilius yelled louder than any ruffian present. The unpopular minister was not easily cowed. He fearlessly breasted his way along, though there were five hundred on his track, tumbling over each other and roaring and hissing like a tangled mass of evil beasts and reptiles. Emilius plunged madly along, he was at the Minister's shoulder and barking reproof into his ear. At last in Leicester Square a body of men ran on and then turning, came towards Castlereagh again, he therefore found himself in a minute or so the centre of a ring of these bellowing and raging ruffians. Suddenly, he burst aside into a shop and fastened the door: the chorus of Furies wove their horrible dance in front of the house. Then a sudden pell-mell run took place, for it was discovered that Castlereagh had escaped at the back. They caught him up at last, but he was near upon the Admiralty, and soon got inside the iron railings which separated him from his pursuers. Turning round with perfect coolness, he took off his hat and bowing to the mob, thanked them for their attendance thus far, and said, he would now dismiss them. A few laughed and one or two cheered.\* As Emilius stood, still detailing in a loud voice the many wrongs of the people, through the iron railings, he became conscious that a plainly dressed, stout man who was standing near him was observing him carefully and listening to his words. Some how that man happened to be passing the same evening, just as Emilius was turning into his lodgings, and that man also paid a call on Emilius at a most unusual hour of the night and took him into custody. There were two Magistrates present at the Office in the morning: one a fat,

\* Part of this scene is from "Rush's Memoranda."

rather good tempered looking man who swore like a trooper, and the other a refined, tall man who was reading a book and paid no attention to business. Some of the things Emilius remembered he had said, sounded very strange when the Bow-street Officer repeated them, and when they were sworn to also by another man, whom Emilius had never seen, and whose account coincided, in surprisingly accurate details with that of the Officer.

"D——n," roared the fat Magistrate. "You could be hung, Sir, for a d——d rebel, on a gallows d——n high, if you were worth the rope."

Emilius retorted with acrimony.

"One d——d word more and a d——d spell at the treadmill, my buck!" said the Bench.

Emilius stood speechless with rage and contempt.

"What shall we do with this fellow? Aubrey" asked the active Magistrate of the passive one. Mr. Aubrey looked up for an instant and then said in a low, quick voice,

"Nothing—an enthusiast. Noticed, become a martyr, unnoticed, subside into a fool."

He then turned to his book again: Emilius was warned with tremendous oaths and dismissed.

"Unnoticed, subside into a fool" muttered Emilius—"shall it be so?" and he commenced that very night a book full of treason and heterodoxy. Amidst a barren waste of misapprehension there were a few oases of hope and aspiration, but it was a strange affair altogether. As the only thing resembling a uniform purpose in it was abuse of the Prince Regent, it was called "*Adonis bitten by a Country Boor*," and it purported to be written by a peasant. The verisimilitude was not great and out of the few who ever read the work, none, if may be safely averred, believed for an instant in the peasant.

In the stillness and solitude of prison, the indictment, the trial, the decision, the verdict (two years confinement) all seemed a feverish dream.

But stone walls and iron bars are realities and there they were.

"Is the world like this England?" thought Emilius "in old lands, in new lands is there no goodness, no sympathy, no harmony with the universe? Is it all convention, superstition, bigotry, oppression, are none of the eternal principles of the heart recognized in any place? I will go and see, before I die."

## IX.

## BINDRABUN.

"The blue streams of Yamuna wind round the grove of Vrindavan," saith Jayādeva in the song of Govind. Here too, in the deep shade and amidst the flowery bowers wandered the shepherd-hero with his beloved Radha, or forgot her in the wanton dances of the milkmaids of Yraja. It is an ancient city, a primeval seat of a material creed, which having made the first great mistake of looking for other image of God on earth than the broken one which man presents, has sunk to all the depths of beast and reptile and hideous form.

Here on a November noon within the court of a Temple by the river-side, sat musing in the sultry silence the unhappy Nympholept of our apologue, Emilius.

There was a great tree in the middle of the court, casting thick, black lines of shadow across the flood of yellow sunlight. On the cooler eaves sat here and there the green parrot, comfortably full of seeds and berries, and blinking its bright eye in the drowsy heat. On a bough of the tree, two or three female monkies crouched close together in warm and sleepy stillness, and higher up, by himself, might be seen their truculent lord slowly munching molasses with a defiant composure. Certain priests of the temple having bathed and eaten were seated under the tree, some writing and others chanting in a low, monotonous voice Sanserit hymns.

The hum of their voices, scarcely breaking the hush of noon, added to the pervading associations of languor and repose. It seemed an early, simple life, belonging to an age when the problem of society was not a difficult one, and long before the star of the busy and troublous West was in the ascendant.

"Gentle creatures" thought Emilius, "more in harmony surely, with brook and tree and sunlight and all the beautiful and tender features of nature than the intriguing, sinful, sordid song of European cities. Yes! perhaps it is so,—perhaps we must go back to earlier types of life, and the purified system founded on that rude basis may brighten into a new moral world."

A short but stout native, bare headed and without clothes save the ample folds of fine muslin that encircled his waist, here entered the court and bowing to Emilius sat down near him. He was a Bengalee and spoke English, and Emilius taking advantage of this, begged him to call one of the Brahmins, as he wished to ask him some questions. One of them

came. Emilius remarked "You lead a very pure and happy life, old priest." The man replied only by a long tirade, in a loud voice and illustrated by many gesticulations."

The Bengalee laughed heartily. Emilius asked what was being said. The Bengalee replied "He say, sir, this is very bad time for poor Brahmins: the gentlemen have taken away all their money. He say low fellow do as he like now and care nothing for good Brahmin. He does congratulate the days when those Rajahs was reign, when the Bhungees was to wear crow's feather to show that he was not clean man, and if he not wear, he go killed. Now you see everywhere the low man have down to ancle this cloth which was not permitted by those Rajahs below the knee. He say sir, the religion is gone very bad, no money to be got at all, sir"

A great shouting was now heard without and the trampling of feet, and almost immediately a crowd of people rushed into the court all talking at once to a young Englishman in top-boots, who was walking in the midst of them smoking a cheroot, and apparently not listening to any one. The Brahmins jumped up from under the tree and joined in the clamor. It all referred to a place in a corner of the court like a coal-hole, which was closed with two pad-locks. One man had got papers in his hand, and he was warily supported by a large body of friends in declaring that the coal-hole had been in his family for several generations, and imperial warrants had been especially issued with regard to this coal-hole, that it should always remain in the same family to enable them to do service at the temple. Another man had five hundred witnesses to prove that the coal-hole was his, and a third section begged that the oldest inhabitants might be summoned, when it would be at once shown without a doubt that the coal-hole had never belonging to any one. The young Saxon made no decision on the spot, but stood calmly contemplating the disputants and at last moved away. The disputants then sat down on different sides of the court and abused each other at the pitch of their voices.

The Bengalee had explained to Emilius what each party asserted, but when the young Saxon was gone, he laughed and added in a low voice. "It is all very bad lie sir, rich man from south come here, and give great charities and they quarrel how to divide this: that is all. They only excuse themselves with that disputed place to fight for those rupees."

Emilius arose and looked out on the river, then moved away muttering, "The old world will never do."

## X.

## BUFFALO.

At the western termination of Welland Canal, and looking on Lake Erie stands Buffalo. Here walking on the pier which protects the harbour, and contemplating the village, for it was then nothing more, might have been seen one cheerful morning in the year 1823, Emilius Champernowne.

The houses and stores, all brightly painted and utterly new, shone in the sunlight. Down in the cellars of the mushroom street the gnarled roots of the Forest still cumbered the ground. Life, moving life was everywhere, the quay rung with cheerful of sounds of commerce and the ways were noisy with bustle and industry. Emilius called to mind the beautiful simile of Virgil on such a scene, a simile drawn from a simple spectacle—but a favorite one with the poet, and perhaps the delight of his wondering childhood in the rural Andes.

*“Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura  
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos  
Educunt fœtus, aut cum liquentia mella  
Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,  
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agnæ factæ  
Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent:”*  
*Fervet opus, redolentque thyno fragrantia mella.”*

To Emilius thus musing came up a tall, thin man with a long cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets.

“I suppose” observed the stranger “these two tight, little rivers joining together and flowing into Erie dont make at all a situation for a commercial town. There aint no trade likely to come from the East, no Lake trade neither. I should say if I was asked there would not be no salt nor general merchandize worth mentioning ever brought to Buffalo. Never no flour nor wheat cleared off, passing East: perhaps no pig iron.”

“I have been admiring your village, Sir, exceedingly,” said Emilius. “it has every prospect of success.”

“Village you call it,” said the stranger “you wait ten years, and call it a village again and if Buffalo dont rise to a man and make you eat the Gazetteer in ten volumes at the City Library, my name’s not Ike.”

“Is your name Ike, Sir?” inquired Emilius.

“My name is Ichabod Yorke” replied the other “citizen of Buffalo and not a bad place to be a citizen of either, I reckon.”

"Well I trust" said Emilius "that as your city seems likely to prove so prosperous a commercial one, that you will make it your pride to show the old world a specimen of a community carrying out the great moral system of nature."

"Moral !" cried Mr. Yorke with a wink "just wait a bit, my boy, till Buffalo begins to go a-head in the moral line. I suppose there wont be a church run up sharp—no tip-top edifice such as never was. And the parson! what a parson we shall have, forty horse power: when he lays it on thick about brimstone, if he aint heard at Niagara, we shall pass him on east quick sticks, he wont do for Buffalo."

"Ah !" said Emilius "if you were all bound together by a chain of sympathy, how you might aid each other's intellectual progress, in such a favorable arena as this young city."

"Intellectual progress" said Mr. York, "five daily journals with a circulation of ten thousand each, printed for next to nothing and brim full of intellect and the latest intelligence on every public question, from whether the old country is going to be annexed down to whether it *was* Nick Pillabott's eye as got took out by a bullet down at New Orleans or was *not*. Dont you call that intellectual progress? and that will come off under the ten years, or else my name aint Ike, and if it aint, whew! what a one'ur my godfather must have been for lying."

"Yes" said Emilius "but I want your community to grow in intellectual and moral capacity as it grows along this shore."

"Mark me" said the other "as soon as the boys down East find out that there is such a thing a few at Buffalo as timber and hides, not to speak of pork, there wont be a man in Buffalo as wont grow morally and intellectually the next morning afore breakfast, a little better than ten feet."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Emilius

"I should rather say so" replied Mr. Yorke "I fancy no old countryman believes harder than we do at Buffalo."

"Is there not a text in the Testament about "no abiding city?"

"Ha!" said Mr. Yorke "and a first chop text too, Buffalo wont bide when you can run up something better, and I expect the next generation will have to sit up all night before they' ill do that."

Emilius sighed.

## XI.

### ROME.

Emilius was lying sick in the eternal city. To grapple with that dreadful spectre that dogs our steps through life:

aye! even when as little children we tottered through the flowers and grass, it, grim attendant, was close at hand—to grapple with that spectre is bad enough at all times; possible it may be to meet it boldly in the public arena, with interested eyes upon one or cheering voices in the ear,—but how appalling to feel the icy grasp tightening, in solitude and silence! The adversary that had always been in the way with him, was turning upon poor Emilius now.

One bright morning, he was lying in bed and looking through the open window; the sun, which had passed behind a little cloud, was throwing long shafts of light on dome and tower, and the city in this glorious haze looked like the fancy city of western clouds in the evening,

He was thinking whether there would be bright cities in the new world whither he was going, and his eyes filled with tears to remember that if there were, their inhabitants would be all strangers to him, for none had left him for that unknown coast who had loved him. A footstep was heard in his room and a moment after, a gentleman about forty years of age, with a high forehead and a beautiful expression of countenance stood by his bed-side. He asked Emilius how he was feeling, mentioned that he was a London physician out for a month's holiday, and had come to lodge in the house, and having heard that a young Englishman was lying sick in another room, had come in the hope of rendering assistance. And from this day he was constantly with Emilius.

There is no nobler profession than that of medicine, when it is joined, as it now, so happily, often is, with high moral feeling and active philanthropy. To no one do we feel more disposed to unbosom ourselves, than to the physician, and if he is a good man, he has opportunities of giving the warning word which no other possesses.

The cloistered virtue of the clergyman, that has no sympathy for sin, fails often to wake attention, where the physician's voice, coming from one who, professionally, must know thoroughly the pros and cons of immorality often bears with it the earnestness of experience. For this reason, (it may be harsh) we feel towards a profligate doctor, something what people felt towards the Cordeliers in the middle ages—"you, at least, should not do this," we are disposed to exclaim.

Dr. Vaughan was one of the best of his class. A keen inquirer into science, wedded to his profession and truly enthusiastic about the welfare of his fellow creatures, he followed humbly in the wake of his Master, who "went about doing good."

No one could have been more suited to have met the difficulties of the mind of a person like Emilius, than he.

When Emilius talked of the spirit of nature ; “ My dear friend ” said Dr. Vaughan, “ the poets may support you there, but science never will. Believe me, the problem of nature is quite as dark as that of society. Nature can lead you to nothing but a Being who is infinitely powerful and whose “ thoughts ” to use the words of the Hebrew psalm “ are very deep.” But the morale of nature is perfectly unintelligible to the human mind. The most beautiful contrivances in the zoological world, for instance, are for *offence* and *defence* : of many of the most wonderful animals destruction appears to be the mission, and death, the destiny. Out of the deposits of periods anterior to man, come skeletons bearing both the weapons and the wounds of conflict. Other branches of science present similar enigmas. So you see, dear Sir, that when a Being comes upon earth, and proclaims that God is love ; he is preaching no trueism, but a doctrine which observation seems to contradict, and yet it is a doctrine so satisfactory to the wants of our moral nature, that once received it becomes a main-spring of action, and a guide to conduct through life.”

In this brief narrative, how can we detail the many conversations that passed between this excellent man and our unhappy enthusiast.

Suffice it to say, that the good doctor strove to show, that all that Emilius was panting for, the establishment of general sympathy amongst men, the recognition of the common rights that the first breath we draw entitles us to, the admission that there is the freedom of a city bestowed upon us in our cradle, which no man can take from us—all these, it was especially the mission of the Lord Christ to inculcate, and that these objects will be best furthered by observing and following the way in which He endeavoured to further them. By active benevolence, by the education of the poor, by the soothing of physical evils, by bearing witness amidst a perverse generation, by self-denial and if it should come to that, by death itself.

So that poor Emilius began to see that concealed in one of the institutions it had been his desire to uproot, lay that which had been the object of his desires.

Within the uncouth Idol were hidden precious jewels.

## XII.

### DEATH.

Lucy Vaughan is on her knees. She has heard from her father of the young stranger, who is lying sick above, and she



has determined to aid in attendance upon him, but her determination is formed not without a struggle : her warm imagination is all alive in Rome, and she would fain give up no time from Art and antiquity for other objects. But Lucy Vaughan is on her knees and a gentle influence descends which aids her in choosing, in this little matter, the better part.

Lucy Vaughan is on her knees. Her dark blue eyes are turned upward and through the shade of her chesnut hair, shine like two holy stars. Let fancy but supply around her brow, the glory, and she shall pass for ancient saint. Prayer triumphs and now day by day she renders those little offices of kindness in the sick-room which woman only can render.

Poor Emilius, how he grew to love her, not with the passion that he felt for Sophie, but with a subdued feeling, with a fond admiration, contented to admire, and withheld from growing in intensity because the day was now far spent with him and the night at hand.

The conversations with Dr. Vaughan had so altered the views of Emilius, that he desired, not with a hope of obtaining benefit, but as sealing his new opinions, to be baptized.

Baptism broke the spell. She who had watched his every wish with a kindness dictated only by duty and goodness, was now drawn to the dying bed by a different feeling. Oh ! what would she have given, if he could have lived ? What was Rome to her now ? what was Art ? what was antiquity ? what was the world ? She loved—and death had got the object of her affections in his strong hands and human aid was of no avail.

The struggle could not last. One evening Lucy had been reading the New Testament aloud, and afterwards she and Emilius had been talking over what they had read. Something was wanted and Lucy, gently removing her hand which he had clasped in both of his, left the room to fetch it. When she returned, she heard at the door a gasping for breath : afraid to enter, she stood for an instant and peeped through the curtains of the bed. The last light of the sun was shining in from the window, Emilius was struggling for life, his breast was heaving, he had the Testament in his hand, he put the leaf that bore the name of "Lucy" to his lips, then placing the book in his bosom, fell back. The girl ran to his side, she lifted up his poor head, and rested it on her bosom : he cast up towards her one look full of love and hope and so departed.

Lucy sank without motion to the ground. "Alas ! he is gone," said the doctor entering the room, "like Memnon,

he hasted to an unequal combat, he mistook the world and with its powerful hand it has destroyed him ; Alas ! alas ! here indeed is the "flower of virtue cropt with too sudden a mischance !" "

And the good physician fell to his knees in tears.

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Arrayed in purest white, and decked with flowers lay the beautiful ruin. The spirit in departing had left a smile on the classic features, and it lingered like the blush of evening, when the summer sun hath set. Lucy looked upon the silent form once, and only once : she knew it was not he ; there seemed a voice that broke even the silence of death to whisper, "He is not here, he is risen."

The Burial was at hand, when one midnight came a knocking at the gate. It was opened and an aged priest of commanding stature enquired if there was not one dead in that house. Being told there was, he requested to see the body and so conducted to the chamber, he stood gazing on what remained of Emilius. To hear the passionate weeping of that priest, as he knelt by the bed and lamented and prayed till morning, might have touched the hardest heart.

At length, at sunrise, placing his crucifix on the bosom of his son, Champernowne, for it was he, left the room.

He had done, what others have done ; failing to find the Truth, he had ceased to look for it and had hushed the questioning of his reason in anthems and ave-marias. Will this serve for excuse in the day of judgement ? We cannot tell : we had better not inquire ; we shall not be on the bench, nor yet on the jury, but at the bar on our own accounts.

If our mind is at rest, let us thank God.

PAUL BENISON.

## OFFICE THOUGHTS.

## I.

Ears, where the music of the brooks flowed in,  
 Are listening daily to the tales of sin ;  
 Eyes, once delighted with a green tree's grace,  
 Watch hour by hour the criminal's hard face ;  
 Fingers, that wandered as the fancy told,  
 Draft off the dull biography of gold ;  
 When and oh ! where were sadly lost to me  
 The visions of the younger poesy ?

## II.

This is for thee a heaven-sent discipline,  
 Thou hadst a castle-building dreamer been,  
 But God to nerve the languor of thy mind  
 Sent thee to work amidst thy fellow kind ;  
 To deal to outrage its allotted fate,  
 And gather in the needful dues of state ;  
 Therefore be still, though happy lost to thee  
 The visions of the younger poesy.

## III.

To heal the breach between the poor and great,  
 To sooth the ill societies create,  
 To speak on civic matters to the mass,  
 And point the moral of events that pass :—  
 There lies a mission—follow it with zest,  
 Till life and hope are gathering to the West.  
 Wisely, canst see it now ? were lost to thee  
 The visions of the younger poesy.

## IV.

Not thine a mighty Minstrel's priviledge  
 To sit upon the mountain's haughty edge,  
 And, having sent the multitudes away,  
 To weave in solitude the wondrous lay.  
 Yet when thy plainer tasks are duly done  
 A hush may sleep around thy setting sun,  
 And once, beside the grave, come back to thee  
 The visions of the younger poesy.

## THE CIVIL BONUS FUND.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> September last, the Secretary of the Agra Bonus Fund addressed a Circular to the members of the Civil Service, North Western Provinces, with the view of ascertaining their wishes relative to the renewal of the Fund for another year, for a term of years, or in perpetuity. The result of his reference was communicated by the Secretary to the service through the medium of the provincial papers, and, including a few votes which, as we have ascertained, were subsequently received, 70 officers voted in favor of a Bonus fund, under various conditions or under none at all; and although the circular contained an intimation that all gentlemen who might fail to return a reply, would be recorded as dissenting, five officers communicated their unqualified dissent. As the number of Civilians of the North Western Provinces in India was 134, and the Committee considered that the assenting of five sixths were required to decide in the affirmative the question of the renewal; the result of the votes, according to the terms of their Circular, put an end to the Committee's labors, and the question of the renewal of the fund might have been considered as definitively negatived. Unfortunately however for the service, a fruitless agitation is kept up by certain parties whose letters occasionally appear in the public prints, which also advocate the measure because those opinions only have been made public which are favorable to the establishment of a Fund.

Lapse of time has now rendered impracticable the renewal of the Fund for the year 1852-53, but the question of its establishment for 1853-54, which, we presume, could only be under rules corresponding in principle with those of the expiring Fund, may still be considered. The retirement of more than five or six officers could not be effected, and to our knowledge two of them, and we believe four, long ere the question of the renewal of the Bonus Fund had been raised, expressed their determination to retire during the present season. Two of them at least would seem to be clinging to their appointments in the hope of obtaining from their immediate successors, or from the service at large, a sum of money with which their previous arrangements had enabled them to dispense. Though the instances here named are particular, the objection which is grounded on them is general, namely that officers who could and would retire unassisted if no

Bonus Fund existed, would refuse to retire without levying a cess on the service under the operation of a Fund.

To the renewal of the Fund for one year there is also this special objection, that circumstances connected with the promotions consequent on the retirement of the officer who holds the principal appointment that is likely to be vacated, would in all probability deprive the Fund of the contributions of the promoted officers, and thereby increase so heavily the sum to be provided by the service at large, that if the publication of the estimate did not induce a majority to dissent, the utmost that could be expected would be the assent of a bare majority of the service.

The objections already enumerated must equally apply to the establishment of a Fund for the period of five years, but the following are still stronger.

All the annuities now available, and those that will become available within the next five years, may be, and most probably will be, absorbed by retirements from Bengal, and independently of any Bonus scheme, from the North Western Provinces. When the demand for annuities shall exceed the supply, the payment of premia on retirements will have become an absurdity. The interest of those whose standing or circumstances will not admit of their retiring from the service within the next five years, should dictate the policy of discouraging retirements, as every death in India of a would-be retiring officer, entitled to an annuity, is tantamount to an annuity gained to the service.

The Civilians in the Punjab cannot unite with those of the North Western Provinces in the establishment of a Fund, because promotion is there equally distributed between Civil and Military men; but they are available for appointments in these provinces, and as they have now been outstripped in promotion by their brothers of the provinces, the equilibrium will be restored by a transfer of Punjab Deputy Commissioners to provincial Collectorships. Even a Punjab Commissioner may be found who will willingly forsake the Board, for service on inferior emolument under the Lieut. Govr. The advocates of a Bonus Fund may urge that the Civilians of the Punjab should be invited to assent conditionally, and that they probably would agree to surrender for a stated period the emoluments they might derive from promotion in these provinces. True; but suppose the case of a Deputy Commissioner on 1,600, promoted to a Collectorship on 2,250; he would surrender Rs. 650, per mensem, but the remaining 1,200, which would be realized if the promotions

fell only in the North Western Provinces, would be lost in the Punjab.

The obstacles to the establishment of a Fund for any term of years do not end here. It might be established under the auspices of the majority requisite for its support, but that majority would necessarily be liable to periodical diminution by the accession to the service of new members who could not be bound by the resolutions of their predecessors, and who might refuse to involve themselves in a responsibility which they would not feel it incumbent on them to incur.

Officers on furlough must obtain appointments on their return, and as the hope that they would be induced to contribute a percentage of their allowances for the benefit of the Fund, proved last year vain, so would it prove hereafter; and under such accumulated difficulties, the large unpromoted majority of the service would find themselves involved in responsibility to an extent which would make them rue the day they bound themselves to support a scheme so chimerical as a Bonus Fund for a term of years on the principle of the scheme of last year, which was established under a concurrence of favorable circumstances as unprecedented as they are unlikely to recur.

We assume it to be certain that several of the retirements which may occur within the next five years would not be accelerated through the operation of a Fund, and the actual dead loss to subscribers would be exactly equal to the amount of bonuses paid on the unaccelerated retirements, together with all interest and charges thereon.

Having thus disposed of the question of the establishment for five years of a Bonus Fund on the principle of the surrender by each subscriber of his increased emoluments for a stated period, it appears needless to argue that that principle is totally inapplicable to a perpetual Fund.

The permanent scheme proposed by Bombastes would restrict the award of bonuses to Civilians of 25 years standing, and therefore no Civilian entitled to his annuity would even be invited to subscribe to it. The majority of the members of the Suddur Board, of the Judges of the Suddur Court and of the Commissioners has always consisted of officers of more than 25 years service, and the number of promotions to those appointments of such non-subscribers would be sufficiently great to derange entirely the working of that superficially considered scheme.

The average length of service of Civilians who have hitherto retired from the N. W. P. is  $31\frac{1}{2}$  years. An actuary can

only draw his conclusions as to the future from his experience of the past, and it would therefore be unsafe to assume that the *average* would be reduced below 30 years by granting bonuses amounting to less than one year's salary of each retiring member. The *average* being 30, a majority would retire independently of the Fund; but as every promoted member must pay for his promotion, it follows, as an unavoidable consequence, that a majority of the subscribers to the scheme of Bombastes would be mulcted for nothing, and we are satisfied that a due consideration of the probable working of that or of any similar scheme, must lead to its general repudiation by the service.

The constitution of the army differs so essentially from that of the Civil Service that arguments deduced from the working of the Artillery, Medical or any other Military retiring or Bonus Fund, are totally inapplicable to a service where promotion is not strictly by seniority, and may even be awarded to officers previously attached to a branch of the service distinct from that of the body of the subscribers.

In regard to the establishment of any permanent scheme, it must be admitted that the following elements are indispensable to the attainment of general support.

1st.—Assured profit to a majority of its supporters.

2nd.—Equality of assessment.

3rd.—A profit that may be deemed adequate with reference to other easily available modes of investment.

We have shown that a majority cannot expect to obtain, by promotion only, under the operation of any scheme similar to that of Bombastes, a profit proportional to the amount of salary they would be required to surrender. The assured profit therefore must be an assured bonus to each subscriber, in the event of survivorship; and that bonus must not be barred by length of service.

Equality of assessment can only be obtained by a percentage on salaries, for on the principle of surrendering increased allowances, a Magistrate of 14 years standing would retire as Judge after a further service of 11 years, having contributed only Rs. 250 per mensem, for 9 months; whereas a Joint Magistrate a few months his junior must contribute 1,250 per mensem for the same period.

The adequacy of the profit derivable from a Fund raised by a percentage on salaries, with reference to other modes of investment, remains to be considered.

Under the former rules of the Civil Fund, an amount proportional to the property left by the husband was deducted

from the pensions of widows and children, and those rules afforded an additional and a strong inducement, which now no longer exists, to sink money with the prospect of benefit in the event only of survivorship.

In the creation of a *permanent* fund, the idea of borrowing money from a bank, whereby each subscriber would involve himself in a debt bearing interest at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. must be excluded as preposterous; and as the assets could not be invested on interest at a higher rate than 4, or at the utmost 5 per cent. the advantages derivable from such a fund must be *much* less than those which are held out by the London Insurance Offices, whose funds are so much more profitably invested; and although the first recipients of bonuses would gain by their adhesion to a permanent Fund, the aggregate amount of gain, and therefore the average amount gained by each individual subscriber, would be much greater if he contributed to an Insurance Office the amount that would be levied from him if he supported a permanent Bonus Fund.

His contributions being of the nature of subscription to a deferred annuity, it would obviously be more advantageous, if he were a married man, to subscribe on the joint lives of himself and wife; but such a subscription would be barred by the very constitution of a Civil Bonus Fund.

If, as we hope, we have proved the impracticability of renewing the Bonus Fund, either for one or five years, without involving the unpromoted subscribers in a heavy amount of responsibility,—that the attainable advantages are not commensurate to the requisite expenditure,—and, generally, that the aggregate loss occasioned by a Bonus Fund established for any term of years must more than counterbalance the gain that might be derived by a few individuals, we would earnestly suggest the policy of setting the question at rest for ever. With this view each member of the Civil Service whose opinion coincides with our own might intimate to the Secretary of the present Fund his unwillingness to subscribe to a Bonus Fund for one year or for any term of years; for we are persuaded that nothing less than a general expression of dissent on the part of all those who are unfavorable to the establishment of a Fund, will put an end to the agitation which, by raising fallacious hopes, has induced and will hereafter induce Civilians to remain in the service after the completion of arrangements which they had previously considered adequate to their resignation.

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Since writing the fore-going we have observed in the Delhi Gazette of the 24th November, a letter signed Fitz Fusbos, addressed to the Civil Service N. W. P. To Fitz Fusbos, as to Fusbos and Bombastes, to all the advocates of their schemes, and to the members of the meeting held at Mussoorie on the 4th October, whilst we accord credit unlimited for the sincerity of the opinions they have expressed, and the honesty of their endeavours to benefit the service to which they belong, we would express our regret that they have limited their calculations to the result of one year's operations, when the soundness of their schemes could only be ascertained by a computation of the result of the aggregate payments of each subscriber during the whole period of his service.

Now with reference to the remarks in the body of this paper, it is evident that, in estimating the benefits of a *permanent* bonus scheme, the only representative of the profit or loss accruing to each retiring member is the difference between the bonus received by him, and the amount paid by him for that bonus.

Commencing therefore with an assistant of two years standing, and assuming his pay, till he has completed a service

|                  |     |    |    |       |
|------------------|-----|----|----|-------|
| of 5 years to be | Rs. | .. | .. | 400   |
| 9 do.            | do. | „  | .. | 700   |
| 14 do.           | do. | „  | .. | 1,000 |
| 22 do.           | do. | „  | .. | 2,250 |
| 25 do.           | do. | „  | .. | 2,500 |

and taking the scheme of Fitz Fusbos, which is similar in principle to the others that have been propounded, as the basis of our calculations, we have computed the following table, in which it will be observed that interest has only been calculated from the end of each year of payment, and that the deductions on account of Civil and Annuity Funds have been assumed at 9 percent.

| Year of Service. | Amount Paid. |             |        | Value at 5 per-cent at end of 25th year. | Total amount paid by each individual. | Loss.  | Gain.  |
|------------------|--------------|-------------|--------|------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------|--------|
|                  | Percentage.  | Difference. | Total. |                                          |                                       |        |        |
| 3                | 240          | 0           | 240    | 702                                      | 51,475                                | 21,475 |        |
| 4                | 240          | 0           | 240    | 669                                      | 50,773                                | 20,773 |        |
| 5                | 210          | 0           | 240    | 637                                      | 50,104                                | 20,104 |        |
| 6                | 420          | 1,638       | 2,058  | 5,201                                    | 49,467                                | 19,467 |        |
| 7                | 420          | 0           | 420    | 1,034                                    | 44,266                                | 14,266 |        |
| 8                | 420          | 0           | 420    | 963                                      | 43,232                                | 13,232 |        |
| 9                | 420          | 0           | 420    | 917                                      | 42,269                                | 12,269 |        |
| 10               | 600          | 1,638       | 2,238  | 4,653                                    | 41,352                                | 11,352 |        |
| 11               | 600          | 0           | 600    | 1,188                                    | 36,699                                | 6,699  |        |
| 12               | 600          | 0           | 600    | 1,131                                    | 35,511                                | 5,511  |        |
| 13               | 600          | 0           | 600    | 1,078                                    | 31,380                                | 4,380  |        |
| 14               | 600          | 0           | 600    | 1,026                                    | 33,302                                | 3,302  |        |
| 15               | 1,350        | 6,825       | 8,175  | 13,317                                   | 32,276                                | 2,276  |        |
| 16               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 2,094                                    | 18,959                                | 0      | 11,041 |
| 17               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,995                                    | 16,865                                | 0      | 13,135 |
| 18               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,900                                    | 14,870                                | 0      | 15,180 |
| 19               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,809                                    | 12,970                                | 0      | 17,030 |
| 20               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,723                                    | 11,161                                | 0      | 18,839 |
| 21               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,641                                    | 9,438                                 | 0      | 20,562 |
| 22               | 1,350        | 0           | 1,350  | 1,563                                    | 7,797                                 | 0      | 22,203 |
| 23               | 1,500        | 1,365       | 2,865  | 8,159                                    | 6,234                                 | 0      | 23,766 |
| 24               | 1,500        | 0           | 1,500  | 1,575                                    | 3,075                                 | 0      | 26,925 |
| 25               | 1,500        | 0           | 1,500  | 1,500                                    | 1,500                                 | 0      | 28,500 |

Be it remembered that the columns of loss and gain are applicable only to Civilians who may retire immediately after the completion of 25 years service. After 26 years it would be necessary to add a sum varying from about Rs. 11,500 to above Rs. 13,000 to the loss, or deduct it from the gain in each instance. After 27 years the sum to be added or deducted would vary from about Rs. 24,000 and upwards, and after 28 years there would be a loss in every instance, amounting in the highest to near Rs. 60,000; but we have neither time nor space to enter into more minute calculations. The table shows at a glance that the profit is in the inverse ratio of the periods of subscription. "Friend didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way." So shall it be with those who subscribe for two, or for twenty-three years.

## OUR PORTFOLIO.

"Cuttings and shreds of learning, with various fragments and points of wit, are drawn together and tacked in any fantastic form."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

## JORDAN'S "VOYAGE LITTERAIRE."

In our No. 1. with reference to this work we said, "we think a version of the English part of the Journey would form an amusing paper for the 'Miscellany'." A kind friend undertook the task for us, but after some portion of it had been executed, we found it was so purely bibliographical and literary, that it would not be likely to interest the general reader and the translation was given up.

## THE ABORIGINAL RACES OF INDIA.

It may be remembered that a article on this subject was published in our August number, and was a selection from the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*; another paper, has appeared in that Journal continuing the same researches and giving an account of the peasantry of the Rajmahal hills, but as Capt. Sherwill's book is the chief authority and that work is perhaps familiar to our readers, we did not think fit to transfer the paper to our pages, but have extracted a portion which describes the operations of the Bhagulpoor Mission and will be read, we think, with interest.

"It is a subject of thankfulness and encouragment to remember that the Mission at Bhagulpur, after an abeyance of twenty-three years, has been re-occupied, and is already exercising a happy influence on the hill-people. We have before us—dated Nov. 1, 1851—the first Report of our Missionary, the Rev. E. Dröese, who commenced his labours at Bhagulpur about the end of March 1850. After adverting to the general indifference with which the preaching of the gospel is received by the Hindu and Mahommedan population, Mr. Dröese observes—

A somewhat more favourable aspect is exhibited by a small fraction of the Bhagulpur population, consisting of people belonging to the hill-tribes, which inhabit the hills east and south of Bhagulpur. Most of these residing here belong to a regiment of hill-rangers at Bhagulpur.

These hill-people seem to assimilate with their neighbours of the plains in nothing besides the dark livery of their skins.

In frame of body, cast of feature, constitution of mind and mental faculties, in language, religion, and habits, in their very sins, they prove to be quite a distinct race from the people of the plains. Being free from that cures of Hindustan, caste, and being so philosophically unscrupulous in the choice of their food as would make it difficult for even a Chinese to outdo them therein, neither fear nor disgust prevents them from associating with Christians: hence, they are more accessible to the Missionary than either the Hindoos or Mahommedans.

" Besides, they are a more natural people than their neighbours of the plains: their minds are not to that extent twisted and distorted by an artfully-wrought-out system of a false religion, as the Mahommedan, and especially the Hindu, mind generally is found to be: hence, they are more open to conviction of what is right or wrong, and more easily impressed with the weighty simplicity of the gospel. If the Missionary dwells on the theme that the Son of God left the glory of heaven, and came on earth to suffer for sinful mankind, to die for us a most painful death, the Mahommedan will not unfrequently be observed to listen with an expression of contempt and disgust, and his features seem to say, " Nonsense, blasphemy !"—the Hindu, with a sort of sceptical smile, as if to say, ' Who will believe that ? there is no such love to be found with either man or God !'—but the hill-man will generally listen with an expression of astonishment, of awe, as if he were about to exclaim, ' What do I hear ! O God, is it thus that Thou lovest man !'

Many of the hill-people residing here have acquired a considerable knowledge of the language of the plains: hence, there was in this respect also no obstacle to beginning my labours at once among them.

Here I have met with most encouragement. I have occasionally seen them so deeply moved and affected by the truth of the gospel, that I found great difficulty in preserving within myself the needful calmness of mind. Almost all the converts are from the hill-people; if God be pleased to continue his blessing on the work carried on among them, they may soon form a numerous Christian congregation at Bhagulpur; and not only that, but we may also see the gospel speed its way to their hills, where the dreariness of a half-savage every-day life is relieved by nothing, except feasts dedicated to the memory, in honour of the being they worship,

where drinking songs resound from rock to rock, but the praise of God remains unsung. It is true many years may pass away before—if ever it should be—a European Missionary could think of settling among those hills in order to spread the knowledge of the gospel there. Now, to live there is death to any but hill-men. Yet this obstacle is likely to be greatly neutralized by that continual communication which is kept up between the hill-people residing in and around Bhagulpur and those living in the hills. Most of the people here, though they may not think of ever returning to their hills for good, continue to look upon them as their home. There they retain their fields and other family possessions; to the hills their savings go; to the hills they repeatedly send wife and children: to the hills they themselves repair, whenever they can obtain leave; and to the hills they will also—please God—carry and spread the glad tidings of salvation. In fact, some feeble beginning has already been made.

Some of those whom I am now preparing for baptism, persuaded by their Christian relatives, have left their hills for the sake of receiving further Christian instruction here.—

Mr. Dræse then communicates some particulars respecting the native Christians at Bhagulpur.

There is now at Bhagulpur a little flock of fifty souls, which have been gathered in the following manner—Through the zealous exertions of those kind Christian friends to whose deep interest in the spread of Christianity the Bhagulpur Mission owes, next to a wise and merciful providence of God, its origin, were several natives brought to the knowledge of the truth, and, through baptism, received into the church of Christ. Of these I found, at my arrival, six adults and one child. During my residence here have been added twenty-two adults and one child of about five years, who was baptized along with his mother. Seeing a little Christian congregation springing up, an elderly woman, whom I well knew, and often admired for her activity and decent behaviour, was encouraged to come forth and profess herself, to my great surprise, a Christian. She has been baptized more than twenty years ago by Mr. Christian, of the Propagation Society, who laboured at Bhagulpur for a short period, terminated by his death in 1827.

Mahesha Shāmā, the first I baptized, is a hill-man, who first became acquainted with the truth through the Baptist Missionaries at Monghūr, whose munshi he was at that time. Having subsequently obtained a situation at the Government school at Bhagulpur, he sought and obtained Chris-

tian instruction with Mr. Harter, a Baptist Missionary, who previous to my arrival here, pursued for a short period his zealous labours, and fell an early victim of his zeal, which induced him to expose himself too much to the unhealthy climate of the hills. In Mahēsha I found a sincere inquirer after the truth, or, better, a lover of truth. Even before he was baptized he used to collect the children of his class around him, praying with them, and reading to them the Word of God. He was baptized in September 1850. Being a man advanced in years, and gracing his profession of the truth with a truly consistent Christian life, he enjoys the esteem, not only of all the members of our little congregation, but also of all who know him. He is remarkably well acquainted with the Word of God, which may well be said to be his sole delight. Oh, how many born in a Christian country, who have, from their earliest childhood, enjoyed the best of Christian education, might learn from this man to love the Saviour, and to serve Him! He has lately, of his own accord, commenced a prayer meeting at his house, conducted in the hill-language, to which he invites such as are more conversant in the hill-language than in the Hindustani.—

The Girls'-school, under Mrs. Dröese's charge, consisting principally of hill-girls, has already yielded its first-fruits to the Mission.

—This school was begun in July 1850, with one Mahomedan girl of about eight years, the pretty daughter of an old ugly-looking beggar-woman. For some time this one girl was the whole school. In September there were five girls present, all children of beggars. About the end of the year, hill-girls also began to attend; and no sooner did they outnumber the former, than these withdrew, because they would, as they said, lose caste by sitting near the hill-girls.

—With the hill-girls Mrs. Dröese was more successful. They attend very regularly, and most of them seem to like coming to school very much, for even the worst weather in the rains did not detain them, though they have to come a distance of above two miles. These hill-girls were very unmanageable in the commencement. They would at times start up in the midst of their lessons to play and jump about in the compound like a herd of frisky young goats, and they would not easily be prevailed upon to betake themselves to their places again until they had romped about to their satisfaction. One could scarcely be angry with them for such outbreaks of vigorous nature. Would that the generality of Hindu and Mahomedan children had something of that

freshness of youth about them? In the course of several weeks, however, they had learned to mind the order of the school, and to know that there is a time for play and a time to work.

—Two of the eldest, the wildest of all, the leaders in all pranks, soon became the patterns of a quiet, decent behaviour to the rest of the girls. These two girls, sisters, the one of about fifteen, the other about sixteen years, have since been baptized. When they first opened their minds to Mrs. Droege, they expressed themselves in a simple and straightforward manner. They said, ‘Mem-Sahib, many walk in the devil’s road, and so we have done hitherto; but now we will obey the Word of God, and join your faith’

—After their baptism, which took place in July last, they had for some time to suffer much harsh treatment from their parents, but bore it as becomes Christians! One day the poor things came crying to Mrs. Droege, telling her their father had threatened, that if they again attended church or school he would bind them together by their hair, drag them into the jungle, and beat them until they were dead. When asked what they required us to do in this matter, they said, that we should go and speak with their parents, and they would pray that God might turn their hearts. When I came to their parents, and spoke to them, the father, a soldier, told me that he was not so angry with his daughters on account of their having become Christians but because they had done so without asking for his permission: of their baptism he had not heard until several days after the event. I told him that he had, of course, reason to be displeased with his daughters, but he should make allowance: they most likely had refrained from telling him, not from disregard to their parents, but from fear; and who could tell but if he, according to his promise, made me a day before the one appointed for their baptism, had accompanied his daughters to church, they would, on the way thither, have told him of the event to take place. He began now to excuse himself for not having been able to fulfil his engagement, and promised to forgive his daughters if they came and acknowledged that they had done wrong in not telling him of their intention. The girls are now left to pursue their way unmolested, and they hope that their parents, too, will some day embrace the Christian religion.

—Of the other girls attending the school, there are several more who seem to be impressed with the truth. May the Lord guide them on! One has already made up her mind,

and is preparing for baptism. There are now twenty ~~three~~ <sup>four</sup> ~~gins~~ <sup>gins</sup> in attendance —

Thus a commencement has been made ; a “ day of small things,” indeed, yet one by no means to be despised.

The formation of a road over the hills and through the intervening valleys is in contemplation. Thus all necessity for conveying the daks during the rainy season round by Silnigulli, Firpointi, and Colgong, by water, for which purpose three boats with their crews are kept up, will be at once obviated, as there will be a high and dry road from Rajmahal to Bhagulpur. May a road be soon opened, through the good providence of God, a way in the wilderness, for the introduction of the Gospel into the recesses of the Rajmahal hills, and, through the instrumentality of the hill-converts at Bhagulpur, the knowledge of the Gospel be widely spread amongst their countrymen. It is no unusual fact in the history of Missions, to find natives, who had been separated for a time from their immediate country and friends, during that time of separation brought into communication with the Christian Missionary, enriched by him with the knowledge of the gospel, and returning home charged with glad tidings and rich blessings to their relatives and friends. Who can say how soon such a happy process of evangelization may commence amongst the Puharis and Sonthals of the Rajmahal hills ?”









